The Saturday Evening
POST
November 3, 1956 — 15¢

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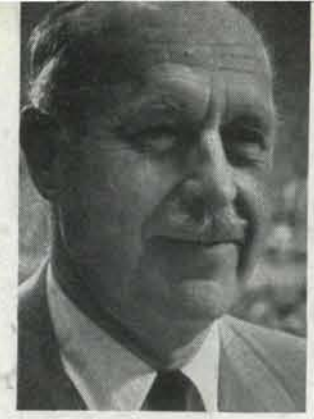

Drew Pearson
Tells his own story:

Confessions of "an S.O.B."

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14-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer has Revolving Shelves... Magnetic Safety Door

LH-14N. Available in Mix-or-Match Colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White. With either right- or left-hand doors.

Revolving Shelves put all foods at your fingertips. Magnetic Door closes surely, silently, automatically. Latchless, too! A child cannot be locked inside.

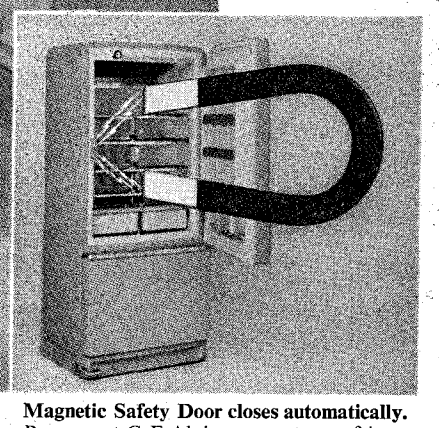
There's plenty of room in this newest 14-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer for the large or growing family!

It's actually *two* extra-large appliances in one streamlined cabinet: a separate automatic-defrost refrigerator compartment at the top where it's most convenient . . . a true zero-degree freezer built into the bottom as a separate appliance that holds up to 130 pounds.

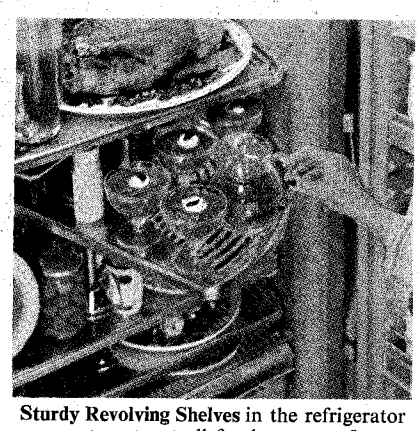
Handy G-E Revolving Shelves in the refrigerator section put everything where you can reach it easily. You just turn a shelf—and all that food in back rides right out in front—*in full view.*

Another wonderful convenience is the new magnetic door on the refrigerator section. It closes automatically and silently *and seals more effectively than ever.* So safe, too! Children can't be locked inside the refrigerator section because the door is *latchless* and can be opened easily from within!

Ask your General Electric dealer about easy terms and generous trade-in allowances. Look him up in your local classified telephone directory. Household Refrigerator Department. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



Magnetic Safety Door closes automatically. Permanent G-E Alnico magnet on refrigerator door does the trick. Helps seal the door tightly, too. Foot pedal opens freezer door at the touch of your toe.



Sturdy Revolving Shelves in the refrigerator compartment put all foods at your fingertips. And shelves may be adjusted up or down to accommodate bulky foods—just press the button and turn the shelf.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Take Bufferin from the first sniffle to the last cough. Believe me, it acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve the miseries of a cold. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

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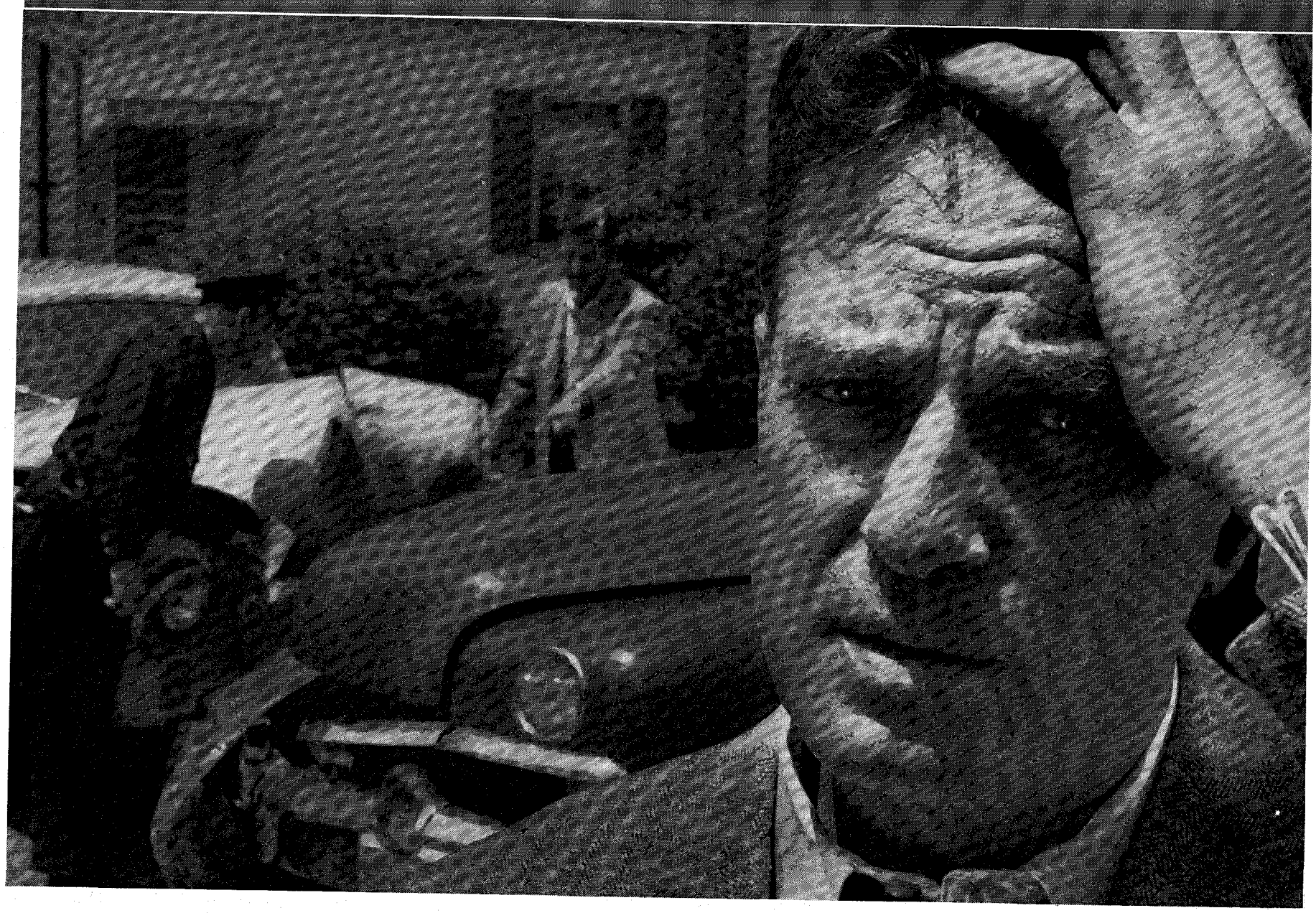

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IN THIS ISSUE

November 3, 1956 *Vol. 229, No. 18*

4 Short Stories

Summer Idyll . . . . . *Maxine Lane* 26
Flash Fire . . . . . *Olaf Ruhen* 30
Botts and the Mad Mountaineer . . . . . *William Hazlett Upson* 34
Broadway Calling . . . . . *Louis Paul* 37

9 Articles

Confessions of "an S.O.B." (First of four articles) . . . . *Drew Pearson* 23
Cities of the World (No. 25) Istanbul . . . . *James P. O'Donnell* 28
Oklahoma's Little Round Coach . . . . *Al Dewlen* 31
Ike, Mamie and the Neighbors . . . *Rowland T. Moriarty and Frederick A. McCord* 32
Inside the Asylum, Part V: "Why Am I Here, Doctor?" *John Bartlow Martin* 36
The Face of America: Autumn Magic . . . *Photograph by Arthur Griffin* 38
My Life in Two Worlds . . . . *Haru Matsukata* 40
He Collects Noises . . . . *Robert M. Yoder* 44
We Must Shoot More Deer . . . . *Robert Crichton* 49

2 Serials

The Secret of Shining Brook (Second of eight parts) *Clarence Budington Kelland* 42
The Guns of Navarone (Seventh of eight parts) . . . *Alistair MacLean* 51

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 46
Verse . . . 53, 68, 87, 107, 109, 119, 142
Keeping Posted 148

THE COVER

Today's youngsters have fun pursuing the exquisite art of the ballet, and that's better than the older childhood art of trying to walk the top of a fence without taking a header. Ballet steps all stem from five basic foot positions; these relate to beauty and aren't practical for, say, standing before a kitchen sink. George Hughes' lasses are taking off into a *plié* (knee bend), essential for elevation in the air and for *ballon* (lightness while up there). On another wall of that studio must be a *barre* (bar) to hang onto for warm-up practicing, somewhat as baseball players warm up before a game—only *they* bat with their barres. One or two of these girls may become ballerinas; most will become homemakers; and if any can manage to do both, how fulfilling that will be.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 215 — The greatest star of the screen!

"The Teahouse of the August Moon" is more than a work of art.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's filming of the far-famed Pulitzer Prize and Critics Award comedy is a work of *many* arts.

★ ★ ★ ★

Especially the art of laughing *with* rather than *at* those sometimes foolish things called people.

★ ★ ★ ★

Brilliantly versatile as you know Marlon Brando and Glenn Ford to be, they will nonetheless astound you in "Teahouse". Their starring roles are in vivid contrast and cleverly key this story of the hilarious clash of cultures that came with the post-war U. S. Occupation of Okinawa.

★ ★ ★ ★

Metrocolor and CinemaScope do full justice to the splendor of the Far East in Springtime, as we meet the lovable native rogue (Marlon Brando as Sakini) who is assigned as interpreter to an eager-beaver officer (Glenn Ford as Capt. Fisby).

Capt. Fisby comes to Tobiki village with orders to stimulate native industry, instill American "Get-up-and-go", put Tobiki "back on its feet".

★ ★ ★ ★

With Sakini's help, Fisby is himself swept off his feet by a gorgeous Geisha girl (Machiko Kyo as Lotus Blossom).

★ ★ ★ ★

And he stimulates native industry by building a potato-brandy distillery.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a laugh and a world of winking wisdom in Brando's every "pidgin English" line, as gently he guides Glenn Ford into ordering the charming villagers to do only what *they* want to do.

★ ★ ★ ★

Example: They don't want a schoolhouse. They want a teahouse. So Fisby builds a fabulous pleasure dome. Here, beneath an August moon, lovely Geishas enchantingly chase all cares away.

★ ★ ★ ★

American "know-how"—which is outwitted at every witty turn of "Teahouse"—deserves top marks in the casting department.

★ ★ ★ ★

Eddie Albert is a joy. As the pompous Colonel, Paul Ford is ultra-funny. Jun Negami, Nijiko Kiyokawa and Mitsuko Sawamura are equally delightful.

★ ★ ★ ★

Producer Jack Cummings and director Daniel Mann have taken full and impressive advantage of the screen's greater range.

★ ★ ★ ★

John Patrick's adaptation of his own prize-winning play (from Vern J. Sneider's novel) enhances its happy blending of humor and humanity.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Teahouse of the August Moon" brings you not only all the fun of the stage play but leaves you with a heart-warming glow. That's something not to be missed!

—Leo

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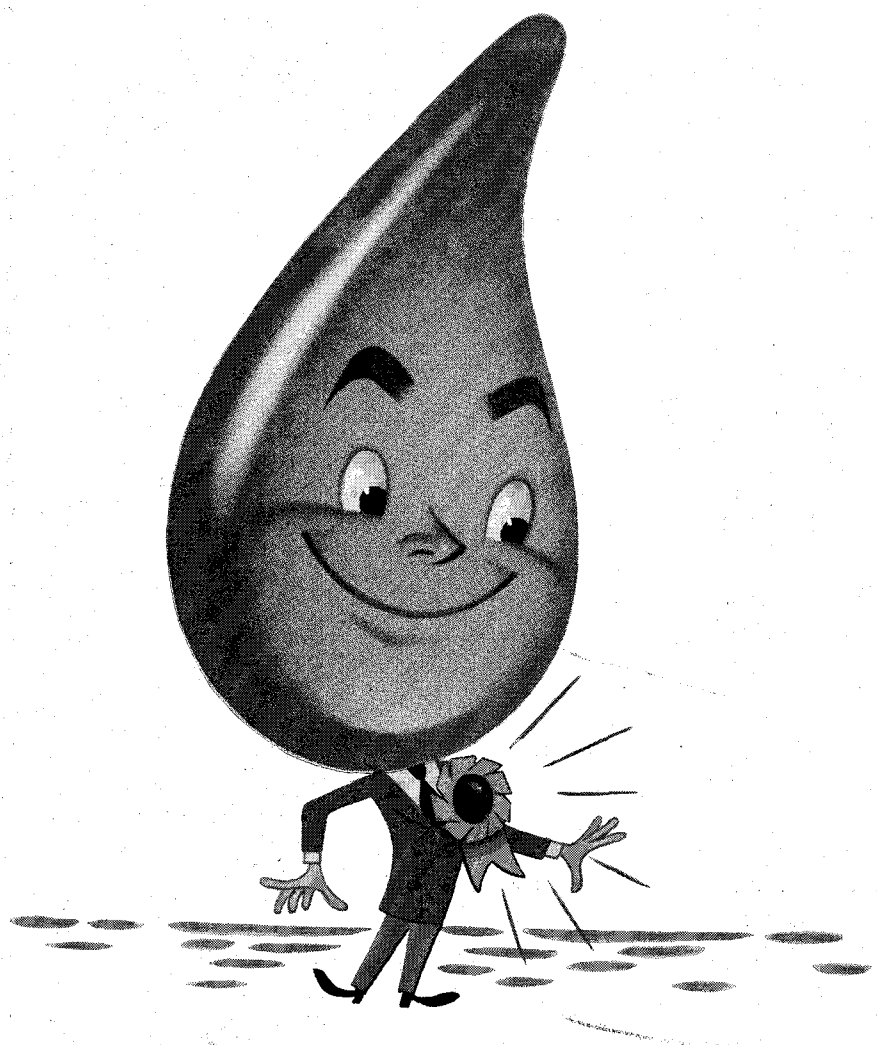

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Letters

Contented Chinese?

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . How Much Red Propaganda Can a Good Man Absorb? [Sept. 15] quotes generously from Christian Herald Magazine. But one of my correspondents gets the impression that Christian Herald endorsed this writer Gerald Bailey. Of course I did not. For my editorial "Contented Suicides!" concluded: "Suicide does seem a strange way in which to express the satisfaction Mr. Bailey reports!" [Mr. Bailey, an observer for the United Nations, recently toured Red China. Upon his return, he was quoted in a Christian Herald editorial as saying, "In the broadest sense the Chinese people seem to be satisfied with [their] government." Having said this, Mr. Bailey added that large numbers of Chinese have committed suicide.—ED.]

I really wish that your editorial had mentioned ours so that no one would get the idea that we were going along with this strange man Bailey.

DANIEL A. POLING, *Editor*
Christian Herald Magazine
New York, N.Y.

● *Doctor Poling has long been an outspoken opponent of communism. The Post had no intention of intimating that he or his magazine endorsed Mr. Bailey.*
—ED.

Prins' Flagship

Dear Sirs:

I was interested in the [Sept. 22] cover. . . .

Did Ben Prins know that when he painted the U.S. Power Squadron ensign on the starboard spreader of the little sailboat the U.S.P.S. ensign could not be flown unless a member of a squadron, as skipper, was aboard?

TOM GARDINER
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

What are we in mourning for, with the flag at half mast?

L. JOHN BLOCH
Cincinnati, O.

● *Artist Prins, a member of the Power Squadron for six years, reports: "The Squadron rules are, I believe, as follows: The Squadron emblem should be flown from stern staff or starboard yardarm. They recommend that a sailboat under power fly it from the starboard shroud at the same approximate position it would be flying if it was a yardarm. This is the spot on which I have placed the flag on my little boat."* *—ED.*

Canine Cops

Dear Sirs:

Re: Four-Footed Cops [by J. C. Furnas, Sept. 22].

The idea's good, as is the article, but just to set the record straight, officer

Aurelio L. Filippi was on motorcycle duty. Have they trained the dogs for "bike" duty, too?

J. R. KENNEDY
Oceanside, L.I., N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If I were to pay a nocturnal visit to one of those dog-guarded department stores, I would bring a couple of my cats, who have been known to chase Dobermans right down the street.

MRS. F. T. FATTAL
Rockville, Md.

Scholastic Quality

Dear Sirs:

For all its excellence, the September 15 . . . article on Mills College [These College Girls Can Cook, by John Wesley Noble] contains a statement which should not stand unchallenged: "Small colleges, to survive, must offer programs attuned to current needs, trying in the process not to sacrifice scholastic quality."

As the Post itself pointed out in its story on St. John's (College With an Idea, by Henry F. Pringle, October 14, 1944), the College program is attuned to needs which are timeless, rather than to the transient moods of young men and women in search of an education which is "current" and "practical" and, perhaps, relatively effortless.

And, as the St. John's College Self Study Report noted two years ago, "That the St. John's program has been widely regarded as novel and revolutionary is evidence of the extent to which we in the United States have forgotten the fundamental fact about education, that it is concerned with the development of man's intellectual powers. . . . The ways by which this program has sought to offer at least the beginnings of a sound liberal education in the course of four brief years are the ancient and traditional ways by which men have always learned."

As for survival, the St. John's freshman enrollment this fall is roughly fifty per cent above the average since the present College program was started in 1937; and two new (Continued on Page 6)

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Behind the "freedom curtain"

A simple curtain of cloth—not iron or bamboo—is a symbol of our liberties. It helps to protect the right to vote privately and freely. By voting, we reaffirm our faith in the American form of government and make our voices heard in matters affecting the preservation of our heritage and way of life. To vote is a right and a privilege . . . and a *responsibility*. To vote intelligently is a duty.

Be sure to VOTE on Nov. 6th

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

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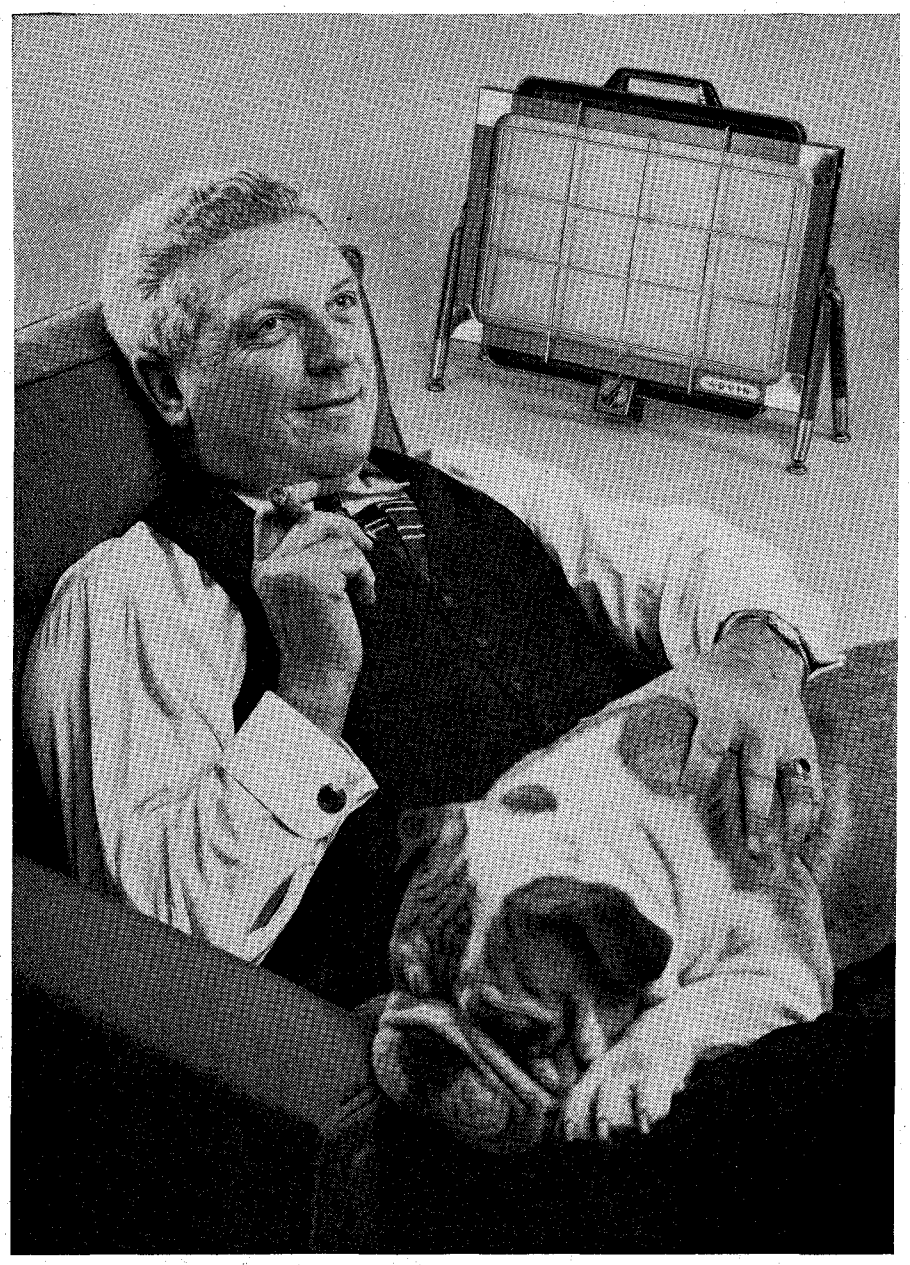
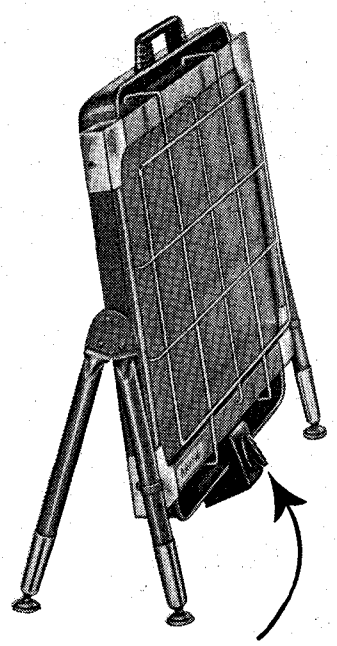


BASK IN SUN-LIKE WARMTH

New Arvin glass-panel heater heats with infra-red rays



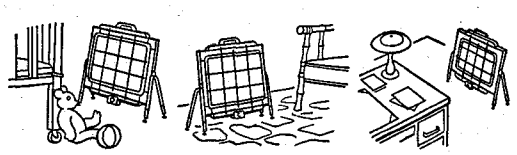
SET IT AND FORGET IT

Thermostat turns heater off and on automatically

Just plug it in, set thermostat to desired heat, and this great new Arvin takes care of itself from there on in. Never wastes electricity.

PALM TREES and tropic shores come to mind as you literally soak up sun-like radiant heat from this new kind of Arvin portable electric heater! The 1650-watt heating element is a glass panel, sending out healthful infra-red rays. No moving parts, no noise, no dirt, no drying out of air.

There are no drafts, no blasts of hot air, but everything in the room is heated—walls, furnishings, people. Arvin's built-in thermostat turns heater off and on automatically to maintain desired temperature. Red signal lights glow when heater is "on." Gunmetal gray finish, brass trim; self-leveling feet. At better dealers everywhere, $54.95. Other Arvin Automatic Heaters, $14.95 to $34.95. Write for folder, Dept. HS1-611, Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Ind.



Nursery Sunporch Office

Arvin

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC HEATERS

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

buildings costing over $2,000,000 are to be erected this year and next on the St. John's campus. The problem of survival without sacrifice of scholastic quality does not arise at St. John's, however much it may plague other institutions of comparable size.

RICHARD D. WEIGLE, *President*
St. John's College
Annapolis, Md.

Piggy Banks (cont'd)

● *In the July 21 issue of the Post, the editors published a letter from Robert Massa commenting on a cartoon by Ben Thompson (June 16). Mr. Massa protested that Junior's water-filled piggy bank would burst if it were put in the freezer. In the Sept. 8 Post, Reuben Lisson, a mechanical engineer, assured Mr. Massa that the piggy bank could not possibly break. An independent test made by our piggy-bank editor seemed to confirm Mr. Lisson's statement. Here are some of the comments we subsequently received.* —ED.

"To be real sure the money's safe, I fill it with water and put it in the freezer."

Dear Sirs:

The letter from "engineer" Reuben Lisson in the Sept. 8 issue . . . is too outrageous to let pass unchallenged. . . .

Water does indeed contract on cooling to a maximum density at about 39°F., and then expands again slightly as it is further cooled to 32°F. The contraction from 60° to 39° is about 1/10 of 1%, and the expansion from 39° to 32° is about 1/100 of 1%. On solidifying to ice at 32°F., however, water expands by 9.1%, which is a far from negligible amount. It is this, and not the volume changes in the liquid state, which breaks the container.

Such breakage is common, but not inevitable. It depends on whether some of the still-unfrozen water is able to escape as freezing progresses. Presumably the test conducted by your piggy-bank editor happened to proceed so that this escape took place. In another trial it might happen that the vent would become blocked by ice at an early stage, and the bank would then surely be shattered.

REMSEN T. SCHENCK, *Ph.D.*
Bethlehem, Pa.

● *Dr. Kenneth Atkins, a University of Pennsylvania physics professor, and an expert in problems of very low temperatures, agrees with reader Schenck's critique. Doctor Atkins adds that the piggy-bank experiments involve "a complicated interplay of various possible factors. Unless conditions are carefully controlled, the results will not always be comparable."* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I wrote the first letter only to save other thrifty people from financial ruin, and I spoke from bitter experience. When I first saw Ben Thompson's cartoon, I thought it was an ingenious idea, and following Junior's example, I filled my own bank with water and put it in the freezer. Whether or not the pig was aware of Mr. Lisson's scientific formulas or the editor's practicality I'm not sure, but sparing little sympathy for either, the pig did get all broken up about the whole thing, and I lost my life's savings.

ROBERT MASSA
Cohasset, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

My research into piggy banks disclosed one cheering aspect. Plastic piggy banks are immune to breakage because they stretch and chinaware piggy banks will not even hold water, as they have a small hole in the bottom of each foot, so only the glass banks are in danger.

A. E. MUELLER
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I am amazed that no one has commented on what I would consider a far more serious aspect of Junior's piggy bank. . . . Junior's frozen assets in the freezer contribute nothing to the venture capital that has enabled all us Americans to enjoy our present-day standard of living in which almost every American can have a freezer in which to place his piggy bank.

ROBERT J. HAMILTON
Mercer, Pa.

Correction

Dear Sirs:

My name is well known among American Esperantists, and your regrettable error in reproducing part of my letter [Sept. 8] has already brought me some caustic comments from those who remember the facts. . . .

My lecture tour in Esperanto for the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce covered 25 European countries and occupied a period of eighteen months. Your editor "condensed" this activity, along with my courtship in Esperanto and marriage to a Danish girl, into a "one-month tour." Not even Esperanto is THIS good!

DONALD E. PARRISH
Los Angeles, Cal.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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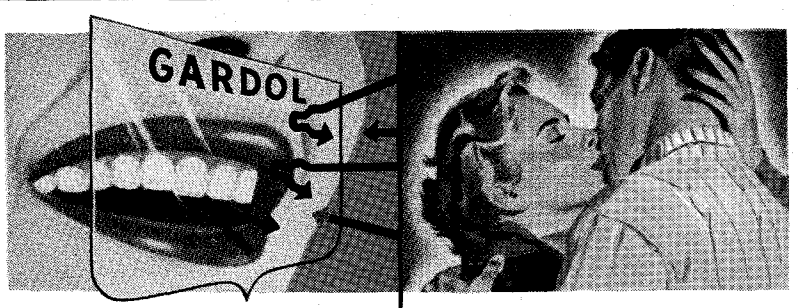
No Other Leading Toothpaste

CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS YOUR BREATH

WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste
Contains GARDOL
TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION
AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY
. . . With Just One Brushing!

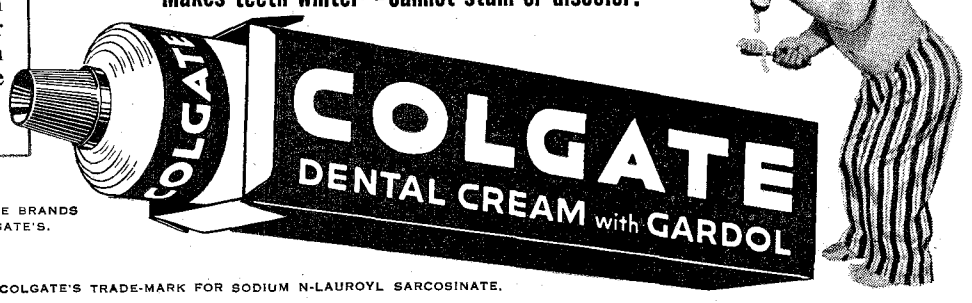


Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas!

Makes teeth whiter—cannot stain or discolor!



Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

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This demonstration shows the 3 ways he

New improved Johns-Manville Spintex® Insulation stops heat loss *all three ways!*

CONVECTI

Next time you lift a pan of boiling water off the stove, you will see demonstrated all three ways that heat escapes your home:

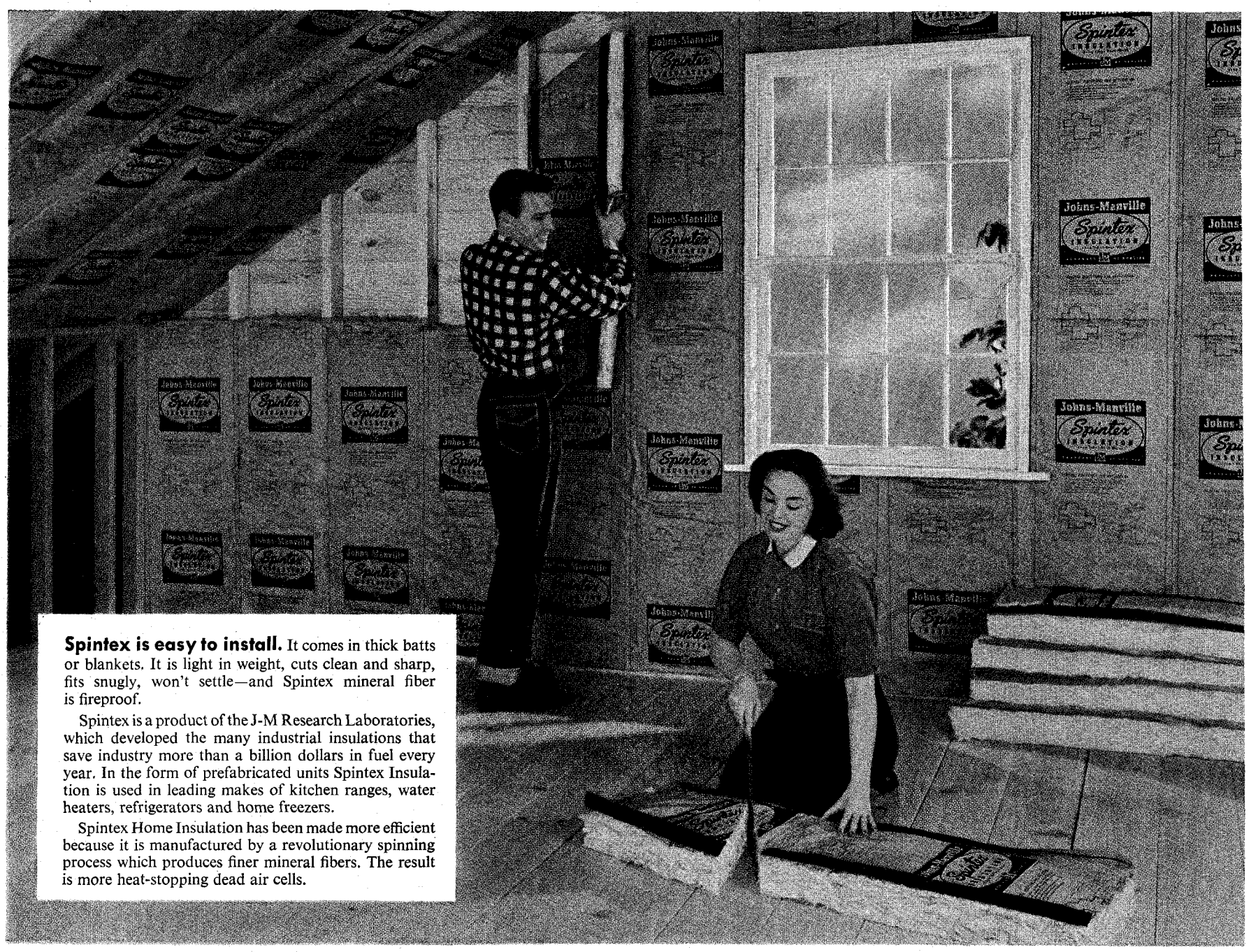
1. By Convection: See how boiling water turns to steam and escapes from the pan? In the same way warm air from the heating system in your home becomes lighter and rises, too. That's how currents of air carry furnace heat up and outdoors through uninsulated walls and ceilings.

2. By Conduction: Why is the handle too hot to touch? Because it heats up when fast-moving molecules in the hot pan kick into action the slowed-down molecules of the cool handle. In the same way, furnace heat collides with the building materials in uninsulated walls and ceilings, and is conducted through them to the outdoors.

3. By Radiation: Feel the heat radiating from the pan? Heat travels straight out in all directions when it can. It will propel itself out of your home, or force its way inside in summer unless stopped by a barrier of efficient insulation.

RADIATION

New Spintex mineral wool is the only type of home insulation that effectively stops heat loss all three ways . . . makes your home more comfortable summer and winter . . . saves up to 30¢ on every fuel dollar!



Spintex is easy to install. It comes in thick batts or blankets. It is light in weight, cuts clean and sharp, fits snugly, won't settle—and Spintex mineral fiber is fireproof.

Spintex is a product of the J-M Research Laboratories, which developed the many industrial insulations that save industry more than a billion dollars in fuel every year. In the form of prefabricated units Spintex Insulation is used in leading makes of kitchen ranges, water heaters, refrigerators and home freezers.

Spintex Home Insulation has been made more efficient because it is manufactured by a revolutionary spinning process which produces finer mineral fibers. The result is more heat-stopping dead air cells.

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scapes your home!

Authorities say—

"The best insulation is the most insulation"

and Spintex meets their "6-4-2 formula"

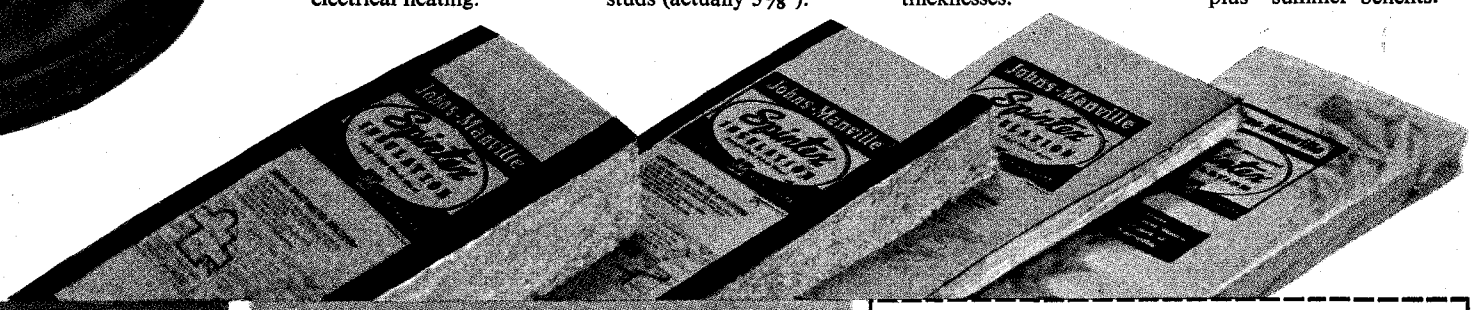
How thick the insulation should be and its importance were recently demonstrated by exhaustive tests on both air-conditioned and electrically heated houses at Austin, Texas. These tests were made by leading home builders, heating, air conditioning and insulation engineers. The record showed that the houses with the lowest operating costs had insulation as follows: 6″ of mineral wool insulation in the ceilings, 4″ in the exterior walls and 2″ in the exposed floors. This "6-4-2 formula" is now widely accepted as the standard for insulation needed to provide maximum benefits.

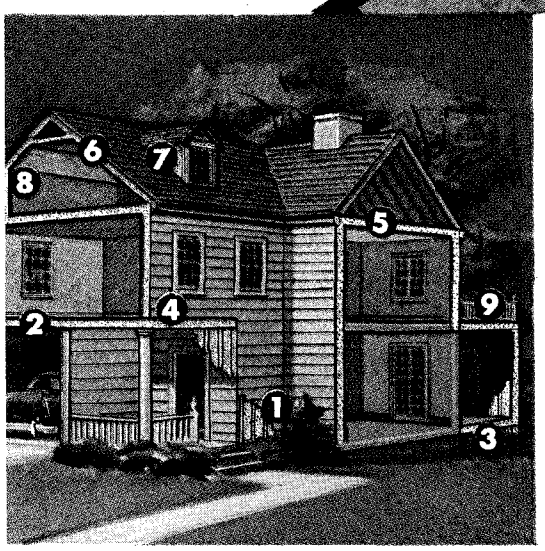
6 New J-M 6″ Thik Batts in ceilings of any home give added comfort and savings . . . a must for economy of operation in air conditioning and electrical heating.

4 J-M Ful-Thik Batts insure greatest wall insulation and fire protection. The only batts which completely fill the full depth between 2″ x 4″ studs (actually 3⅝″).

2 2″ Batts or Blankets are recommended for exposed floors over unheated areas. Johns-Manville also offers Spintex Blankets in other thicknesses.

***Plus* Aluminum-Wrapped Spintex Blankets** available in both 3″ and 2″ thickness. These blankets are aluminum wrapped to provide "plus" summer benefits.





…re homes need insulation. 1. Exterior walls. …loor above unheated garage. 3. Floor above un…vated area. 4. Floor over open porch. 5. Ceiling …w unfinished attic. 6. Sloping ceiling. 7. Dormer …ks and faces. 8. Knee walls. 9. Ceiling below flat roof.

How inaccessible areas of existing homes can be scientifically insulated! Approved J-M Home Insulation Contractors pneumatically insulate hollow wall and attic spaces with nodulated Spintex. Over 2,000,000 homes have been insulated by this "blowing" method.

Send for Free Booklet!

It shows you the complete line of new improved Spintex Home Insulation—recommends the right one for each area to be insulated.

Johns-Manville, Dept. SP-10, Box 60, New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me your free Spintex brochure. I am interested in ☐ Batts and Blankets ☐ the "Blowing" method.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ County_____ State_____

In Canada, 565 Lakeshore Rd. E., Port Credit, Ont.

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Johns-Manville

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Editorials

But What Would "A Change" Do to the Country?

It's never "time for a change" unless what you've got is pretty bad and what you're likely to get from a change promises to be a lot better. Have the Stevenson campaigners convinced a majority of the voters that the country would benefit by putting in the White House a candidate who is deeply in the debt of the CIO but would be weakly supported in Congress by Southern conservatives who go along for the sake of their committee chairmanships? We won't know for sure until next Wednesday morning.

At the moment, it looks as if the principal dangers to the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket are two: the intensive campaign being carried on in the large cities by Mr. Reuther's labor leaders, with what rank-and-file support remains to be seen; and the lassitude of a not inconsiderable group of Republicans who find some features of the President's "new Republicanism" too rich for their blood and complain that traditional Republicans are treated like senile delinquents in need of re-education.

Probably there is no argument by which even a liberal, or "new," Republican could sway those who actually believe that President Eisenhower's Administration is made up of millionaires and favors giant corporations as against labor and small business; or those who, like Adlai Stevenson, kiss off the Administration's progressive and rational "partnership" policy on electric-power development as a "giveaway."

It should be remembered, however, that the Democratic Party leadership is not composed of paupers. Governor Harriman, of New York, could probably buy out any member of the Eisenhower Cabinet and hardly notice it, except as a gratifying tax deduction. Mr. Stevenson himself is not exactly poor, while Senator Kerr, of Oklahoma; Senator Lehman, of New York; Senator Kennedy, of Massachusetts; Senator Green, of Rhode Island, to name a few of the more opulent Democrats, need not fear comparison with any Republican when it comes to net worth. At a time when all the people are prospering enormously it is a little silly to snipe at the President for picking a team of able and successful Americans to man his Administration.

As for the "giveaway" of national electric-power resources, a recent bulletin issued by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York points out that "there is a giveaway only if the rates (for electric power) are too high or too low. If they are too high, the developer of the site, whether privately or publicly owned, is enriched at the expense of the users of power. If the rates are too low, the giveaway is in the opposite direction"—namely, to power users and from the taxpayers. So much for "giveaways."

It seems fair to ask the conservative Republicans who are not too happy about certain policies of the Eisenhower Administration whether they have given enough consideration to the only alternative to Eisenhower, which is Stevenson. After all, one need not agree with everything the President or his aides have done to reach the same conclusion that the late Senator Taft reached in 1952: that it was necessary to work through the Republican Party.

Millions of Americans would welcome a realistic review of foreign aid in the light of changing economic conditions in the world. The decision to continue aid to Yugoslavia baffles many more. The seeming reluctance of some of the Eisenhower team to work with the "old pros" in the party at the local level—a complaint not often heard in recent months—has caused some disgruntlement and sitting on of hands. Some business and industrial leaders, threatened by foreign competition which they think unfair, complain that they see too little difference between the State Department's present attitude on such matters and that which prevailed under Truman and Acheson.

These are genuine misgivings, but surely those who hold them are not so naïve as to expect relief from a Stevenson-ADA-CIO administration. Inasmuch as the real issues are decided in Congress, there seems no point in turning over the Executive branch to the libero-left.

The net of the issue next week is whether to stumble toward socialism and bigger and bigger government, with less and less freedom for the common man, or to continue the Eisenhower program which has contributed so much to the welfare of, and opportunity for further progress by, people of every class and origin. A nation at peace, enjoying an unprecedented living standard in complete political freedom, should not have much difficulty in reaching a verdict for Eisenhower and Nixon.

Children Get Along Better at School When Their Parents are Interested

By L. R. ALDERMAN

This is the age of experts, and the tendency of some parents is to let the experts take over the entire education of their children. But education begins at home and is a family affair. Teachers do the actual instructing, but it is the parents' job to prepare their children to receive the instruction. Some parents do not realize that their child's attitude is largely a reflection of their own. If parents do not show by their actions that they regard learning as important, no amount of teacher effort can give real motivation to the children.

Co-operation with the schools is one of the most important of responsibilities of parents. When parents visit schools at odd hours, they often interrupt the teachers, distract the children and come away without much idea of what goes on in the school. But planned consultations can be wonderfully effective. I was so convinced that this was true that, back in 1937, I suggested to the Department of Education in the University of Vermont that they conduct the following experiment:

Burlington, Vermont, children—fourth through eighth grades—were paired with Montpelier children of similar sex, intelligence quotient, school-achievement rating, health and home environment. The Burlington parents, through the Parent-Teacher Association and by their own children, were invited to come to the school for one hour every few weeks to consult with the teachers and among themselves. The teachers outlined the course of study for the coming weeks and asked the parents to encourage the children to study, to discuss their assignments with them, but not to do the work for them.

The parents were asked to explain to the children the value of what they were studying by applying it to their everyday lives. For instance, arithmetic could be applied in the home in discussing the child's allowance or the family budget. A day's assignment in history, geography or science could make lively dinner conversation.

This experiment proved my point, and generated so much enthusiasm in Burlington that I suggested to the superintendent of schools of San Diego, California, that his city could conduct a similar experiment between two sets of schools. I visited both the Vermont and San Diego experiments while they were in progress and was given full reports. In both Burlington and San Diego the improvement in the children's achievement, as shown by standardized tests, was approximately 20 per cent. Because of parental interest, children learned not only the importance of study but the habit of study.

The parents' role in the education of their children ought not to be that of the sideline critic, but of a partner with the children's teacher. Instead of asking "What is wrong with the schools?" parents should ask "What is wrong with us?" When parents assume their God-given responsibilities, we no longer shall have cause to complain that Johnny can't read and Mary can't spell.

Editors' Note: Mr. Alderman was for many years engaged in teaching and administrative work in the field of education.

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NOW! THE BIGGEST NEWS YET FROM THE *FORWARD* LOOK

THE NEWEST NEW CARS IN 20 YEARS!

On the next eleven pages, you will see the story of a great achievement—an achievement that will enrich your car-riding life and make it more satisfying. Chrysler Corporation's stylists and engineers have created five complete lines of cars with total newness! In every price class, from Plymouth to the exclusive Imperial...in every one of 93 different models...you will find them the newest new cars in 20 years! See them at your dealer's now...see THE NEW SHAPE OF MOTION!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO · CHRYSLER · IMPERIAL

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Now turn the page and start to dream

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SUDDENLY, IT'S 19

In one flaming moment, Plymouth leaps three full years ahead—the only car that dares to break the

...revolutionary new Torsion-Aire ride...exhilarating sports car handling...new super-safe Total Con

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GO PLYMOUTH!

rier! Plymouth's traditionally great engineering brings you the fabulous new Fury "301" V-8 engine

akes . . . dramatic Flight-Sweep Styling. The car you might have expected in 1960 is at your dealer's now!

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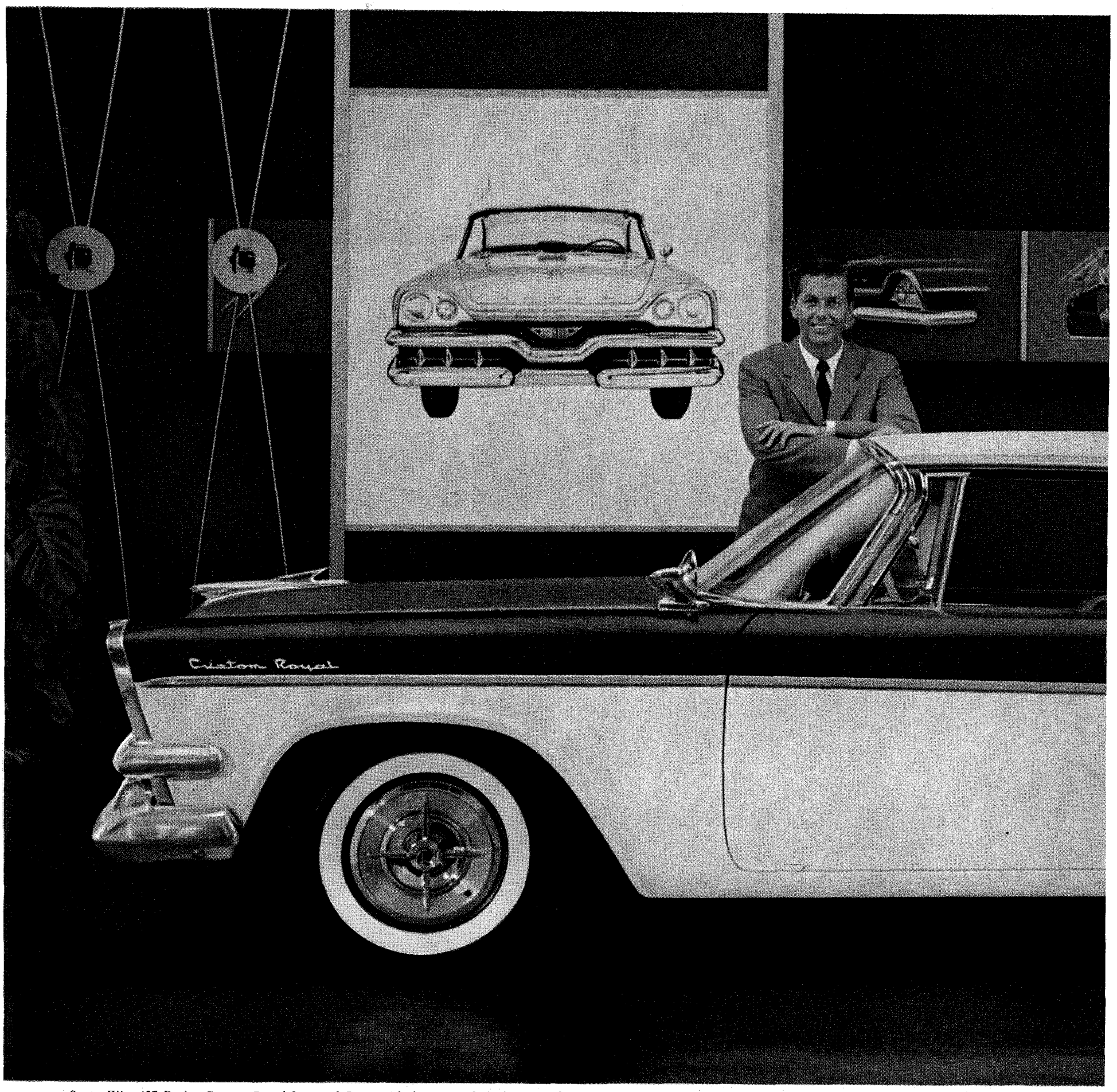
Step into the wonderful worl



Swept-Wing '57 Dodge Custom Royal Lancer 2-Door with dramatic Flight-Sweep styling.

It unleashes a hurricane of power
It breaks through the vibration barrier
It is swept-wing mastery of motion

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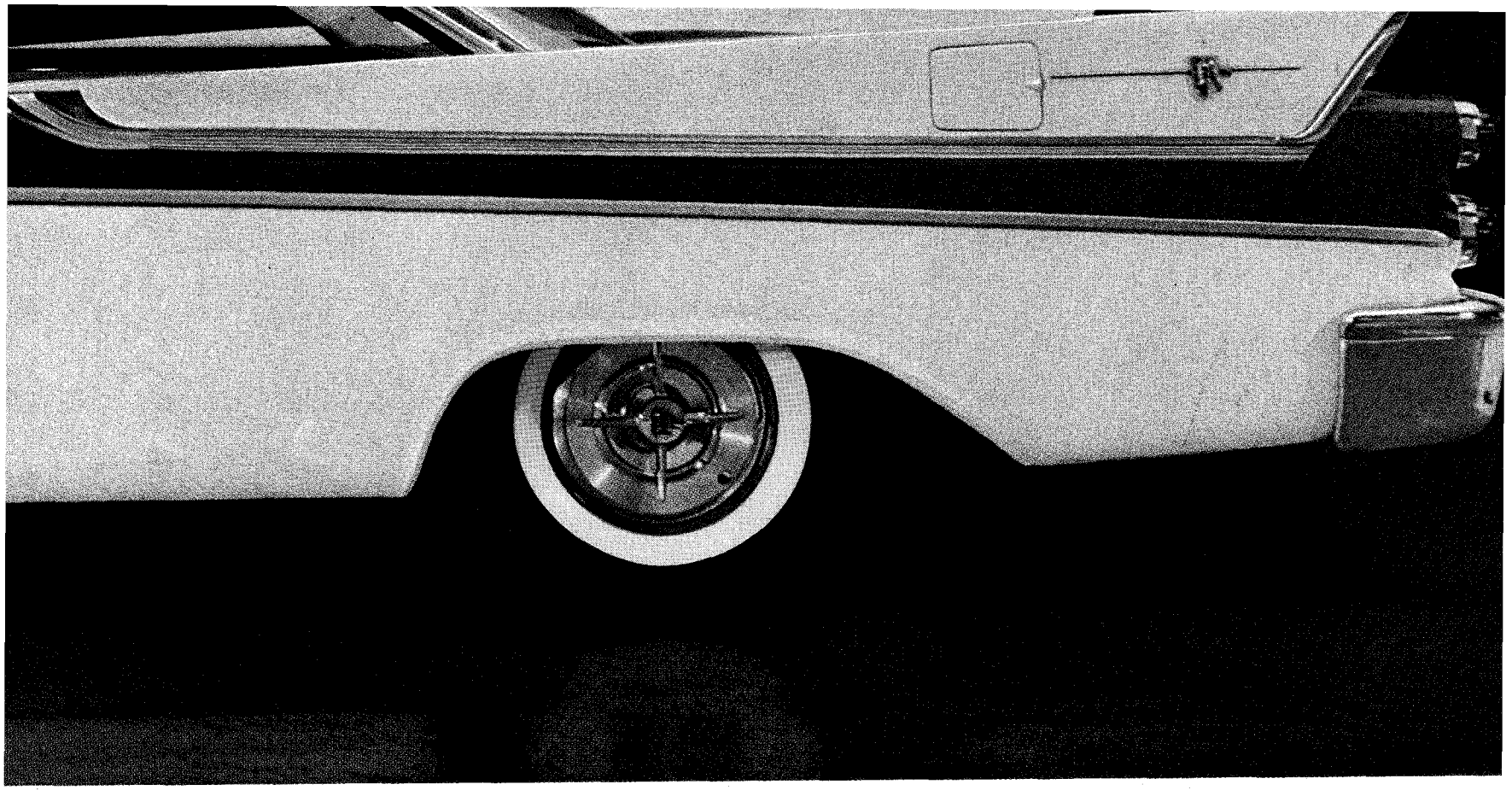

This is the world of *Autodynamics* . . . where *everything* is new from road to roof! You sweep along in a low-slung, *swept-wing* beauty barely 4½ feet high, cradled and cushioned in a "Realm of Silence" by new Torsion-Aire Ride. A touch of your toe unleashes a hurricane of power from a thundering aircraft-type Super Red Ram V-8 engine, tamed to your command by new Push-Button Torque-Flite that packs a 1-2 punch. Here is *swept-wing* mastery of motion . . . luxurious as a custom car, agile as a sports car. You have never seen, felt, owned anything like it.

SWEPT·WING

'57 Dodge

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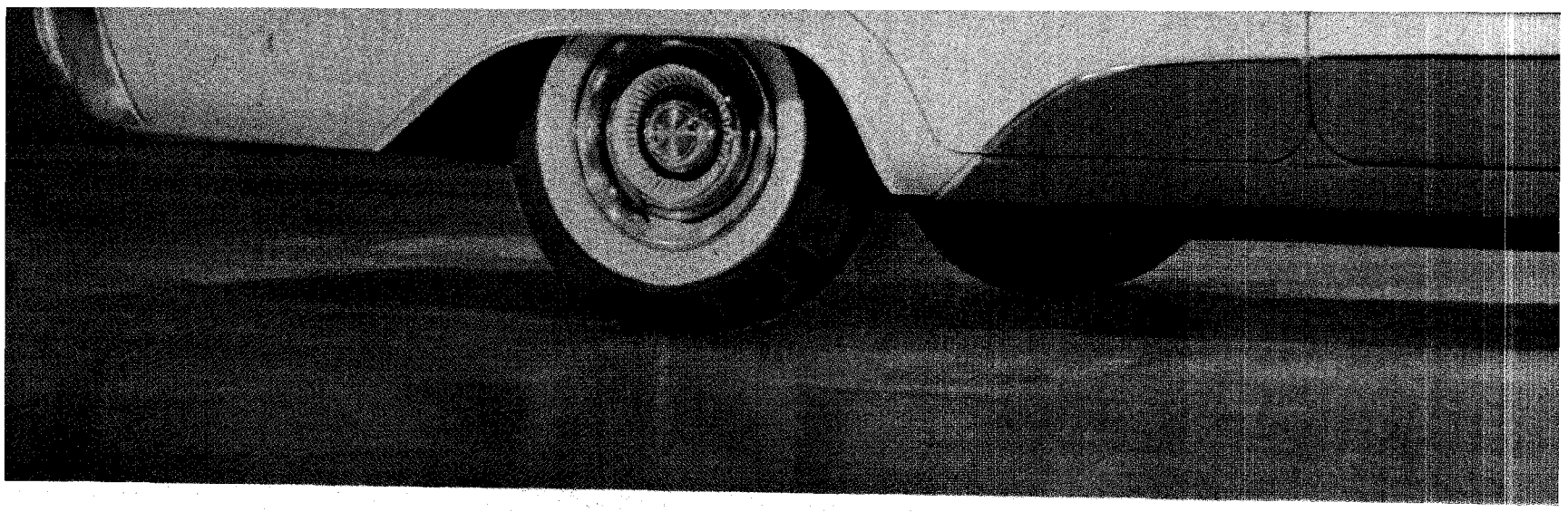

These great advances mak most exciting car i

New *Flight Sweep* styling. For 1957 De Soto presents the new shape of motion! Long, upswept tail fins that add stability at modern highway speeds. Sleek, lower-than-ever lines. 40% more glass area for a super-safe view of the road.

Barely 4 feet 7½ inches from ground to graceful roof—yet inside, this exciting beauty has generous head room with lots of length to stretch.

New *Torque-Flite* transmission. This year De Soto introduces the most advanced transmission ever built—*the new Torque-Flite*. It gives you breath-taking getaway, tremendous passing acceleration and velvet-smooth power surge at any speed! No shift delay, no annoying "clunk."

New *Push-Button* control. Simply touch a button of De Soto's new Triple-Range push-button control—and you're on your way!

New *Torsion-Aire* ride. For the smoothest ride you've ever had in an automobile, try De Soto's new Torsion-Aire ride. Cobbled streets seem smooth as silk. You take corners without lean or sway. Braking is level as a table top, even from high speeds. Positively no nose-dive!

The secret? A completely new suspension that combines torsion rods, super-soft tires, Safety-Sphere control joints, outrider rear springs, and a rubber-cushioned front suspension.

New Torsion-Aire ride is *standard equipment* on every 1957 De Soto.

New super-powered V-8 engines. '57 De Soto engine designs are the most powerful in the industry! These deep-breathing giants respond instantly for safer

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he '57 DE SOTO the he world today!

passing, loaf quietly at superhighway speeds. Here's "take-charge" performance that won't take a back seat to anything on the road.

There are three new and powerful DeSoto V-8's to choose from...with higher-than-ever horsepower for safer passing!

New *4-Season* air conditioner. This advanced and compact unit—mounted out of the way under the dash—*cools* in summer, *heats* in winter. It filters out dirt and sneezy pollen... wrings moisture from muggy summer air. One flick of a simple set of controls keeps the interior of your new De Soto ideally comfortable and quiet every mile you drive.

New interior features. Each '57 De Soto interior features exciting new fabrics with smart accenting trim, and a beautiful new flight-styled instrument panel.

Your choice of every advanced power feature: Full-Time power steering—Feather-Touch power brakes—6-Way power seat—Electro-Lift power windows. See the most exciting car in the world today at your De Soto-Plymouth dealer's.

FIREFLITE SPORTSMAN BY DE SOTO, GOWNS BY [illegible]

Be sure to see the new
De Soto FireSweep
Priced just above the lowest!
The Most Exciting
Value in the World Today
See it! Drive it! Price it!

De Soto dealers present **Groucho Marx** in "You Bet Your Life" on NBC radio and TV

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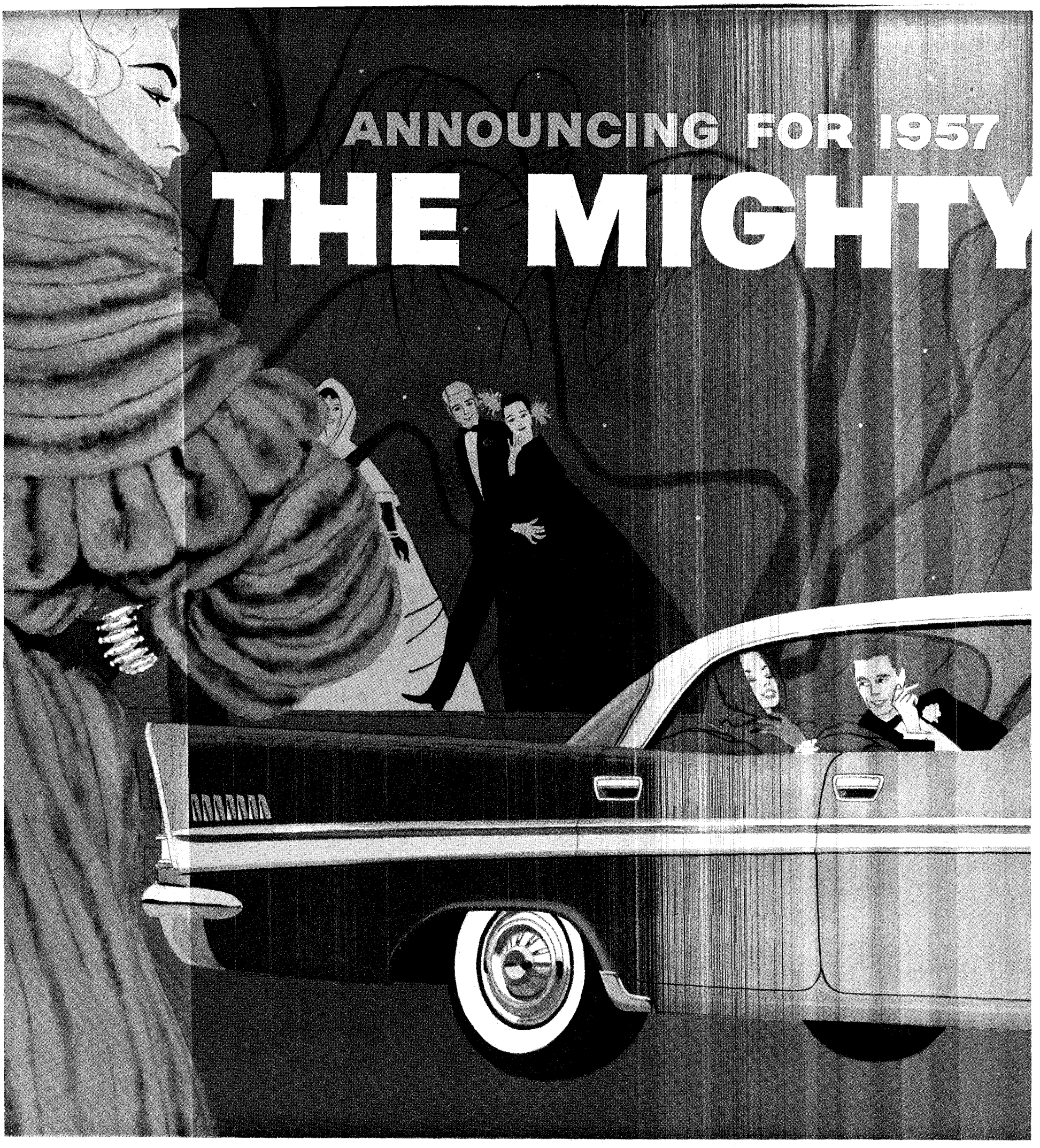

The most glamorous ca

YOU NEVER LOOKED AS GOOD IN ANYTHING!

This year, Chrysler's new definitely lower lines, accented by its dramati upsweep, make it the swiftest, most dynamic looking of the 1957 cars. I is not only the most glamorous Chrysler ever built . . . it is the mos modern motor car in the world. *Everything* in it is new!

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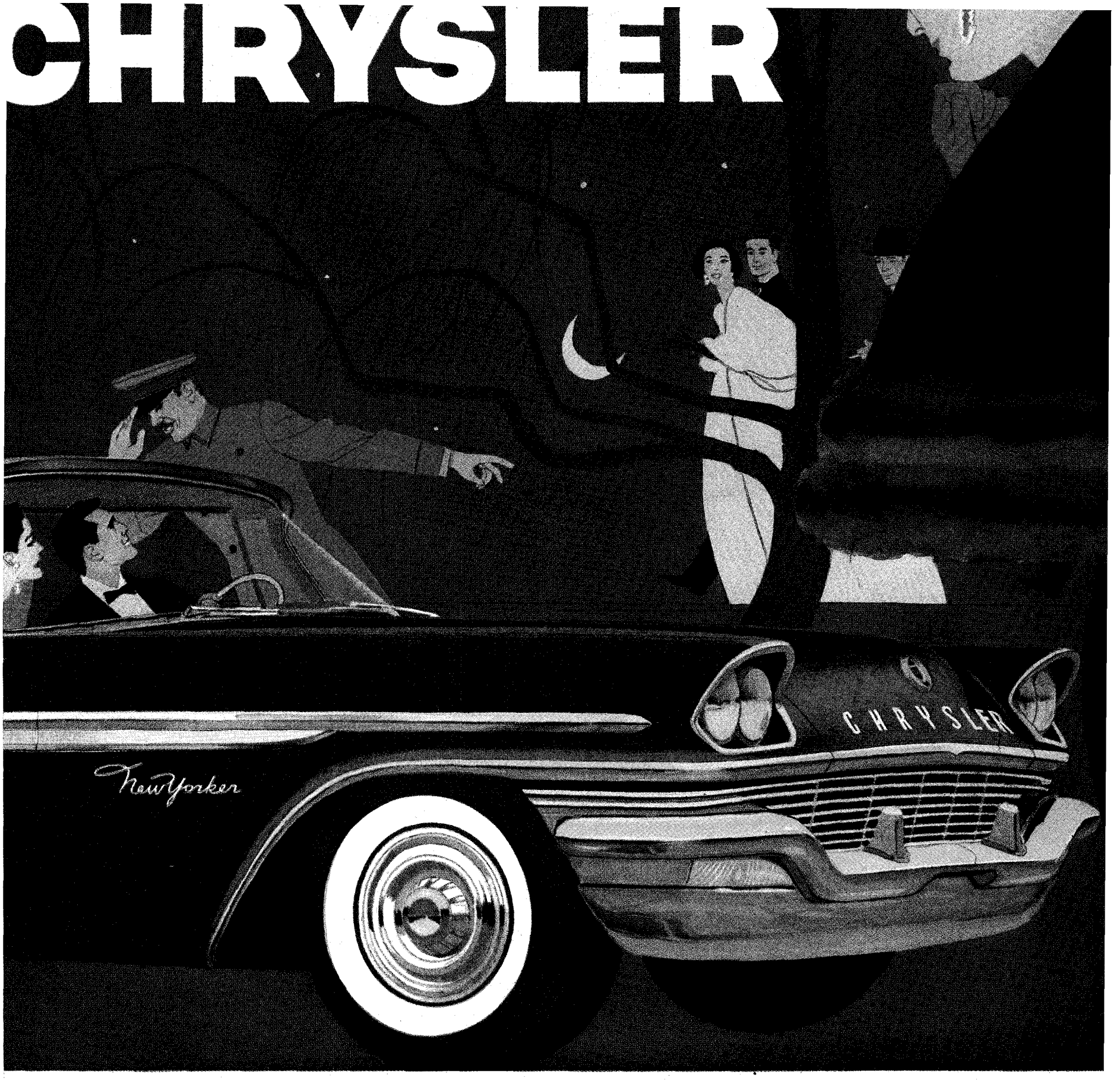
CHRYSLER



n a generation

)U NEVER TRAVELED IN ANYTHING THAT FELT LIKE IT!

rsion-Aire Ride . . . Chrysler's completely new and different suspension tem . . . eliminates front end coil springs and substitutes the greater, oother resilience of torque rods. No more rock and roll. No more brake). It's a brand new kind of traveling sensation.

YOU NEVER BOSSED SUCH POWER WITH SUCH EASE!

Chrysler's new Pushbutton TorqueFlite transmission teams up with a new mighty V-8 engine developing up to 325 hp, to give you new high-velocity getaway and safer passing power. See the glamour . . . feel the silky power of the Mighty Chrysler . . . now at your Chrysler Dealer's.

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Announcing for 1957... the triumphan

What a glorious car the new Imperial is. It's the glittering dream car come alive . . . the car of great good taste . . . the car of advanced new styling . . . the car of truly magnificent engineering.

Getting into the *exclusive* Imperial for 1957, taking the wheel, feeling its soft-voiced, lightning power, is a tingling new kind of excitement — a sense of joy and vigor and vast horizons.

This year, for the first time, you may enjoy the breath-taking design and performance of Imperial in an attractive new range of prices. At any price, you own a car beyond compare. See the splendid new Imperials. Drive one. Own one. Be the man who moves swiftly ahead of the rest—the man who drives the Imperial.

IMPERIAL . . . FINEST PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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ABOVE, THE IMPERIAL CROWN 2-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON, ONE OF EIGHT DAZZLING NEW MODELS IN A NEW, WIDER PRICE RANGE.

New IMPERIAL

Finest expression of The Forward Look

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AND FOR 1957 THE *FORWARD* LOOK ALSO BRINGS YOU

THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ENGINEERING ADVANCE!

PLYMOUTH BELVEDERE 4-DOOR SPORT SEDAN HARDTOP

NEW TORSION-AIRE RIDE ... it carpets the road!

Only once or twice in a decade is there a major engineering "break-through" like this!

Climaxing five years of research and testing, Chrysler Corporation's engineers have perfected a completely new suspension system, a new kind of ride—TORSION-AIRE! Here's what it does for you:

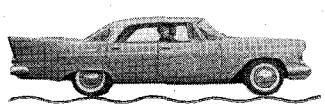
Your 1957 Chrysler Corporation car will have greater stability, greater smoothness on any road surface than any car you ever owned. You will turn corners with virtually no sway . . . you will stop without a jolting "front-end dive" . . . you will ride as on a carpet, softly, quietly, without road shock!

TORSION-AIRE was made possible by an ingenious combination of torsion-bar springing, rubber cushioning (so that no metal touches metal), ball joints, new, smaller wheels with softer-riding tires . . . in fact, an entirely new front-end "geometry."

In your 1957 Chrysler Corporation car you will also enjoy far safer Total-Contact Brakes . . . the swiftest, smoothest automatic drive, new Pushbutton TorqueFlite . . . new standards of performance . . . new visibility and openness . . . exclusive full-time Power Steering . . . a new single-unit heater and air-conditioner . . . and more, much more!

Before you buy any car, experience all this newness first hand. For such newness—so sound, so sure,—is what value is made of! See your dealer and drive THE NEWEST NEW CARS IN 20 YEARS!

How Torsion-Aire helps you



1. *Smooths the roughest roads*

2. *Turns corners without "leaning"*

3. *Stops without "dive"*

CHRYSLER CORPORATION — **THE *FORWARD* LOOK**

See the new **Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial** now on display

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America's most controversial reporter, who has been threatened by Presidents, cursed by cabinet members and punched in public, begins his own candid story of his battles in Washington. . . .

Confessions of "an S.O.B."

By DREW PEARSON

PART I

During the height of a certain controversy involving me with a certain President of the United States, I received a letter addressed to "The S.O.B." It was not even addressed to Washington; yet, with unerring accuracy, the Post Office delivered it directly to my door.

This occurred, of course, shortly after Harry Truman's epithet had made me famous—or infamous. As a result, I suppose that for the rest of my life I shall remain in the minds of a great many people an S.O.B. And there is not much I can do about it.

I confess to a yearning at times to be more loved by my fellow men. On the other hand, I have gathered enough barnacles of experience to know that after a certain age you cannot step out of character. If you have made your name by being the Boris Karloff of journalism, there is no use trying to be a Marlon Brando.

Sometimes I look back to my early life and wonder just how I got this way. During my boyhood in the Quaker community of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, and on a farm in Kansas, I was so timid that my mother was driven almost to despair. I hid behind her skirts when friends came to call, and when my brother and I sold eggs to neighbors, my only contribution to the sale was to ring the doorbell. Then, ducking aside, I

"I prefer to be loved rather than disliked," admits the author. "But I don't think you can really write the news in Washington and be loved."

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PEARSON GETS AROUND

In 1948, General Eisenhower presented the columnist with an award honoring him as "Father of the Year."

He showed film star Joan Crawford that he can be charming when he wants to be.

On his recent trip to the Middle East he talked to Israeli Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion.

The hooded man is Igor Gouzenko, who helped smash a Soviet spy ring in Canada, in 1946.

A friendly interview with ex-President Truman, five years after Truman called Pearson an "S.O.B."

In 1947, Pearson organized the Friendship Train to supply food for Europe. Here, he and Earl Warren, then governor of California, start a train on its cross-country trip.

would leave my little brother Leon, aged six, to make the sale.

My father was a professor in a Quaker college and my mother was a busy organizer of community ventures. Nothing in my early upbringing hinted at the dire things to come, apart from the fact that our teen-age gang, the Crum Creek Club, trapped skunks in the woods outside the village. On one occasion I embedded the vital gland of a skunk in an old shaving-soap tube and hid it behind the radiator in our English teacher's classroom. She taught no English classes that day.

I have sometimes thought back to that odoriferous occasion and wondered whether there was any connection between that teacher and the President of the United States who was to give me my trade-mark. The teacher's name was "Miss Truman."

In general, however, I can think of nothing in my early training to account for the fact that I have been denounced by fifty-four senators and congressmen, called a liar by two Presidents, officially investigated a dozen times for news leaks, and hauled eight times before irate congressional committees. It's no fault of my upbringing that I have been slugged twice under most embarrassing circumstances, had detectives stationed in my broadcasting studio because of threats against my life, had a special police guard around my house and been sued more times than I can remember.

At times it has not been a happy life. There have been melancholy moments when I have wondered why I ever abandoned the cloistered career of a college instructor.

My greatest depression occurred when James Forrestal, after resigning as Secretary of Defense, threw himself out of a window in the Bethesda Naval Hospital—and a chorus of critics blamed me for his death. I won't dwell on the tragedy, except to say that after it happened there were awful moments when I woke up in the night fighting back an almost paralyzing urge to join Forrestal. It was the only time in my life that I have ever felt that urge, and I pray it will never happen again.

But despite the names which I have been called, and despite the ups and downs of trying to report what really happens in Washington, I hope that I have contributed somewhat to cleaner government and helped bring the world just a little closer to the elusive goal of peace.

There are two basic questions commonly asked of me. The polite people ask, "How do you get your news?" The impolite people ask, "How did you get to be so hard-boiled?"

I am not sure that I can answer either question, but I shall try. When I first came to Washington I was anything but hard-boiled. I was young, inexperienced and jittery. My heart was in my mouth whenever I went out to dinner. This was partly because at Washington dinner parties you are expected to be skilled in the art of small talk, and I wasn't; partly because I (Continued on Page 87)

NEXT WEEK

Pearson tells why Franklin Roosevelt put him in the White House doghouse, and the one thing that angered Truman most.

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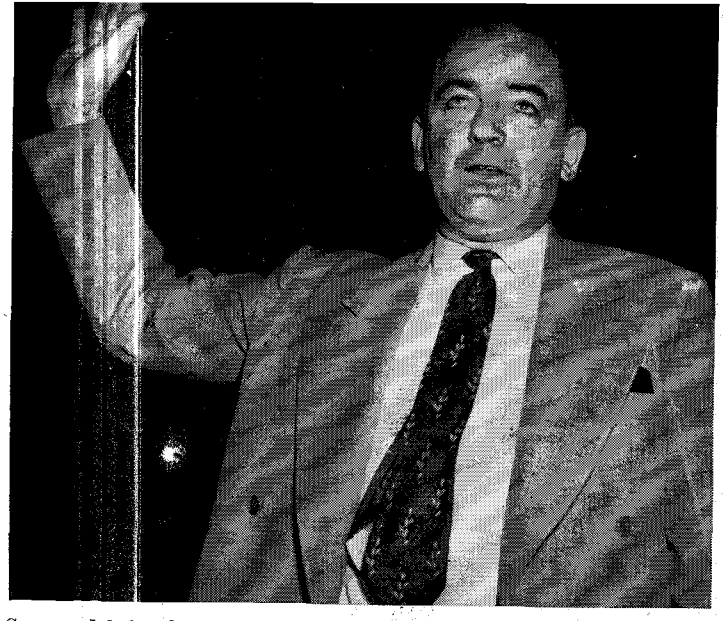
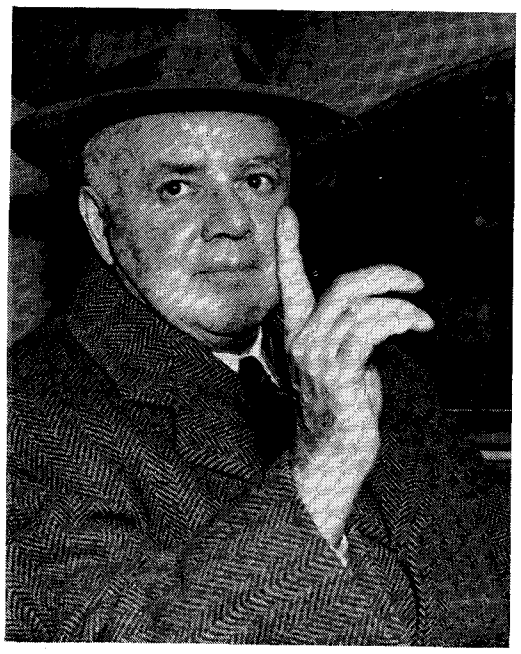
PEARSON HAS MANY ENEMIES

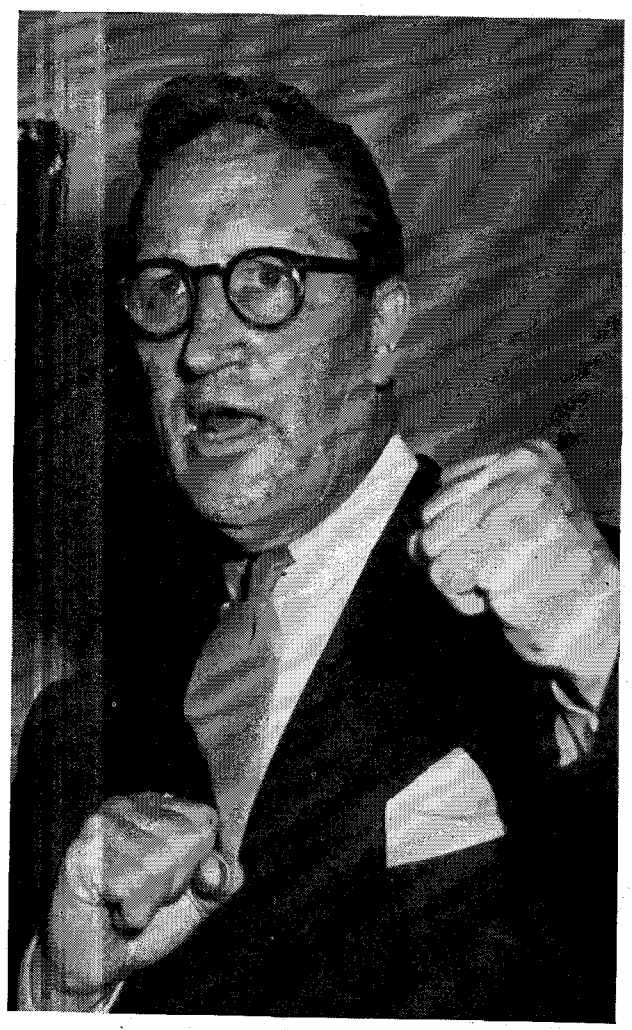


Senator McCarthy, one of Pearson's favorite targets, assaulted the columnist in the cloakroom of Washington's fashionable Sulgrave Club.



Rep. J. Parnell Thomas, one of the three congressmen Pearson helped send to jail.

Many Pearson charges against Harry Vaughan were later confirmed by testimony before Senate committee.



Charles Patrick Clark, a lobbyist, was fined $25 for punching Pearson in the Mayflower Hotel.

His long feud with Hoover's Sec. of War Patrick J. Hurley rocked the capital.

Rep. Andrew J. May was convicted of war-raud charges after Pearson exposed him.

Friends of Defense Secretary James Forrestal claimed Pearson's relentless attacks helped drive the Secretary to suicide.

Forrestal's funeral cortege. The author reports that after this tragedy, he felt "an almost paralyzing urge" to take his own life.

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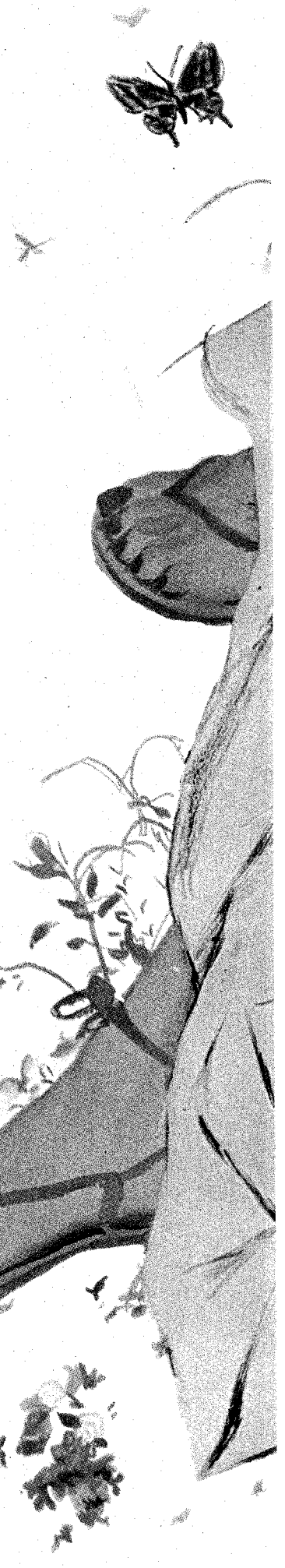
SUMMER IDYLL

She would bring him only trouble. Why couldn't he stay away from her?

By MAXINE LANE



Benji Davidson clutched his battered-up fiddle case close under his arm and made a beeline for Old Baldy and the shortest way home. His bare feet churned up the trail dust and tossed it away to settle on the marsh ferns that dipped as he passed. He was more uneasy this afternoon—way down deep under his skin and bones—about playing his fiddle for the guests at the Indian Maiden Inn than he had ever been before when he left the inn on the Big Lake.

He plunged through the hazelnut brush and came out onto Glover's Ridge, lifting his head at the exact moment that Old Baldy came into sight. He always counted on that first sight of the hill. Old Baldy was a friend; crossing over, he left the realm of the inn and the Big Lake and the horseback riders and speedboaters and sporty fishermen, and came back to the world of hill folks where he belonged.

Looking up, he saw a movement, no more than a shadow, at the very top of Old Baldy. He stopped running and his heart thudded in his ears like a marching drum. He told himself that it was only a trick of cloud and sun up there come to torture him. He squinted for a truer look and felt a fine beading of moisture form on his upper lip and under the great wad of red hair that jutted over his forehead. It was not a shadow; it was his brother, Jace, up there. Jace must have learned that Benji had sold himself to the tourists and was coming to thresh the daylights out of him.

Benji had heard his brother say many times that the hill folks must hold fast like a chain to keep their land and way of life, and every time one of them sold a bit of ground or a bit of his knack or craft to pleasure the tourists, it was a link giving way. Each year, since these beautiful, serene hills had been "discovered," more and more hotels and cabins had sprung up, until now they threatened to spill over and reach behind Bandy Oaks into this very valley. Benji hoped that the licking he would get if he had been found out would reach far enough inside him to wipe him clean of the guilt that lay stone-heavy right down to his feet.

Holding the fiddle case still tighter against him, he composed his face and went on at a leisurely pace, as though just happening to be approaching Old Baldy on his way home from Bandy Oaks; just as though he'd used this fine afternoon innocently to go roaming the hills.

Benji kept to the path through the sheep sorrel and wild mustard, and with every step that brought him closer to his brother his senses sharpened, honed against his wariness, and magnified. Leafhoppers fanned out from the path with a deafening racket. A flicker lifted from a tree stump where it had been pecking for ants and Benji could make out the separate feather markings on the golden wing linings. He caught his breath in, feeling a deep sense of loss, as though by breaking his link in the chain he had traded away forever his right to the ornaments of Old Baldy.

Benji could tell nothing from his brother's expression. Since their father had died and Jace had moved up into the position of head man in the family, Jace had passed from boy into man, and it seemed that he was even growing to look like their father. His mouth had thinned and firmed out and his jaw line had become sharper, squared away to meet the responsibilities his father had willed to him. He stood with his feet wide apart in the wind-swept grass.

"You've been gone some time," he said.

Benji nodded. "Since noon."

"Been to Bandy Oaks?"

Benji moved his head slantwise, which might mean yes or no. "Been over that way." He didn't want to add a downright lie to his midsdeeds if he could help it.

Jace's eyes dropped to the fiddle case. "Play your fiddle some?"

"Some." Benji cringed inside. He'd said the truth, but the way he'd said it made it worse than a downright lie. He often took his fiddle into the woods to find new tunes. Jace was always proud and happy to have him go. Jace even did Benji's chores, saying, in that way, that the music was more important than the farm work and,

(Continued on Page 119)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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Her skirt was spread around her on the
log, looking like a pink morning-glory.

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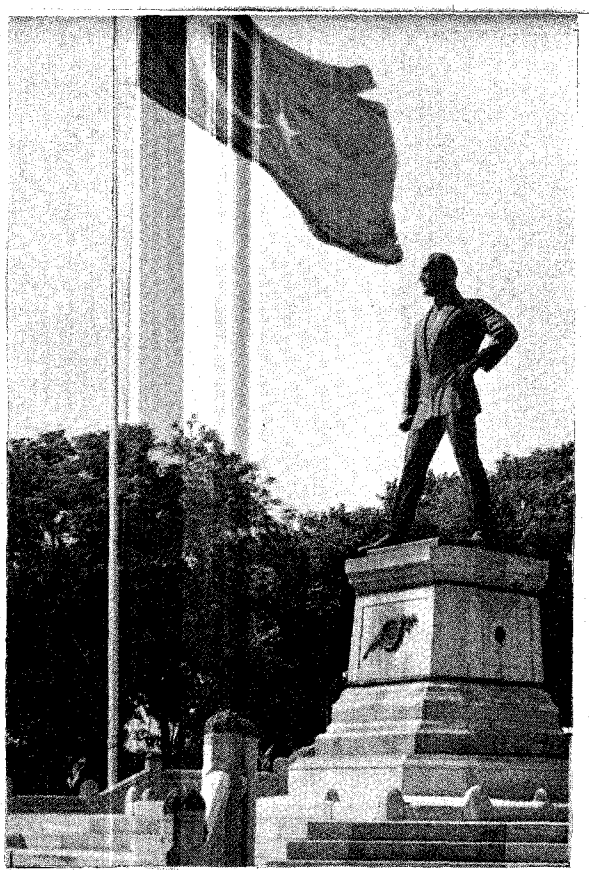
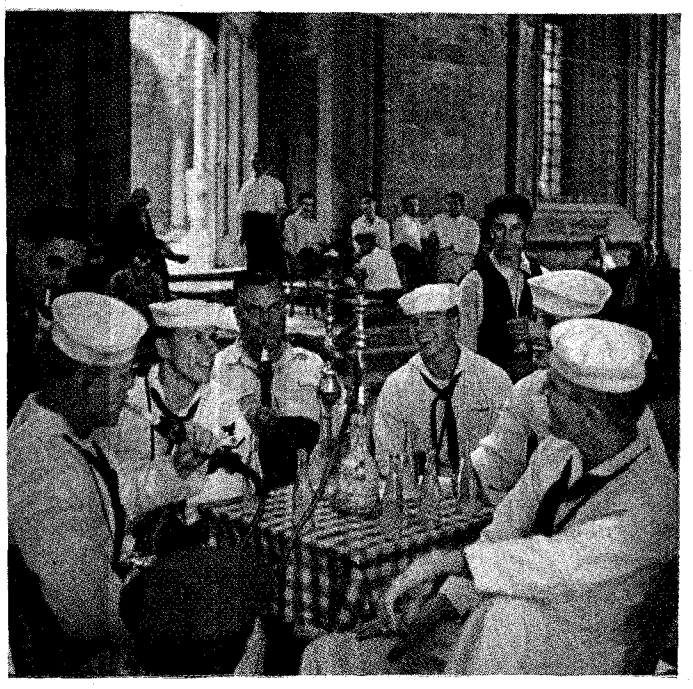


The late Kemal Ataturk, defiant in western evening dress, who doggedly modernized the city.



Sailors of the U.S. Sixth Fleet experiment with narghiles—Turkish water pipes.

CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 25

ISTANBUL

Formerly known as Constantinople, this ancient capital of two great empires is a haunting city of magnificence and intrigue.

By James P. O'Donnell

ISTANBUL.

This is the eternal loony city. Our word "loony" comes from "lunatic"—the idea that people can be tetched by the moon. This ancient belief in malevolent moonshine traces right back to this city of Istanbul, yesterday's Constantinople, the old holy, holy city of Byzantium.

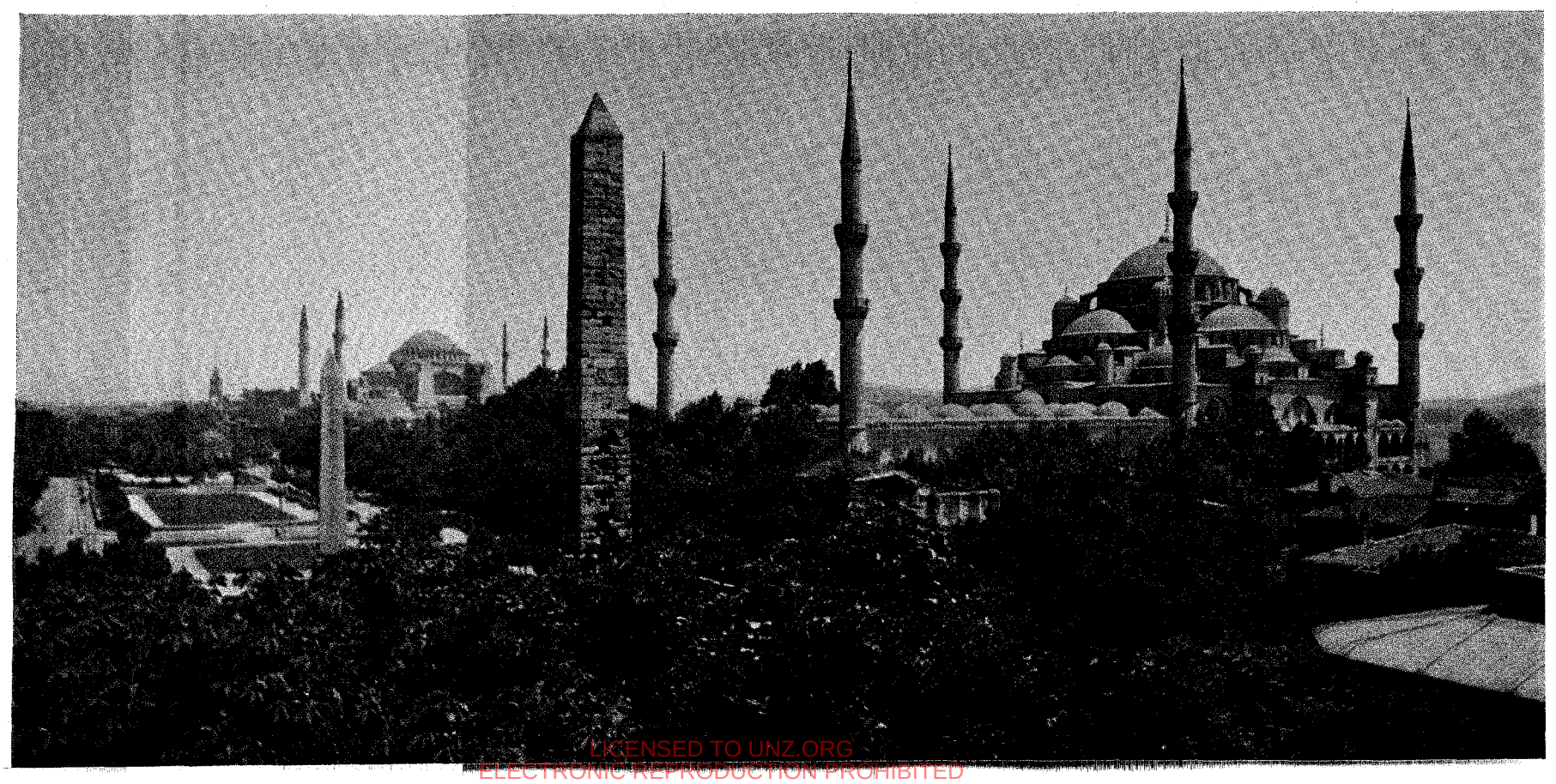
Ancient Byzantium chose the crescent moon as its civic symbol. That there is always something new under the changing moon is also the constant boast of this proud Queen of the Bosporus, a city which in its day has given the world such diverse items as the tulip, the table fork, the military flame-thrower, the art of mosaic, the game of contract bridge, the Turkish bath, and, most recently, a cool, new bar drink called the Screwdriver.

Moon worship here goes back to the pagan Greeks, who founded Byzantium in 658 B.C., and here built their triangle altars to the goddess Hecate. The cult of the moon is kept alive today by the charlatan astrologers and necromancers who operate around the Galata district. Once long ago the moon saved this city under siege by flashing on the spears of the hidden shock troops of Philip II of Macedon. The crescent that still appears on the Turkish national flag and on the battle flags of Islam is not of Moslem origin. It is this same Greek moon of Byzantium, adopted by Mohammed the Conqueror when he vanquished the city in 1453—in Islam's most stunning victory over Christendom.

Istanbul, well into its third millennium of history, and still today one of the strategic cities of the world, has seen several conquerors, and watched them all somehow go loco under the radiation of moonbeams bouncing off the Bosporus. This is the last large city on the rocky southeast promontory of Europe, with a modern suburb in Asia. Fronting vast Asia down through the centuries, this exposed European city has been caught and twirled in the alternate magnetisms of West and Orient. Istanbul sits between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, astride the land and water routes from Europe to Asia, at the classic crossroad of the ancient world.

Part of the haunting mystery of this West-East city lies in its unique geography. But the sepulcher of history (Continued on Page 104)

At right, the Blue Mosque, on one of the seven hills. Hippodrome Square is at left, St. Sophia Church in background.



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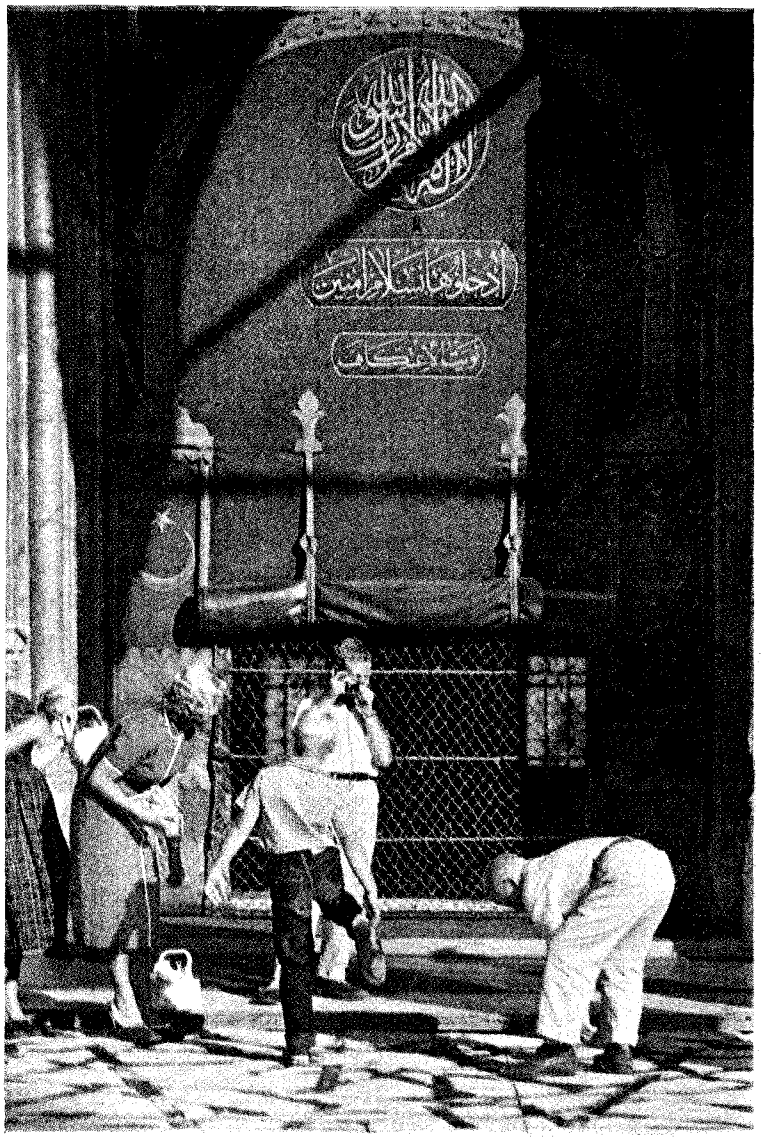
The long, deep harbor of the Golden Horn is Istanbul's ocean gateway. Although the city is Turkish, most of its commercial life is in the hands of Levantine Greeks.



American tourists take off their shoes before entering the Blue Mosque, most famous of 350 Islamic temples scattered in and around the city.

Photographs by David Lees

The city's cosmopolitan set idles at the exclusive Istanbul Hilton. The luxury offered at this hotel is beyond the reach of most of the local citizenry, some of whom are shown below picnicking in the suburbs.

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When the girl went down on her knees,
Peter swung Blaze-away at right angles.

FLASH FIRE

Two walls of flame closed in on the girl, cutting her off from all escape.

By OLAF RUHEN

The sun was hot and the shadows were blue, and a hundred lean, slack-muscled steers stretched out ahead of me for a crooked mile along the trail—every one a spring-heeled cleanskin, rangy and nervous, that I'd sprung this early morning from the valleys far back.

But they would be waiting for me at the bend, if they had crossed my traces, so, just before the trail lipped the crest of the hill, I held my horse in under the branches of the big apple gum, and threw the reins over his head and climbed into the tree. For I was Billy Meehan, Billy the Rager, and cattle stealing was my trade. I was known all through the territory. Came in there a score of years ago through a thousand miles of savage blacks; came in with a blanket roll and a stumble-foot pony; and now I had a hundred and fifty horses and four thousand cattle that had never come under an auctioneer's hammer.

I was Billy the Rager, six-foot-six, and a yard across the shoulders; Billy the Rager, and property owners looked the other way when I rode into town, careful of my temper in case I should live up to my name. Australia was mine, and the world was mine, and the thin clear air and the moon and the stars beyond; and I had another hundred cleanskins for my herd.

And then my brother called me and I looked down from the tree.

"You playing cops and robbers again?" he shouted rudely. "Better get a move on if you want to have those cows milked before dark!"

So I was Bobby Corcoran once more, and I came down the tree fast. Old Sandy had moved off; he was twenty years old, six years older than me, and he still hadn't learned to stand when I trailed the reins. He was too long in the pastern, and he threw his off foreleg from the knee, and he slipped and stumbled, but he could walk along real smart with the reins on the ground, and never put a foot on them. You could catch him easy, though, so I climbed on him, and went on tailing the two cows up to the yard. (Continued on Page 77)

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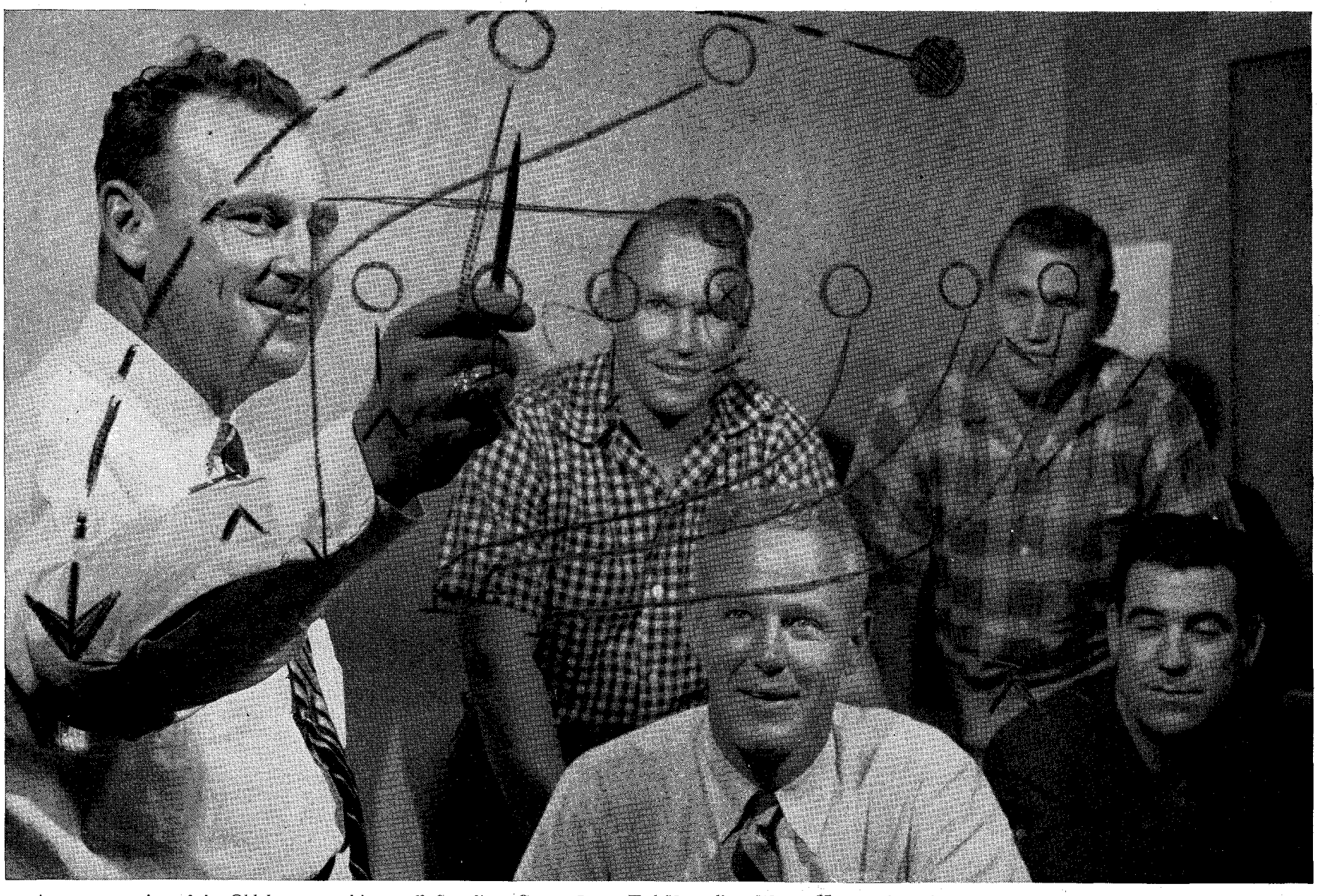


A strategy session of the Oklahoma coaching staff. Standing: Gomer Jones, Ted Youngling, Wayne Hansen. Seated: Head coach Bud Wilkinson and Sam Lyle.

Oklahoma's Little Round Coach

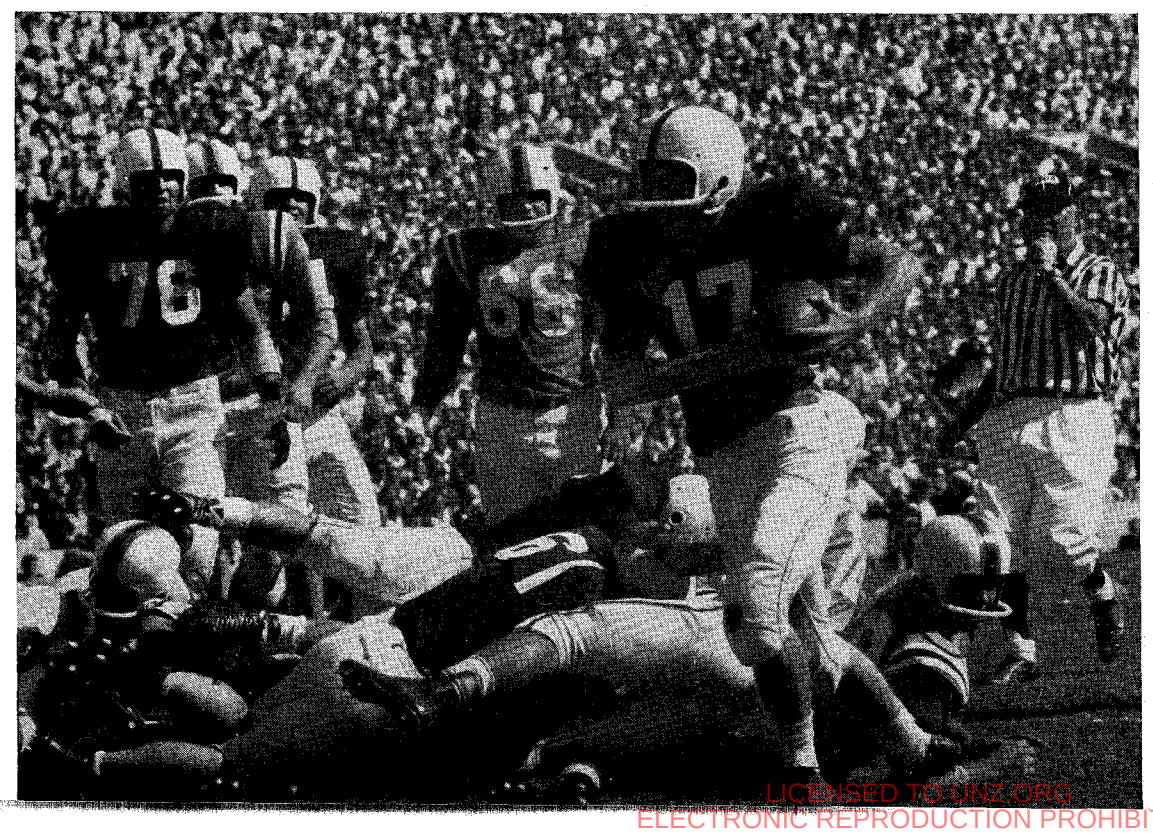
By AL DEWLEN

One big reason why Oklahoma is the winningest team in football is roly-poly Gomer Jones, the man who turns out those savage Sooner forward walls.

At the sweatful practice sessions which mold the mighty football teams of the University of Oklahoma, one lusty voice sounds off more frequently than the rest. Its tone is firm, but seldom loud. Its owner is a short, round-shaped man in a drenched T shirt and red baseball cap. His phrasing is as distinctive as his appearance. He may direct a player to "Put your hind foot back," or tell a group to "Scatter out in bunches" or "Pair off in threes." However impossible a command may sound, Oklahoma's smallish-looking centers, guards and tackles react smartly. They know that when Gomer Thomas Jones tells them to do something, it can—and must—be done.

Technically, the forty-two-year-old Jones is Bud Wilkinson's line coach and assistant athletic director. But in Soonerland, they speak of him as "our other head coach." Oklahoma newspapermen gave public expression to this at their gridiron show last spring, presenting a parody of the song, Love and Marriage, under the title of "Bud and Gomer."

Actually, the second-head-coach idea is traceable to Wilkinson himself. He says, "Gomer and I work (Continued on Page 116)



Touchdown run by quarterback Jay O'Neal in Oklahoma's 36–0 rout of North Carolina this year. A week later the Sooners slaughtered Kansas State 66–0, to establish a modern record of thirty-two consecutive triumphs.

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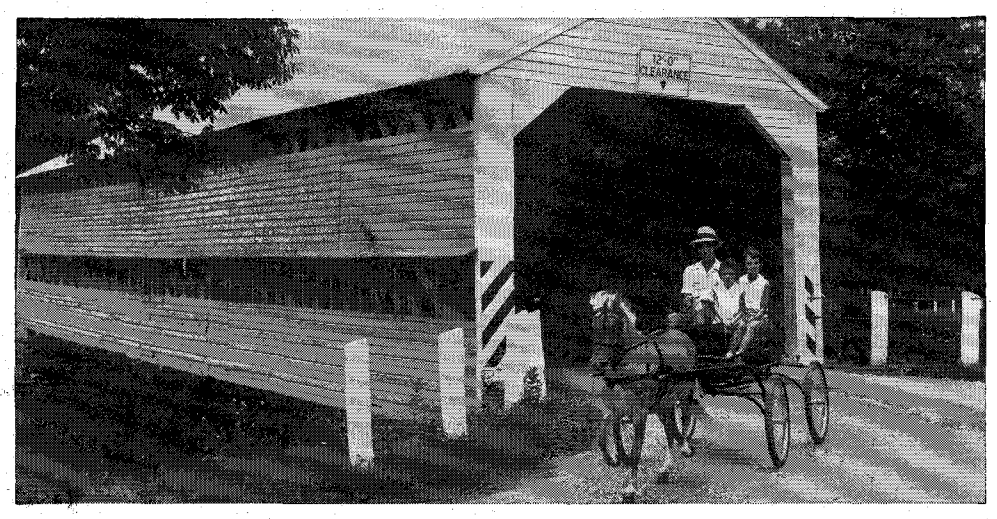
"Occupation?" asks Clarence Smith. "President," Dwight Eisenhower replies as he and Mamie register to vote at the county courthouse in Gettysburg, Penna.



Horse fancier Lloyd Winebrenner was pleased to oblige when the President asked the loan of four riding saddles. Winebrenner got the saddles back that night, with a thank-you note from Ike.

Ike, Mamie and the Neighbors

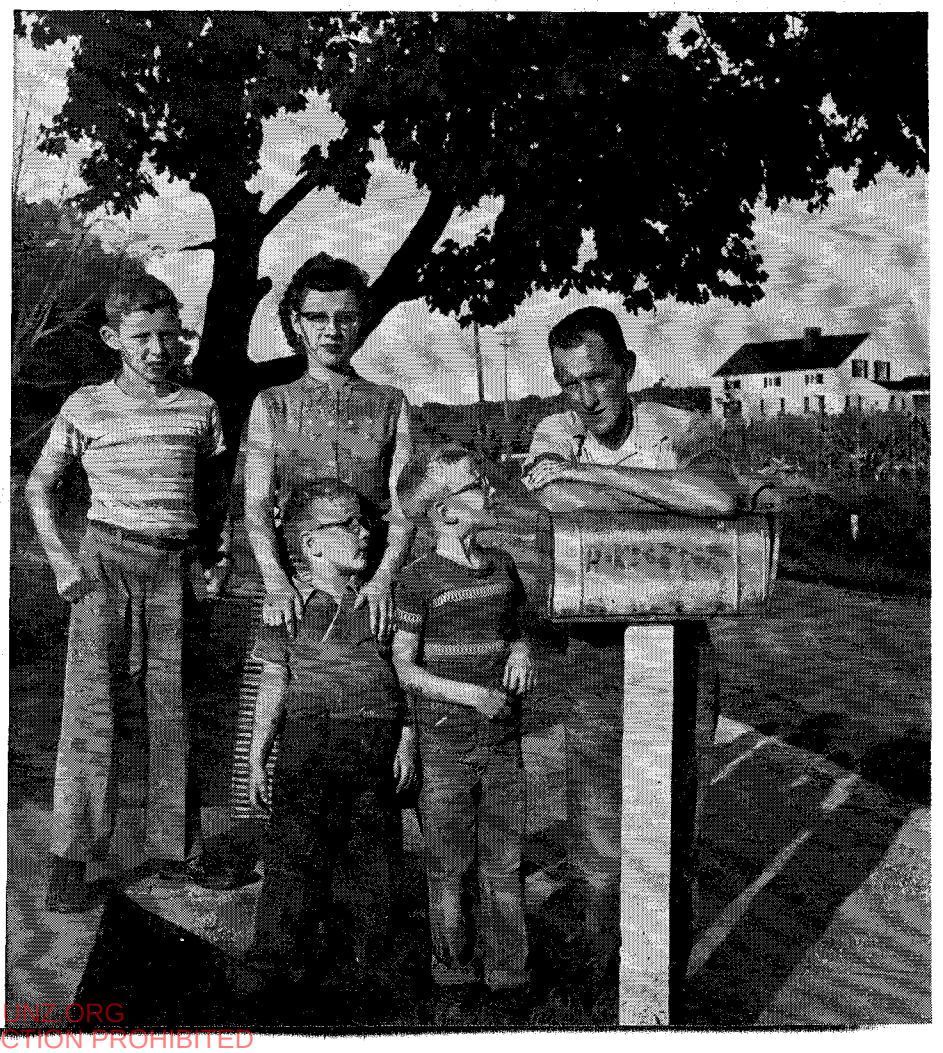
A revealing account of what the folks around Gettysburg—Republicans and Democrats—have to say about their fellow townspeople, the Eisenhowers.

By Rowland T. Moriarty
and Frederick A. McCord

Clarence Carnahan Smith is an influential man in Adams County, Pennsylvania, (population 47,197). He is chief clerk of the county commissioners. The commissioners govern a county that has been ruled by Republicans, though not without setbacks, since 1935. Smith is sixty-two, a farmer and a G.O.P. leader. Lesser Republicans with problems say, "Let's talk it over with Clarence."

One morning last February, Clarence Smith was behind a counter in the first-floor corridor of the county courthouse. He was there to wait on people who wanted to vote, but had

The Allen Reddings sold the Eisenhowers their farm. The President has told them to feel free to visit their family homestead whenever they wished. Redding, incidentally, is a lifelong Democrat.



The Hugh Kecklers are the President's nearest neighbors. "The Eisenhowers are everyday folks," says Hugh, "the kind you like to meet and get better acquainted with." In the background is the old schoolhouse Ike and Mamie have converted into a guest house.

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Last November, 10,000 people turned out to welcome Ike home after recuperation from his heart attack. The occasion also marked Mamie's 59th birthday.

to register first. Clarence was hoping that the day's turnout would be encouraging to the G.O.P. In from the snow and bitter cold and up the corridor to the registration counter strode a familiar figure. Smith reached for a registration card and picked up his pen. Clarence hated going stuffy, but in his official capacity he had to ask a question whose answer he already knew.

"May I have your full name, sir?" asked Smith.

"Dwight David Eisenhower," said the registrant.

"Address?"

"Rural Delivery, Route Two."

"Occupation?"

The registrant's head cocked to a slant characteristic of him when deliberating.

"Well," he said, "I *was* an old soldier ——"

Clarence Smith did not write that down. He waited, peering up through his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"—— but I guess," said the registrant, "I'd better say President of the United States."

"President of the United States," wrote Smith.

"Color of the hair, sir?"

"It used to be brown."

"Brown hair," wrote Smith, concluding, he said, that what the President had left was brown.

"What party are you affiliated with?"

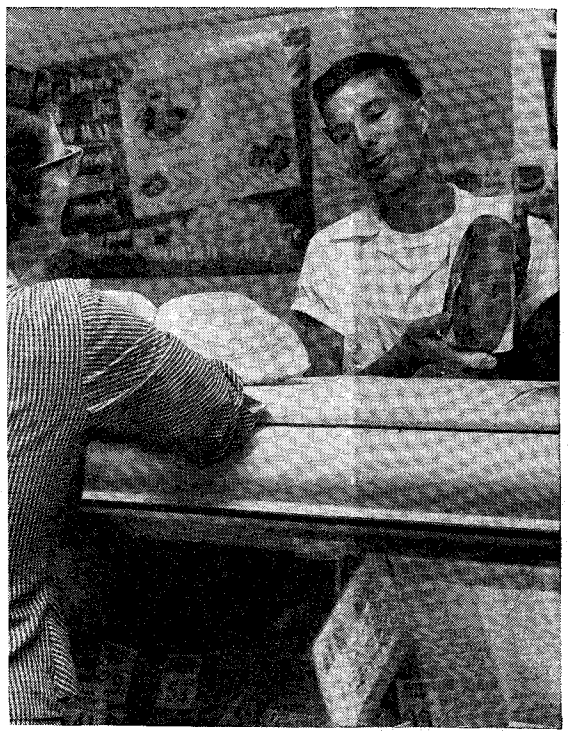
"Republican," said the President. And then he added, smiling, his voice rising, "I guess I ought to say that louder."

It was loud enough for Smith. He considered the day the G.O.P.'s.

Eisenhower's card qualifying him to vote in Cumberland Township went into the permanent-registration files at Gettysburg. His six years of transition from a voting residence in New York to Adams County were completed.

Niels Sundermeyer is eighteen and a freshman at

(Continued on Page 113)



Niels Sundermeyer occasionally sells a cut of meat to Mamie, who often does her own shopping.

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Botts and the Mad Mountaineer

Rarely had the master salesman sunk so low to swing a deal.

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

TELEGRAM

EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
AUGUST 27, 1956

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
SALES MANAGER, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
MIDDLEBURY INN
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

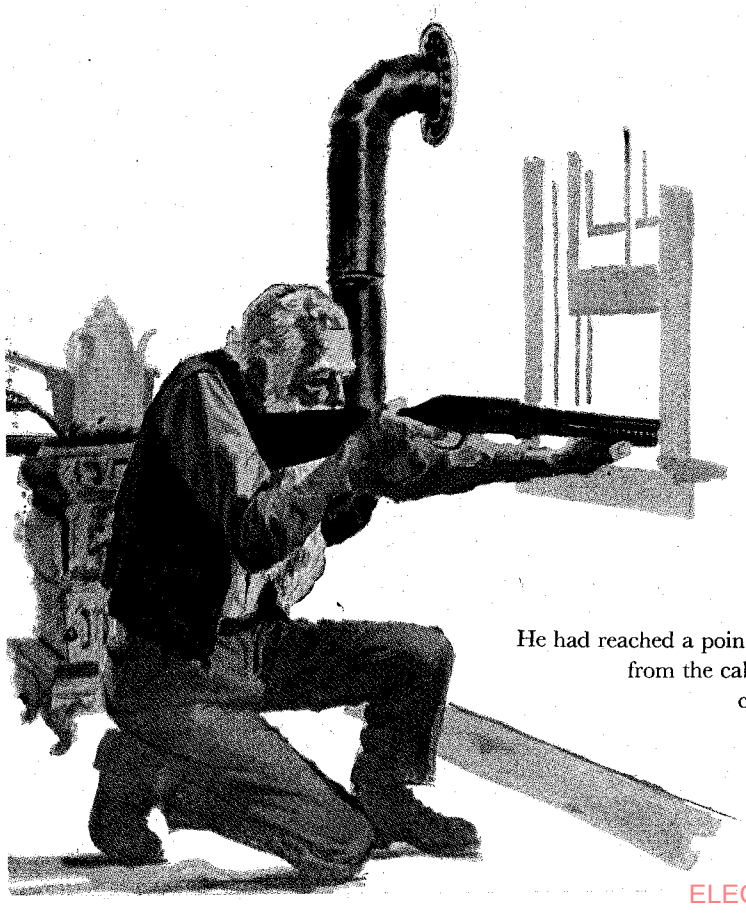
KINDLY PROCEED AT ONCE TO MASSENA, NEW YORK, TO ASSIST OUR DISTRIBUTOR THERE IN HANDLING A BIG DEAL WITH ONE OF THE CONTRACTORS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY.

GILBERT HENDERSON
PRESIDENT, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.

MIDDLEBURY INN
Monday evening, August 27, 1956

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS

Dear Henderson: The big deal at Massena will have to wait a few days while I handle a very interesting situation which has developed here in Middlebury, Vermont.



He had reached a point about 100 feet from the cabin when the old man called out, "Halt, or I'll shoot!"

Illustrated by Walter Skov

As I may have told you, I came to Middlebury to visit Jim West, the son of an old friend of mine. Jim is twenty-six years old. And he is just starting in business for himself as an earth-moving contractor. When I arrived in town this afternoon, driving the company car, I called at once at Jim's place of business—a machinery shed on Exchange Street. In a small office at one end of this building I found a pleasant young woman, Miss June Wetherby, who said she is Jim's bookkeeper. I introduced myself and asked how Jim was getting along.

"Terrible," she said.

"What's the matter?"

"It's like this, Mr. Botts: A man named Ben Bradley, who lives here in Middlebury, is planning a housing development on a piece of property which he has recently bought in the mountains northeast of here. Last week Jim signed a contract with this man Bradley. The contract provides that Jim is to build a road from the public highway about a quarter of a mile to the site of the housing development. Then Jim is to dig a dozen cellar holes for the houses that Bradley plans to put up."

"It sounds all right so far," I said.

"Wait till you hear the rest. Jim moved up there last week with a gang of men, a power shovel, a bulldozer, a motor grader and some trucks. He planned to begin the work this morning. But he telephoned me a little while ago to say that he can't even start."

"Why not?"

"There is a small cabin right in the middle of the right of way of the new road. Before he starts building this road, Jim has to move the cabin out of the way."

"With all that heavy machinery you mentioned, moving a small cabin ought to be easy enough."

"That's what you think, Mr. Botts. But there is an old man named Jeb Hopkins who lives in the cabin all by himself. Jim says he refuses to get out. And that's not all. Old Jeb has a shotgun and he says he will shoot anybody that comes near the place."

"Does this old man own the cabin?"

"He did own it, Mr. Botts. But he sold it to Mr. Bradley. He agreed to get out by this morning. And now he has changed his mind."

"If he has sold the place he can't change his mind."

"He can't? He has."

"What is Jim going to do about it?"

"When Jim called up he said that as long as he does not own the place himself, he has no authority to order this man out. So he asked me to call up Mr. Bradley, who does own the place, and ask him to do something about it. So I called him. But his wife says he left yesterday on a ten-day fishing trip in Northern Maine. She says he is completely out of touch with civilization, and there is no way to reach him."

"So Jim will just have to wait until he gets back?"

"He can't wait, Mr. Botts. There is a penalty clause in the contract. If Jim doesn't finish the road by the end of this week he will lose a lot of money."

"But no reasonable man would enforce a penalty when it's not Jim's fault."

"Unfortunately," said Miss Wetherby, "Mr. Ben Bradley is not a reasonable man. He has a reputation around here for being a pretty slick operator. If he sees a chance to gouge anybody, he'll do it. So Jim says there is only one solution. He has to get old Jeb Hopkins out of that cabin, and get him out in a hurry. He says he has already stood at a distance from the cabin and yelled and hollered and argued and threatened till he is hoarse."

"Where is he now?"

"He telephoned from a farmhouse about a mile down the road from the cabin. I was just going to call him back to report that I couldn't get hold of Ben Bradley."

"All right," I said, "when you call him, tell him you have

(Continued on Page 130)

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Botts uttered a series of "meows" so life-like, so natural, and so appealing that they accomplished their purpose at once.

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Father John Grady, a chaplain to the mentally ill. It was he who found a boarding school for "Peter," one of the hospital's child patients.

Inside the Asylum Part Five

"Why Am I Here, Doctor?"

A penetrating close-up of four of the 2700 mental patients at Columbus State, what they were like before they arrived, and what is being done to help them.

By John Bartlow Martin

The doctor who admitted a patient to Columbus State Hospital in 1949, and assigned her No. 01685, described her in writing: "This admittee, placed on Ward #5, is a 30-year-old, white, unmarried female who is tall, thin, undernourished and ambulatory in a quite restricted manner. She is co-operative, courteous, agreeable, spontaneously loquacious and, in her inadequate way, attempts to aid the interviewer to the best of her ability. She is oriented in all spheres, with moderate memory defects for the recent and remote past events. . . .

"Delusional perspectives, paranoid type, are expressed as the patient relates, 'People talk about me more than they do the average person. They try to run down my reputation. They are after something I possess, a most valuable bit of information which I have. I can't give this information to anyone but a lawyer or the FBI. I have been followed. . . .'"

Big old Columbus State Hospital in Ohio contains 2700 patients. Let us study four of these patients to find out what kind of people they were before they arrived and what has been done for them since they came. Their cases are like those of thousands of others in American mental hospitals. While considering them, let us also consider two treatments important in psychiatry today, psychosurgery and the new "miracle drugs."

There are in every hospital patients on whom every treatment has failed. Such a person is No. 01685—we will call her Barbara Little. Her cheekbones are high, her eyes wide set; her neck is a long and slender stem. Her father, a minister, was a "soft-spoken" man; her mother was a college graduate. Nobody in her family ever had been mentally ill. Barbara graduated from high school, attended business college and went to work.

Barbara suffers from schizophrenia, but her prepsychotic (Continued on Page 143)

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Broadway Calling

She was one of those stage-struck girls who think they'll die if they can't be actresses.

By LOUIS PAUL

Martha Washington Hotel
New York, N.Y., Sept. 11

Dear Mamma: You must have thought I was crazy on the telephone. I am still wildly excited. I've called Mr. Wiler twice since Monday, asking for my side. He is going to stage The Reverend Ben. John Wiler is probably the finest young director in the Broadway theater, and to do my first part under him —— Well, I can still hardly believe it. He said the sides were not ready, but I have an idea he thinks we shouldn't get them too early.

But I am so anxious to study. I keep thinking of what happened in that office in the Channing Building on Thursday. As you and dad know, I was going to give myself a year—a year of waiting in producers' anterooms, a year to get an acting role in a Broadway play, a year to prove to you and to myself that I'm an actress. And then, after just five weeks in New York, I'm suddenly a member of the cast of The Reverend Ben.

As I told you on the phone, I heard that Arthur Bronson, the producer, was reading for a new play. So I went at eleven, and Mr. Wiler was there. I was the first girl he spoke to.

He said, "Experience?"

I said, "Not on Broadway, Mr. Wiler. I started in college. Ohio State. I've had two years of summer stock. That's all." And then I said, "But I'm an actress."

"I see," he said. Then he gave me a blue-covered play script and he said, "Read Jennie from top of Page Forty-three. I'll take Reverend Ben and cue you in."

I hadn't the slightest notion of who Jennie in the play was, but as I went along I found out she'd been on the point of swallowing poison when Reverend Ben comes in and grabs the bottle from her. I wanted this part so much that tears came into my eyes.

Mr. Wiler turned to Arthur Bronson, a small, sharp-faced man who wears glasses so thick that his eyes look like camera lenses. "That's Jennie's trouble in the play, Arthur. Inexperience. I think I want this girl."

Mr. Bronson shrugged. "A name wouldn't be better at the box office?"

Mr. Wiler said, "My theory of box office is a fine play."

"Well, you're staging it." Mr. Bronson blinked his bulgy eyes at me. My heart was going so fast I thought everybody in the room could hear it. He said, "This is not a large part, Miss ——"

"Neilson. Marie Neilson."

"Neilson. But it's a crucial one. I hope it won't be necessary to replace you before rehearsals end."

"When will we have sides?" I asked Mr. Wiler.

He smiled. "Give the girl your phone number. We'll be getting in touch with you."

I can put down this conversation, mamma, because every word of it is printed in my mind. Besides, wasn't I our class reporter? As I say, I'm frantic to read my part. But I suppose Mr. Wiler thinks it is bad to learn the lines before we understand the characters or know what the play is (Continued on Page 65)

"It's only make-believe, Marie," said Johnny. "Let up a little."

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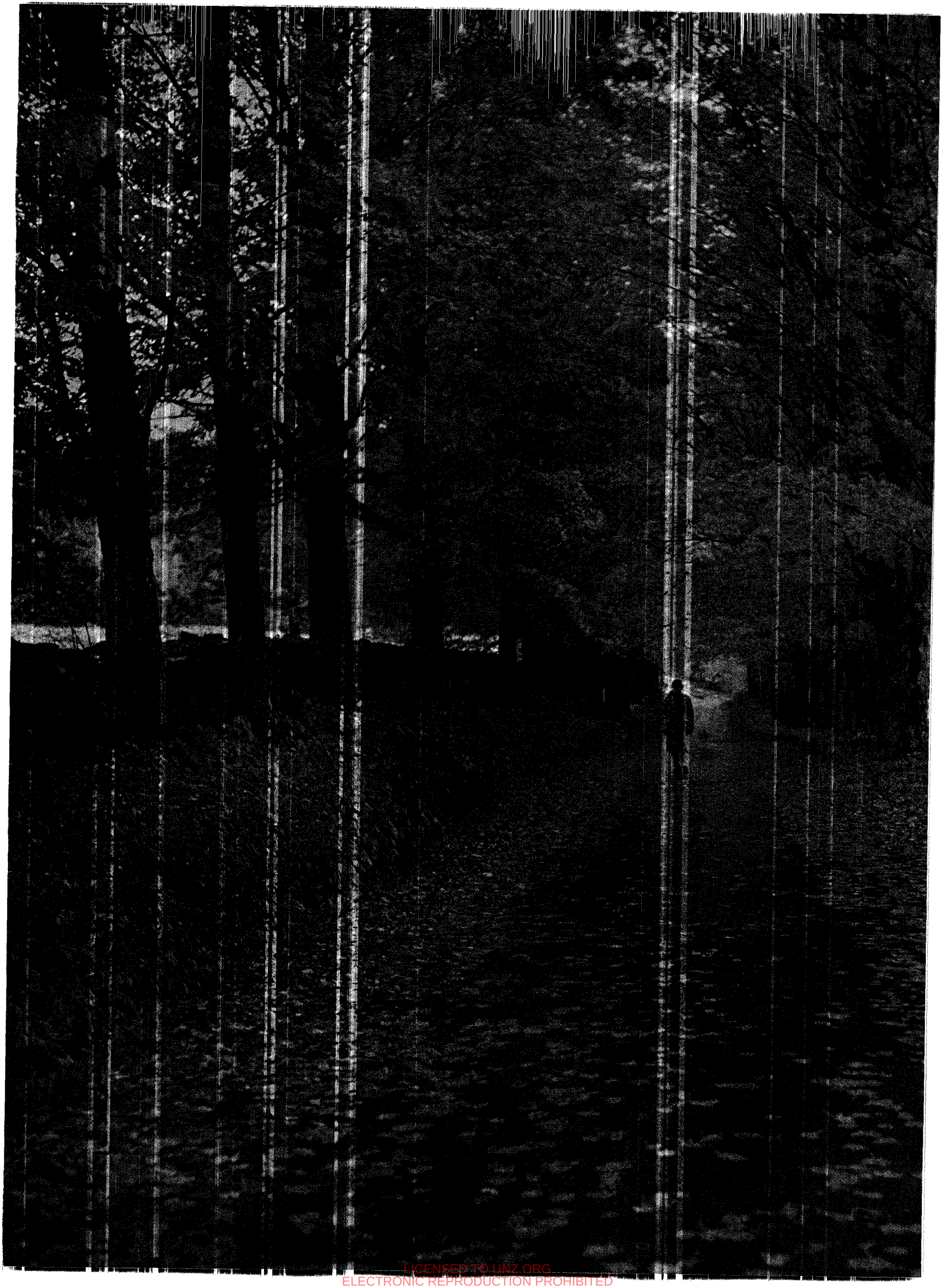

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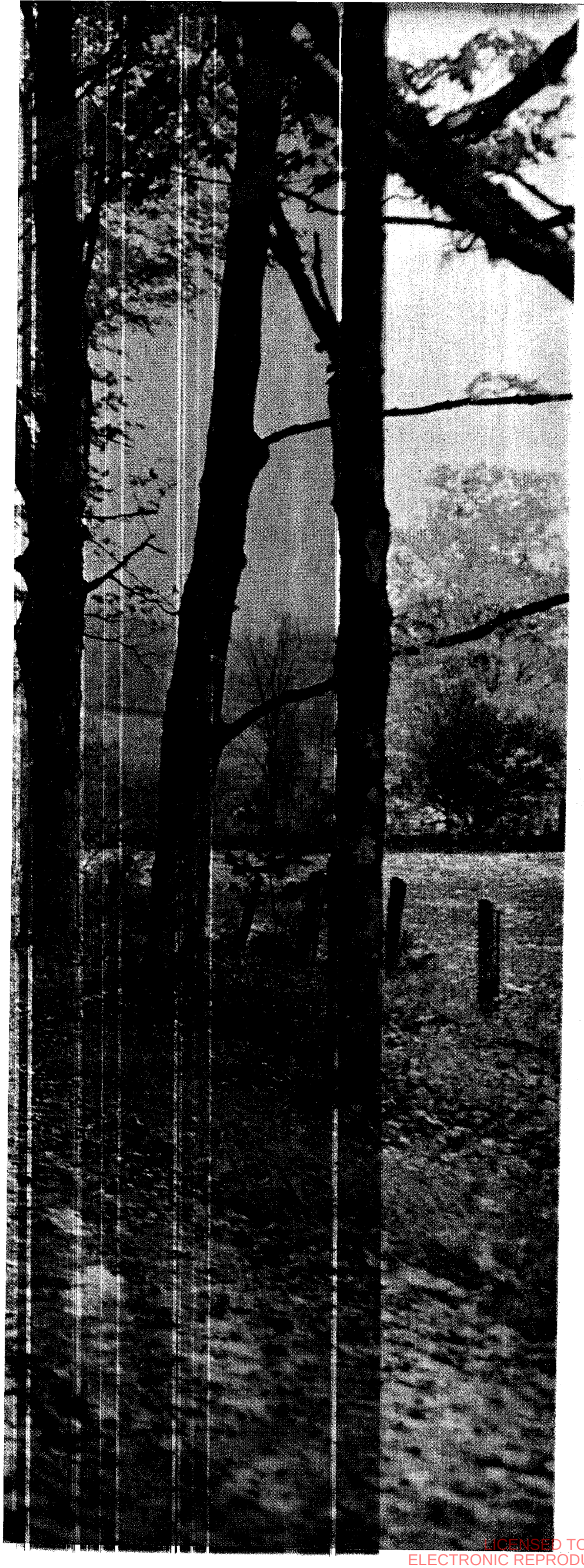

Autumn Magic

The sorcerer waves his wand, changing colors at will, bringing the great illusion to a flaming climax. The haunting wind music mutes before the final crescendo, as the last performance of the season draws to a close. Soon the curtain will fall, and the theater of all outdoors—cold, drafty and draped in white—will stand empty for next spring's opening. Here in New England the first thin watery snowfall signals a warning, and the maple leaves of Sugar Hill, New Hampshire, in colorful costume still, hasten to make their exit, fluttering offstage as gracefully as ballerinas. The sorcerer bows, folds his dark cloak about him and departs. Icy winter has no pity for mountebanks such as he, and his next show doesn't begin until April. Photograph by Arthur Griffin

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My Life in Two Worlds

By HARU MATSUKATA

The Japanese bride of an American professor discloses how she crossed the great gulf between East and West.

In Belmont, Mass., Dr. Edwin Reischauer (right) brings his new wife to be welcomed by his father. At left rear is Ed's sister, Felicia.

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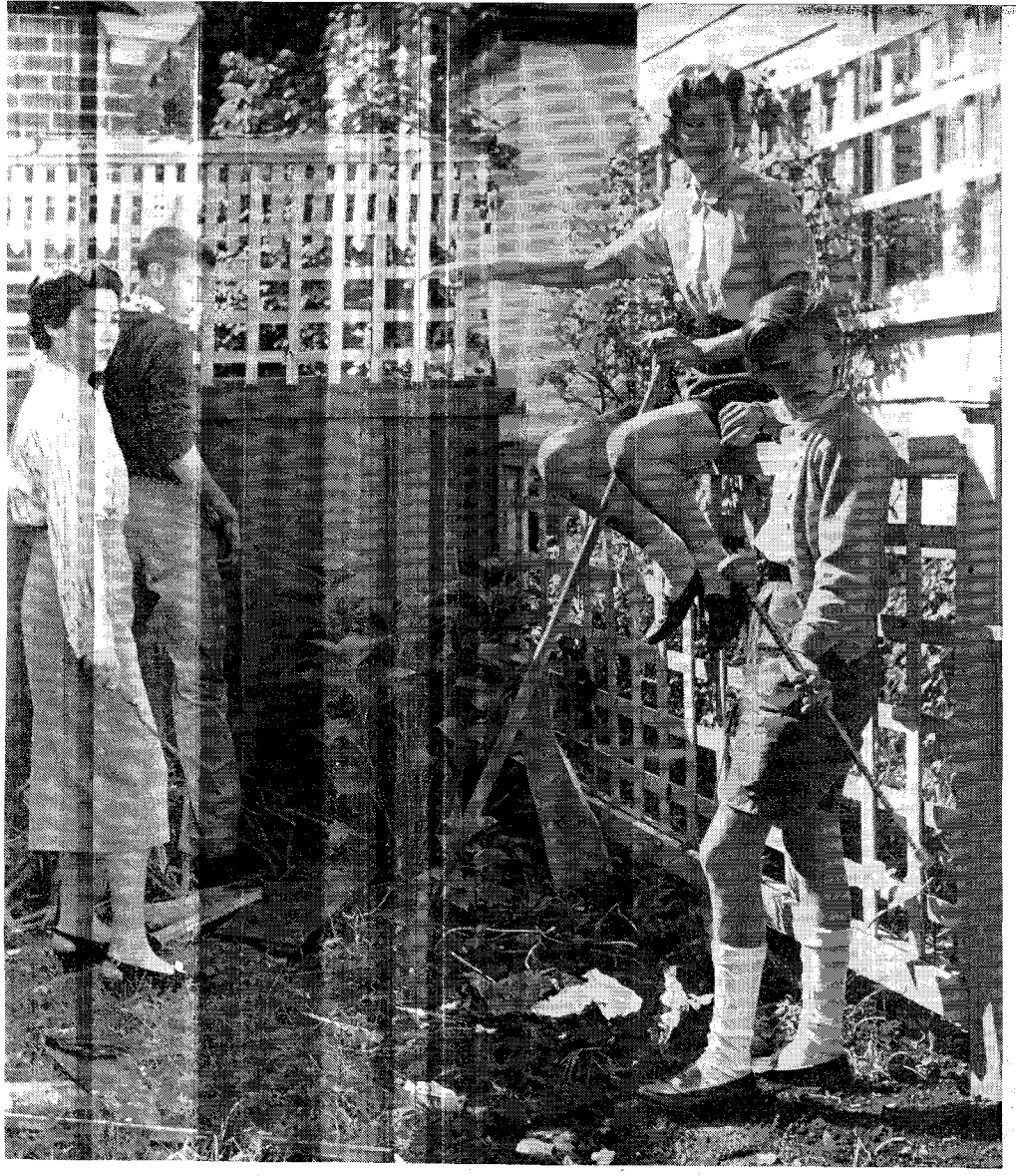
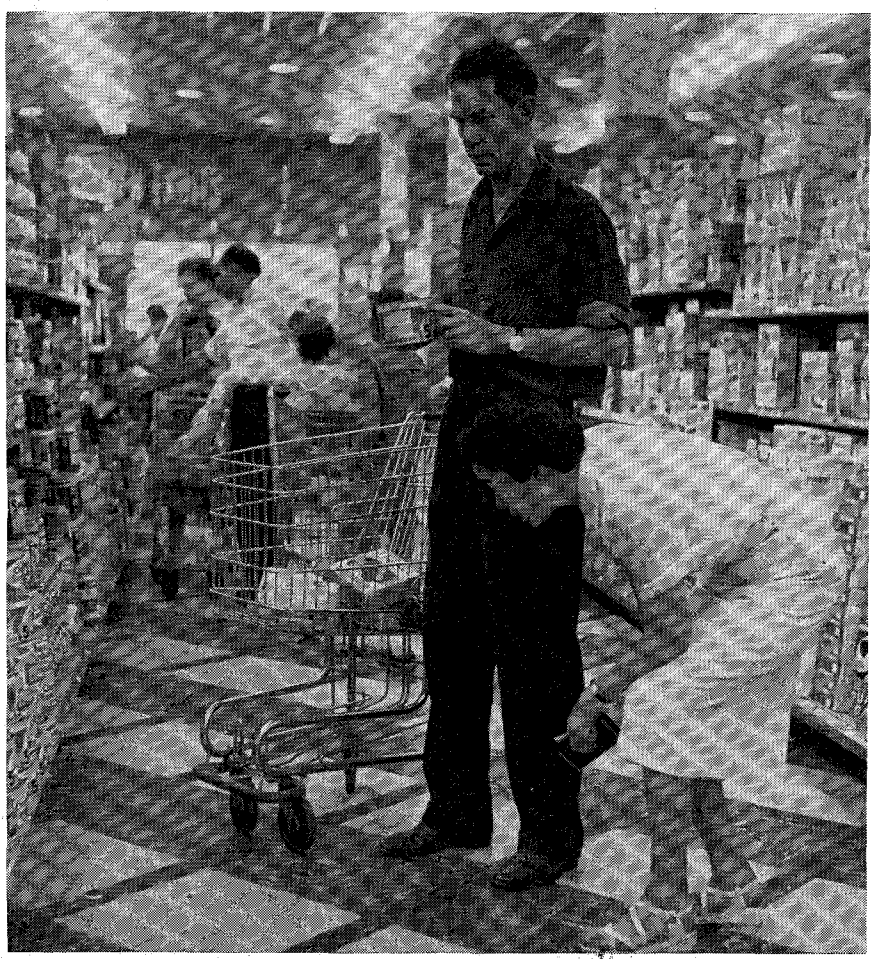


1956: Haru and her stepchildren, Bob, Ann and Joan. Haru speaks English fluently, but she admits that the jargon of U.S. teen-agers is a brand-new language to her.



The local supermarket fascinates Haru. She and Ed, who is a professor at Harvard, married during his year's leave in Japan.

The strangest conversation I think I shall ever have occurred on August 15, 1945, the day after Japan surrendered in World War II. Three months earlier, my parents and I had evacuated to a remote mountain village in Central Japan, where our sole contact with the outside world was the daily visit of an aged postman. It was a little before noon when he arrived with the mail. Usually he left without a word, but this day he lingered and muttered toward the ground, "It's ended."

"What's ended—the war?" I asked.

"Yes. The emperor made a broadcast."

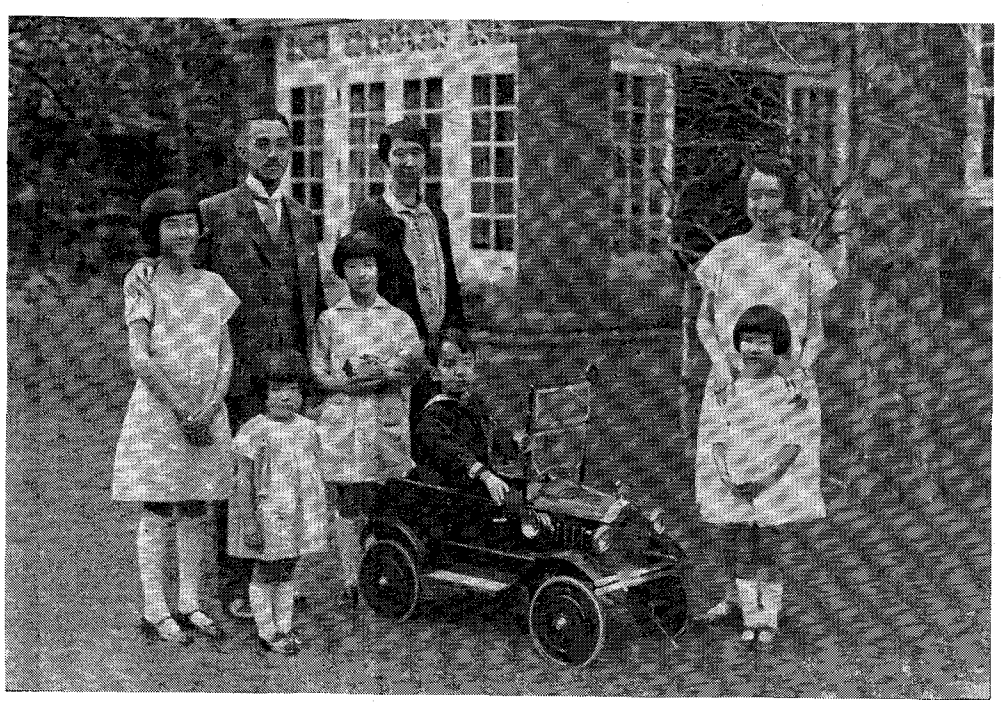
"But who won?" I asked, knowing full well the answer.

The postman only looked at me and said he didn't know because he couldn't understand the emperor's speech. He advised us to listen to the repeat broadcast at noon, and went on his way.

My father and I rushed next door to a farmer's house and joined the crowd gathered around the radio. When the emperor's voice came through it sounded strained, but this was not the reason why the listeners had difficulty in understanding him. The country people were confused by the court language and turned to my father for an interpretation. He told them that Japan had surrendered and that we had lost the war. Some men burst into tears, and others, stunned, just stared into space. Then they slowly dispersed in silence.

I ran back to the house and, closing all the windows tightly, shouted the good news to my mother and to myself again. Yes, it was good news to me, even though I was a Japanese. My joy, of course, was not because my country had lost the war, but because the terrible conflict had ended before Japan was totally destroyed. I had known from the start that Japan would lose, and had half wanted it that way because America was in a sense almost as much my country as Japan, and I knew that she was right in this war and my homeland wrong.

(Continued on Page 109)



1927: Haru (left) and her family at their home in Tokyo. Six years later she went to the United States to attend Principia College, then at St. Louis, Missouri.

Haru's grandfather, Prince Masayoshi Matsukata, was twice prime minister of Japan.

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The can leaped crazily as the bullets tore through it. "You'll notice," Archy said, "I kept one bullet in the gun—just in case."

The Secret of Shining Brook

Archy should have known better than to taunt Bones Leary. One day, this hopped-up gunman would try to even the score.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"Let me in, please," the girl begged.

Archimedes Bolivar Butts appraised the frightened young woman at the door of his hotel room and admitted her. After listening to her story that a man was chasing her, he agreed to help her. But he made the mistake of leaving her alone in his room. When he returned, she was gone—and the contents of his brief case were strewn about.

Archy put the incident out of his mind that night when he left New York to fly north to his new assignment at Alberta's Shining Brook Field. He was a geophysicist and was being sent to do some snooping for the crotchety William Makepeace Hawks, president of Trans-Oceanic Oil. Archy was to work as a "mud engineer," under a field superintendent named Riggs. A hulking, music-loving character named Lumpy Sawyer shared Archy's trailer.

While on his first oil-exploration trip at Shining Brook, Archy noticed that a grimy young woman in a floppy felt hat was watching the operation from a concealed position. He surprised her and found she was the same girl who had visited his hotel room. She identified herself as Boots Quinto, but refused to explain her mission.

A moment later, her eyes were wide with terror as she spotted a man named Leon Moffitt. Archy recalled having seen Moffitt in the same hotel where he had met Boots Quinto. Moffitt represented Gandolin Oil, which owned a piece of the Shining Brook operation. Archy knew, moreover, that J. A. Baldwin, the president of Moffitt's firm, had died recently under mysterious circumstances.

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Archy forgot Boots and Moffitt for a moment when he saw a flash of flame from a recording truck. "It's a jinx," said the chief computer, when Archy questioned him. "Somebody's put a jinx on this oil field."

II

Archimedes Bolivar Butts desired very much five minutes' conversation with William Makepeace Hawks. This could be had only by telephone, and the telephone in a primitive community is not the confidential means of communication it can be where the dial more or less eliminates possible eavesdroppers. There were other considerations. Hawks had sent him on a mission, had given him a free hand, and might feel that he had mistaken his man if, in the first emergency, Archy bothered him. But Archy's decision was that more was to be gained than could be lost by asking questions of the testy president of Trans-Oceanic Oil.

Therefore he made the long drive to Edmonton, starting in late afternoon. He did not go to the offices of the company, but directly to a hotel, where he took a room and put through his call to New York. After some wrangling between operator and servant, Hawks' snarling voice came over the wire.

"What in tunket are you pesterin' me for at this time of night? I gave you a job to do. Have I got to hold your hand?"

"I want two questions answered," said Archy.

"Well, ask 'em and get the devil off the wire," snapped Hawks.

"Who is Leon Moffitt?" Archy asked.

There was a brief silence. "What's t'other question?" Hawks demanded in a somewhat less forbidding tone of voice.

"Who is a girl named Boots Quinto?"

"Take a rattlesnake," Hawks said; "it'd be harmless if it wasn't for the poison sac in its jaw. Moffitt's the poison sac. If you know whereat is this Quinto cupcake, don't tell me. Every flatfoot in America's lookin' under rugs for her. J. A. Baldwin gets himself murdered. She's his secretary." Hawks snorted. "You get around, don't you? Don't tell me anything. What I don't know can't be pried out of me. If you let that girl get nabbed before I'm ready for it, you're fired."

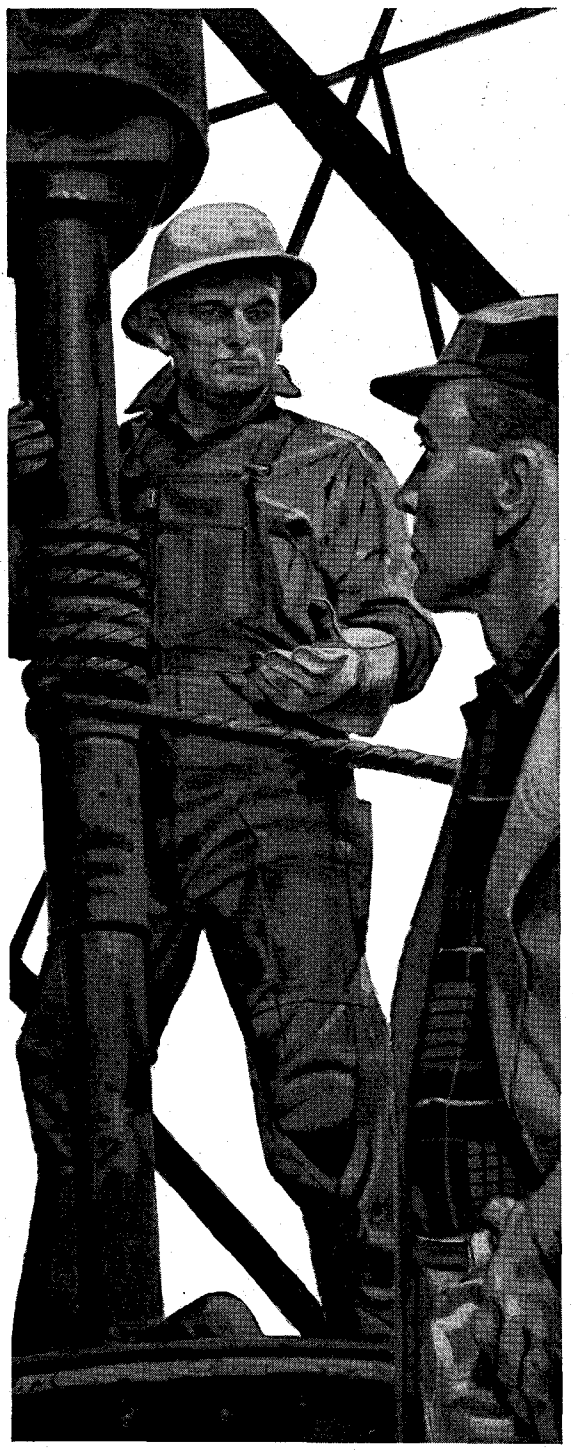
The receiver crashed in Archy's ear, and he was little wiser than before the conversation started. But somehow he got the idea that William Makepeace Hawks was not displeased with him.

He paid for his brief tenancy of the room and drove back toward the field. The booming village of Shining Brook was lusty as he drove through it. When it got into full swing, which would be soon, it would be a turbulent place at night, and the services of a tough town cop would be required.

He turned in quietly, for Lumpy was asleep. In the morning field superintendent Riggs suggested that, in his capacity as mud engineer, he drive over to Pansy Grove No. 2, where there were difficulties. Drilling an oil well is not like digging a posthole. When you dig a posthole you lift out the auger every so often, and with it the cuttings of earth. Manifestly that is impossible when your hole is a thousand, two thousand, three thousand feet deep. You can't pull out that length of drill pipe every few minutes, so other means must be used to bring earth or rock cuttings to the surface. Here is where the mud comes in and this is why a mud engineer is an important spoke in the drilling wheel. In rotary wells, the cuttings are flushed out with mud. A hose from the swivel runs back to a pair of slush pumps which force liquefied mud from the slush pond into the hole under hundreds of pounds of pressure. Now, if all is going smoothly and there is neither gas nor water to cope with, the mud will be thin; at other times, depending upon conditions underground, it may be necessary to resort to mud so thick that it can hardly be put through the pump, and, in some baffling cases, the mud will be made with barite or some other heavy mineral.

This essential mud is sucked from the agitated slush pit into the swivel, down the hole provided in the kelly, and so down the drill pipe, to be forced out through holes in the bit; whence it travels back to the surface between the drill pipe and the walls of the hole, forcing the cuttings up to the light of day. Nor is this the only duty imposed upon the mud. It cools

Illustrated by Ken Riley



The driller glared. "With this here flap-footed crew, best I can make it is forty minutes."

the bit, and in its upward journey it plasters the walls of the hole, sealing up porous strata and damming out any liquids they contain. Your mud engineer must watch conditions, alter the thickness or thinness of the mud to cope with them, and it is no job for an amateur.

After breakfast Archy drove out past the Pansy Grove store. Here, so early in the morning, there was no sign of life. He continued on for three or four miles, until he saw the derrick and heard the roar of the drilling operation.

He parked his car in a cleared space at the right of the ready supply of casings. He walked back to the sample box and examined the cuttings brought up by the returning mud; he stood long at the edge of the slush pit, asking questions. He mounted the iron stairway to the platform just as sound and motion stopped for replacing a worn bit. The string of pipe was raised, the kelly was unscrewed and lowered into the rathole and the process of raising the pipe commenced, and as it rose it was broken into lengths.

"How goes?" Archy asked the driller, who spat copiously and replied, "Turning to the right," which meant that he was making satisfactory hole. "Made two hundred and fifty feet yesterday. . . . Who 'n hell are you?"

"Butts, mud engineer," Archy answered. "How long to make a trip?" Making a trip was the process of lifting the pipe from the hole, breaking it, replacing the bit and reversing the process until drilling operations could start again.

The driller glared. "With this here swivel-necked, sprung-kneed, flap-footed crew, best I can make it is forty minutes."

It was midafternoon before Archy Butts completed his tasks at Pansy Grove No. 2 and drove toward headquarters. As he approached the Pansy Grove store he saw an elderly, sparse, steel-spectacled man tilted back on the stoop with a large book in his lap. Archy drove up to the steps and stopped, his pretext being the purchase of a pack of cigarettes. Mr. Magin raised mild, watery-blue eyes and peered over his spectacle rims.

"Haow be ye?" he asked, a New England nasal twang in his voice. "Dunno's I've seen ye before. But then, the's a sight of folks I never see. Hope ye don't want nothin'."

"Cigarettes, if you please," Archy said.

Mr. Magin was relieved. "Calc'late I kin manage that," he said. "Mrs. Magin, she don't favor my rootin' around in the stock. She claims I discombobolate things 'n' mix up whatever I tetch. But cigarettes. I calc'late even me couldn't create no shambles gittin' a package of smokes."

He walked into the store, and Archy followed him through the semidarkness of the place. He managed to find the shelf on which cigarettes were stacked.

"Got any idee," Mr. Magin asked, "haow much they cost? I hain't got no head fur figgers."

Archy, to save the little man the problem of making change, laid the exact amount on the counter. Mr. Magin put the money in the till.

"Mrs. Magin," he said—he never referred to his wife in any other way—"is out back some'eres. Not fur. Why don't ye come out and set awhile?" (Continued on Page 52)

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At the Bronx Zoo, Michelson adds the screeching of a white cockatoo to his store of 10,000 canned sounds.

Photographs by Jacob Lofman

He Collects Noises

Here's how Charles Michelson supplies TV and radio programs with the sound of "bacon frying" or the chomp of "thousands of ants devouring the body of a murder victim."

By Robert M. Yoder

How Michelson captures the crash of a trayload of dishes for his cacophonic collection: His wife climbs a ladder and drops them. Son Bobby stands by.

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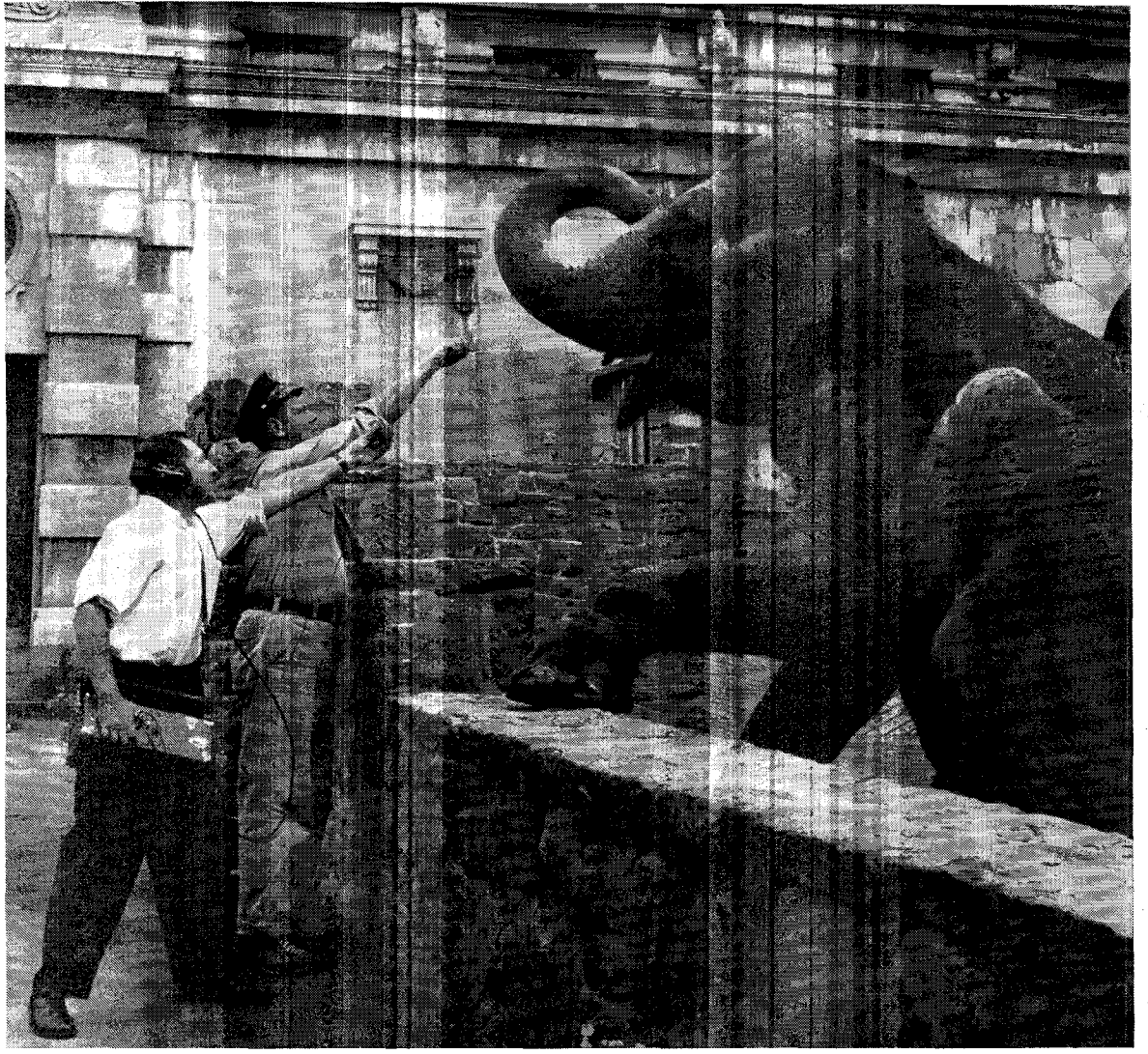


"Trumpeting elephant." Michelson's stock of sounds also includes such items as "mixed screams of terror."

Like thousands of other men, Charles Michael Michelson found himself the unwilling slave last summer of the little chores which have to be done before a summer cottage will let you move in. These things get the whip hand and reduce many a good man to peonage. To delegate them to others is sissy, and they aren't difficult enough to beef about, which makes their two-bit tyranny complete.

But Michelson worked in uncommonly good spirits, the mood of a man who has one of life's little inflictions licked. As he ran the paint sprayer and waxing machine, at Candlewood Lake, Connecticut, he captured the sound of these efforts with a tape recorder and a parabolic microphone, a big dishlike affair which serves the purpose of a hand cupped behind an ear. It happened that Michelson could use both these sounds in his business.

Sooner or later a television or radio show would have a scene involving this kind of activity, and Michelson would have the recording on hand. Michelson's business is supplying the recorded sound effects which make electronic entertainment, and advertising, sound lifelike.

These odd days you can get the bark without the dog, the moo without the cow, the surf—Atlantic or Pacific, wild or gentle, on rock or sand—without the sea. That is Michelson's commodity—the canned sounds of real life, captured with a tape recorder and preserved on phonograph records, to be played on the big oversize record players called consoles.

That way the sound of playing children or factory machinery, of typhoons or clucking hens, is as ready for use as canned or frozen peaches, and just as authentic. About a dozen of these records will be used on a fairly simple half-hour dramatic show, three times that many if there is lively action in a good noisy setting—say, a gunfight aboard a circus train during a hurricane.

Perhaps the show concerns a valiant drugstore clerk who captures the killers of his kindly old boss on a bleak November night. That will require drugstore sounds, weather sounds, perhaps some footsteps, as the holdup men crunch away on the snow-covered sidewalk, big-city traffic sounds, police-car sounds, maybe elevated-train sounds.

Some sounds you will hear "live"—the cash register, for instance, and the bell on the door. But the rest—the ticking clock, the telephone effects, the "small excited crowd" noises as the neighbors gather, maybe even a "hunt-and-peck typewriter effect" as somebody writes a prescription label—will come from records. Television and radio stations stock these records by the thousand and buy from $150,000 to $200,000 worth a year, with Michelson providing the lion's share.

Millions who never heard of Michelson hear from him, day and night. It was partly with an armload of Michelson's records that Orson Welles scared the credulous into believing that the Martians had landed, way back in 1938; the storm at sea you heard last night probably was Michelson's doing. If you happened to hear a wonderful automobile commercial in which a supposedly tempestuous car refused to get into third gear, subsiding from second right back into first, that, too, was one of Michelson's recordings, but the record had a crack in it.

After eighteen years in this business, Michelson hears salable sounds with singular acuteness. Recently he came upon a building under construction on New York's Fifth Avenue. He liked the perspective he was getting on the pneumatic-drill sounds.

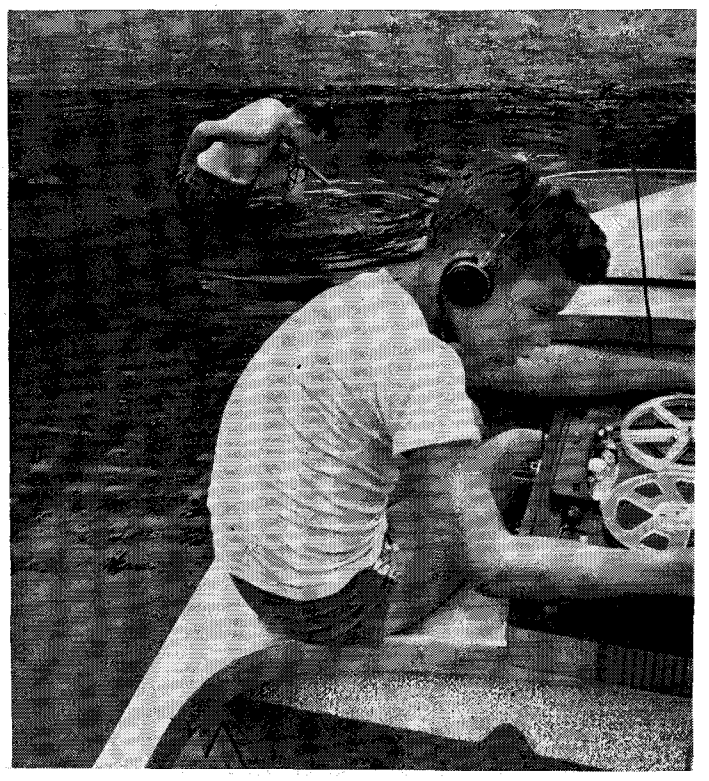
Michelson had drill sounds in stock, naturally, just as he had traffic sounds, river-boat sounds, canned screams in half a dozen varieties, including "mixed screams of terror," and twenty-five kinds of wind. But he is always on the lookout for livelier examples. Eyes and mind intent on the drilling, he walked a little distance apart.

The sound was good, all right, nicely evoking the idea of building-getting-built. But he began to notice an objectionable amount of BG—background noise. Tramping feet. Men's voices saying, "Easy there, dad," "Fall right in, Mac," or less cordially, "Watch it, hayhead." Muttering apologies, Michelson made for the curb. In his preoccupation he had backed out into the avenue and into a military parade.

Small embarrassments like that are inescapable; the work requires some antic-looking behavior. Michelson may have to set up his equipment where there is nothing in sight to record; he is waiting for a dog to howl. When he had to ride the subway recently with his head hanging (Continued on Page 94)

Michelson "cans" a passing freight, using a parabolic dish to concentrate the sound of the train.

Armed with his microphone, the sound hunter waits to record the throaty croak of a frog on tape.



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Post Scripts

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"Now, John, I want you to stay right there in bed awhile this morning and I'll bring you a nice fresh pot of coffee. After all, we were up past midnight opening the door to all those little Trick-or-Treaters, and you know very well the business won't fold if you're just a teeny bit late."

"You know, darling, I'm beginning to see it your way about Junior. Of course, I'm still sorry he doesn't seem to enjoy his violin lessons, but you're right—the important thing is for him to be a real boy."

"Dear, I'll bet anything Junior grows up to be an engineer like you! Of course, you've taught him a lot, but lately he's been showing so much ingenuity on his own that I'm simply amazed!"

"You know, honey, I agree with what you said the other day about the real old-fashioned Halloween. Of course, the little kids are cute nowadays, begging for cookies and all, but you're right, they don't show the real old-fashioned spirit, the way you used to—well, tip things over and everything. It's like you say, one thing a boy ought to have is gumption."

And the fast break:

"It was the funniest thing, John. When I got the paper this morning I happened to glance up at the roof, and there were four automobile wheels, tires and all, and then when I looked into our garage ——"

PEG BRACKEN

"He's the talk of St. Petersburg."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On the Arrival of the Country-Club Cleopatra at the Saturday-Night Soiree

The party's gonna hotten up
And turn a crispy brown!
Now all the men will cotton up,
And all the wives will frown,
As female nerves start knottin' up,
Just looking at that gown.
For the glamour gal is gotten up
To get the ladies down!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Hold That Line

My hairline has stopped receding,
But, strangely, I am not cheered.
The reason it isn't receding
Is this—it has disappeared.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Be it Ever So Humble ——

He tunelessly hums and twiddles his thumbs,
She sits like a statue nearby—
They're spending a quiet evening at home,
And trying to figure out why.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

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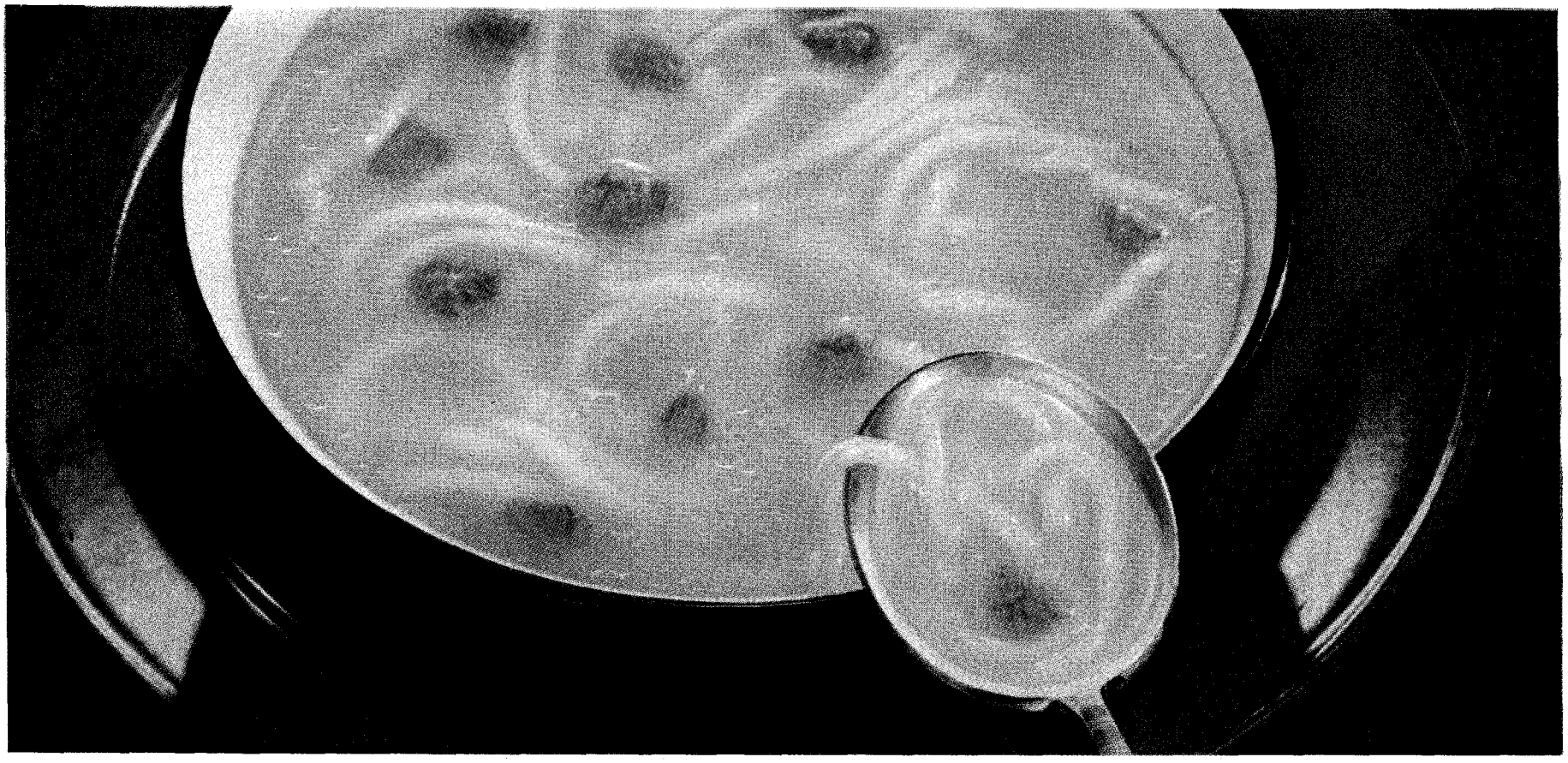
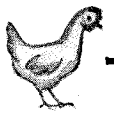
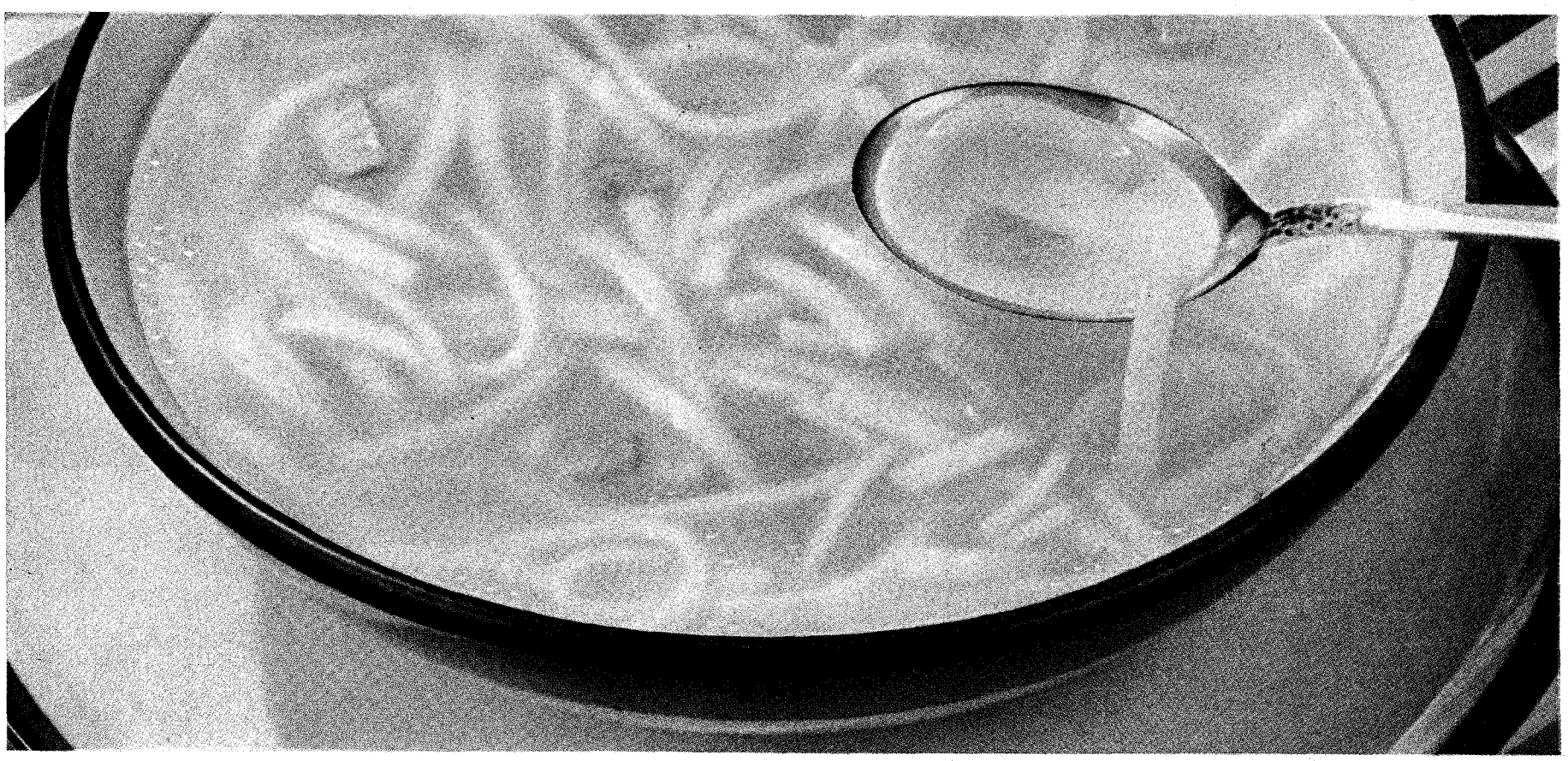


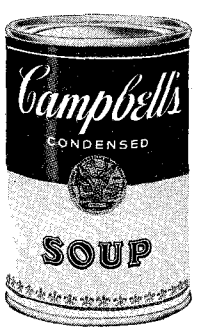
Beef or Chicken  —it's noodle-y good!

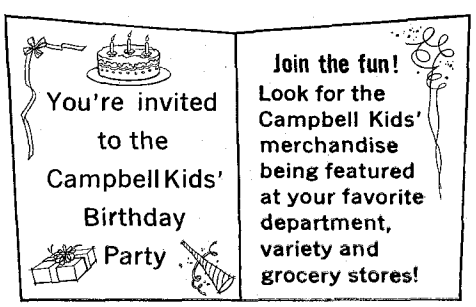


Noodles, anyone? Golden-smooth egg noodles layers-deep in favorite, fabulous broths! Beef or chicken!

You couldn't ask for more pleasant eating—or sipping. You can have your noodles with bites of juicy, tender-cooked chicken or lean beef—because there are *two* great noodle soups to choose from when you pick from the Campbell shelf at your grocer's. Each made from a long-tested recipe for pleasing everybody.

Is it Campbell's Beef Noodle — or Chicken Noodle? Why decide? Have one *today*, the *other* tomorrow!




You're invited to the Campbell Kids' Birthday Party
Join the fun!
Look for the Campbell Kids' merchandise being featured at your favorite department, variety and grocery stores!

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day...every day...SOUP!

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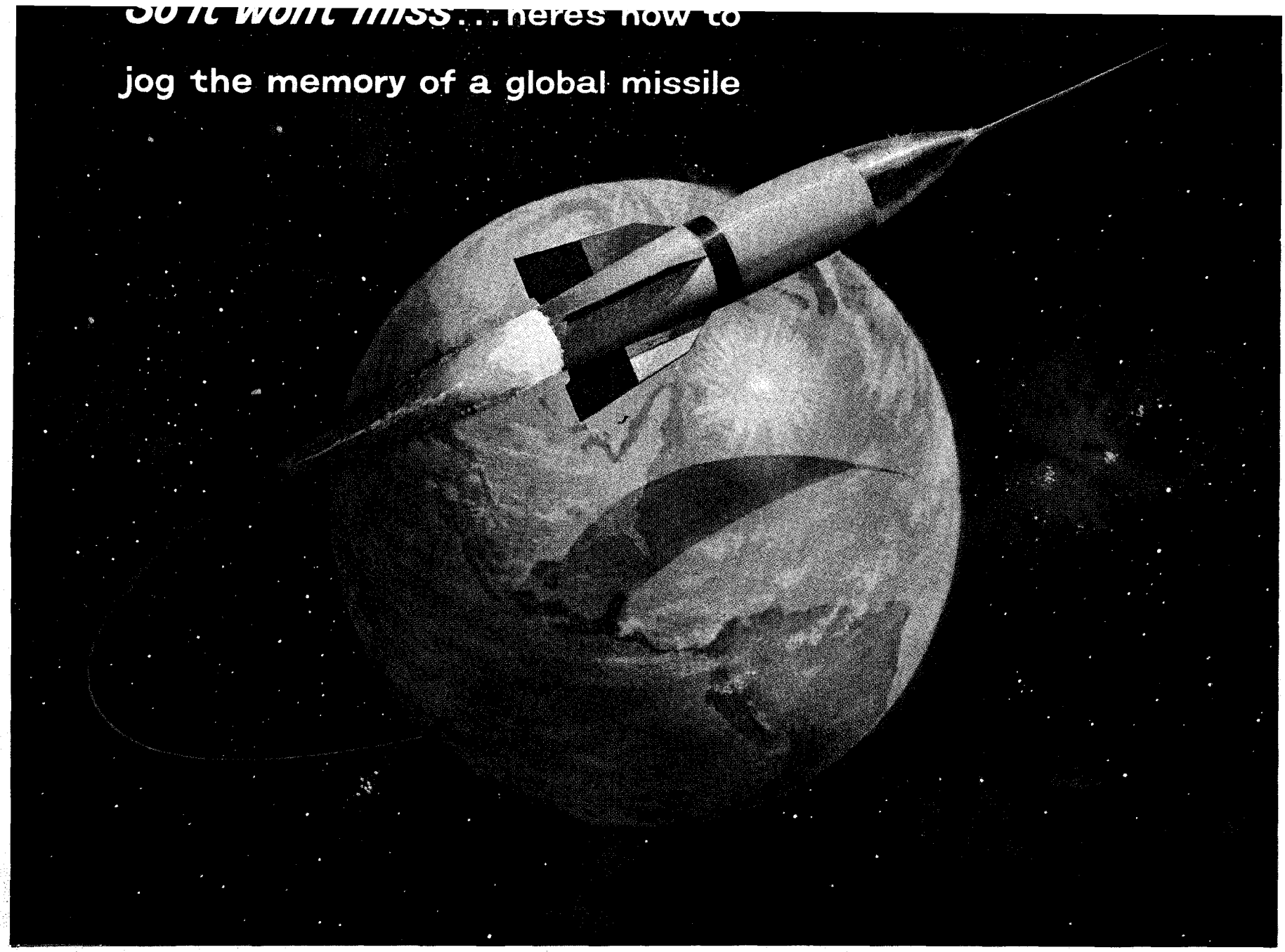

Borg-Warner ingenuity today serves in more ways than ever before

The accuracy of an intercontinental ballistic missile's flight to its target is determined in just those first vital moments when it roars into the sky. Its electronic brain has full instructions on the path to follow. But it needs reminding, too. Borg-Warner makes an ingenious device to do just this . . . to tell instantly if and when any corrections are needed to keep it precisely on course.

This is only one of many mechanisms from B-W designed for missiles today. For Borg-Warner is no newcomer to this field. Redstone, Viking, Terrier, Snark, Regulus, Matador, Nike—all these famous missiles, and others more secret, have essential operating parts from Borg-Warner.

Further evidence of B-W's broad engineering talents and diversified production facilities is found in the home appliance field, in building and farm equipment, plastics, petroleum, steel, automobiles, aircraft. In almost *every* field, B-W has a large role.

Whatever the Borg-Warner product that serves America and Americans, it reflects the continuing B-W aim: "design it better —make it better." *Borg-Warner, 310 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.*

Almost every American benefits every day from the 185 products of

ENGINEERING B-W PRODUCTION

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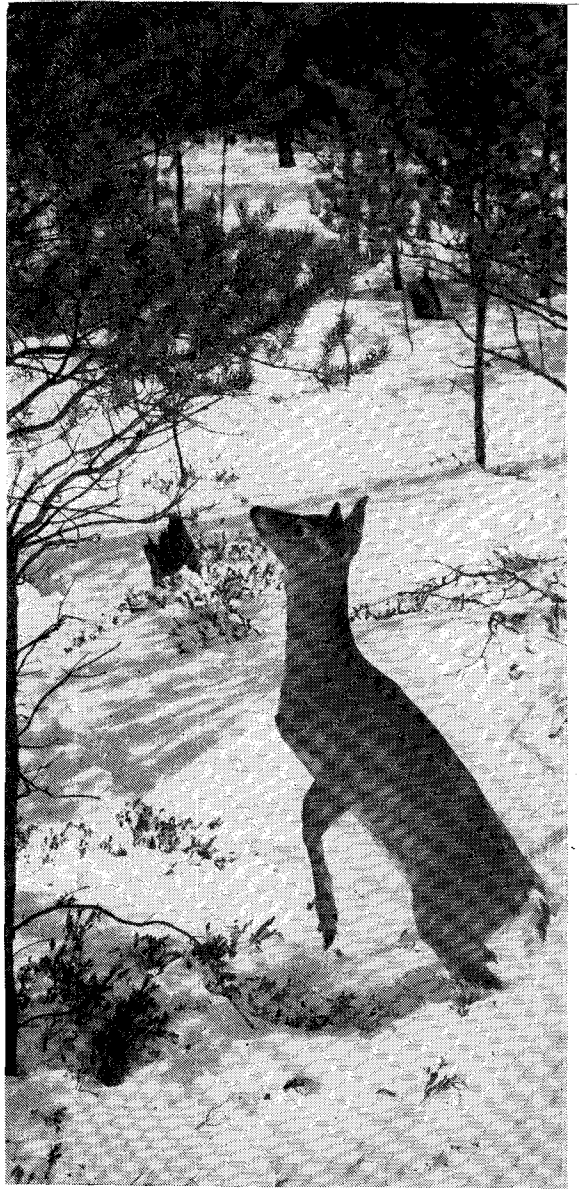


A famished deer makes a meal out of a Michigan jack pine. Such foraging, the author says, is a chief cause of damage to our forests.

Last winter alone,
2,000,000 deer died a lingering,
agonizing death on
our overbrowsed ranges.
If we want to save our herds,
the author says,

We Must Shoot More Deer

By ROBERT CRICHTON

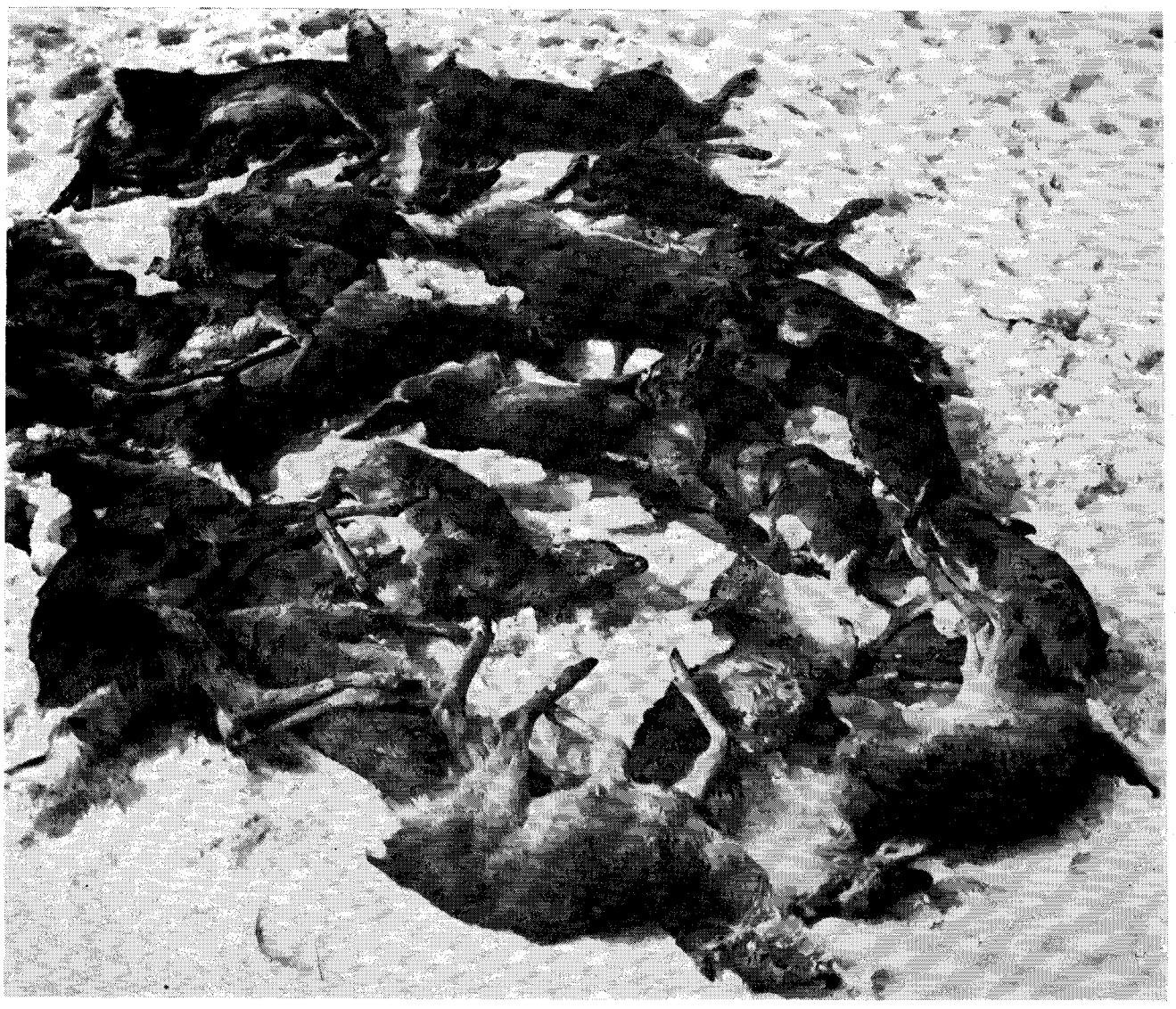
One morning last spring, early in April, Roger Latham, a twenty-year veteran with the Pennsylvania Game Commission, ground his battered pickup truck up the winding, ice-slick trail that crawls over McKean County's Norwich Hill. When the chains on his tires no longer could get a grip, Latham nudged his truck as far off the narrow Game Lands trail as possible, and he and his associates stepped out into three feet of thickly crusted snow. Two miles beyond them, lay Lyman's Run, a small stream that cuts through a large draw in which deer like to winter.

"All right. Ready to go down?" Latham asked, and the three game biologists nodded that they were. Latham stepped off the lip of the road and the four men began skidding and breaking their way down the mountain. The wildlife researchers were on a yearly mission they had long ago learned to loathe; this was their day for counting the dead.

A quarter of a mile into the draw, following the iced-over bed of the run, their morbid census began. Within a radius of fifty yards, each in a pocket of beaten-down snow, sprawled the bodies of six deer.

There was not much mystery about what had happened. The rib cases of the deer, sharply etched against the tautness of their hides, told the story of long hunger. But Latham, a scientist and perfectionist, checked again. With his hand ax he cut into the upper leg bone of a doe. Inside the bone the cranberry color of the marrow, indicating it had been leached of all fat content, verified the story of privation and suffering, ending in death.

Emaciated bodies, like those that Latham and his associates (Continued on Page 126)



Left: Huddled carcasses of Pennsylvania deer killed not by hunters' bullets, but by starvation. Above: A game supervisor examines a fawn, too weak from hunger to be afraid.

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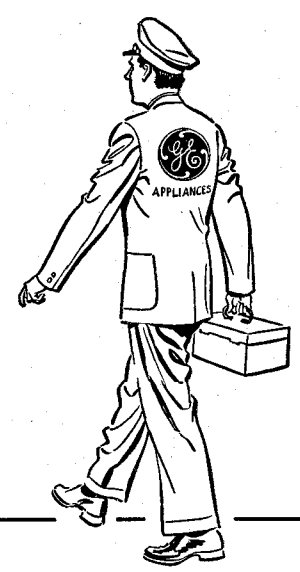

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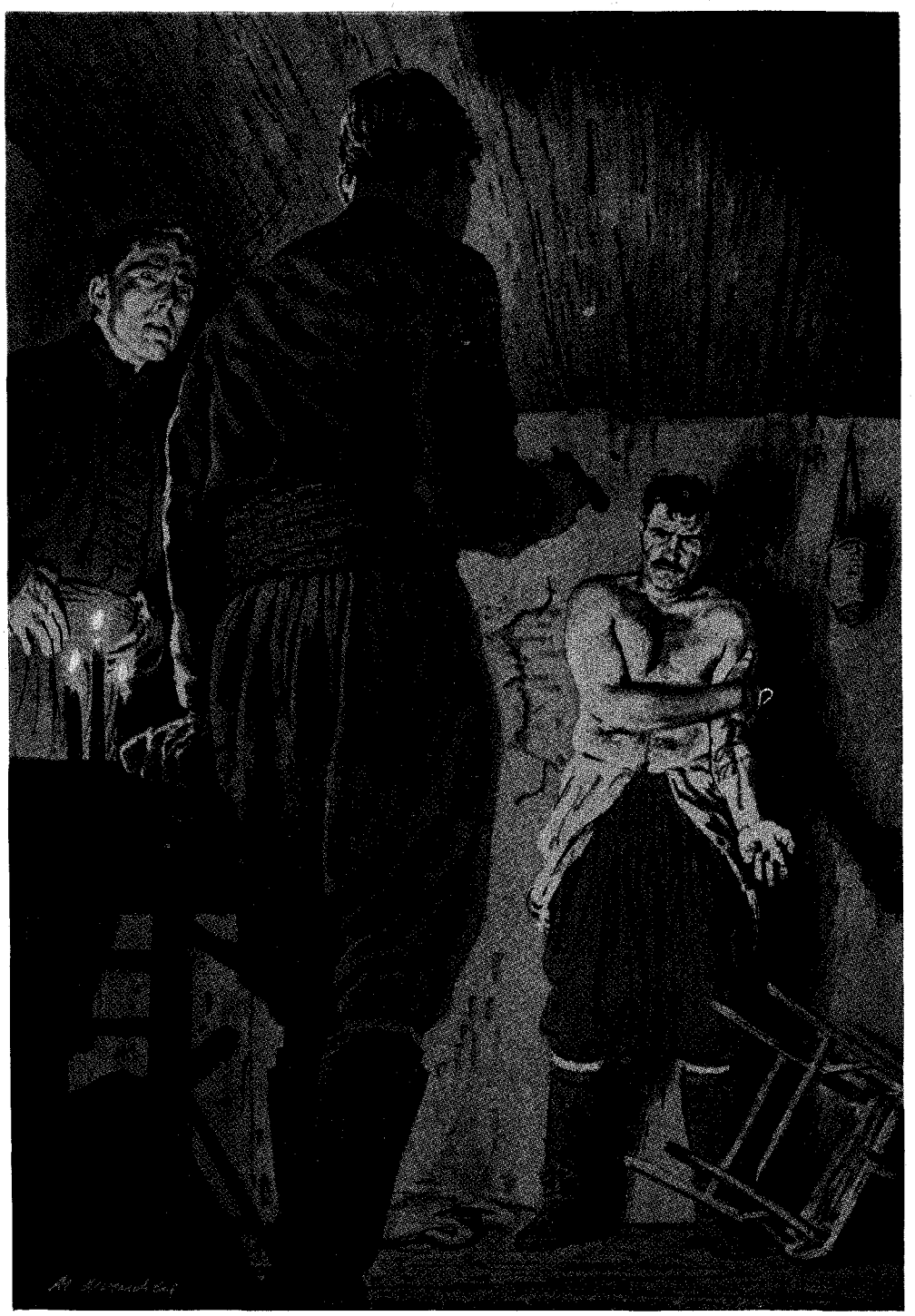
There was a traitor among them—and Miller wanted the satisfaction of killing him.

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE

By ALISTAIR MacLEAN



"Turn round!" Miller ordered. The automatic never wavered.

Lt. Andy Stevens smiled as he pushed another clip into the magazine of the Bren. He would lie here until the Germans came, and kill as many as he could before he died. His mangled leg no longer hurt him; he was at peace with himself at last.

Forty minutes after leaving their dying comrade, Mallory and the rest of the party were in the heart of Navarone, within fifty yards of the great gates of the fortress. They had been sent here to destroy the deadly artillery that threatened to turn the British evacuation of Kheros Island into a massacre. If Mallory's men succeeded, the Royal Navy could evacuate Kheros' 1200 British soldiers before the Germans launched their all-out attack on the island.

Capt. Keith Mallory was in command of the saboteurs. Telegraphist Casey Brown and Panayis, the fierce Navaronian, had been crippled by shrapnel. Louki, Panayis' plucky companion, was near exhaustion. Demolitions expert Dusty Miller, the American, was tired, too, but, like Mallory, he could be tired a long time before he would collapse. Only Andrea, the indestructible Greek, seemed wholly alert.

While the dying Stevens blocked the pursuing Germans, the rest of the team had overpowered the driver of a German command car and driven into Navarone. After they got set up in a deserted house near the fortress, Louki devised a plan to throw the Germans off their trail. He would drive to the Vygos Castle; then set the command car afire. After the Germans had searched the castle, Louki reasoned, Mallory's men could hide there in complete safety.

VII

Wednesday, 6:50 P.M.
to Wednesday, 9:00 P.M.

Mallory lowered his rucksack gently to the earthen roof, straightened and peered up into the darkness, both hands shielding his eyes from the first drizzle of rain. Even from where they stood—on the crumbling roof of the house nearest the fortress on the east side of the square—the wall stretched fifteen, perhaps twenty feet above their heads; the wickedly out- and down-curving spikes that topped the wall were all but lost in the darkness.

"There she is, Dusty," Mallory murmured. "Nothing to it."

"Nothin' to it!" Miller was horrified. "I've—I've gotta get over that little lot?"

Mallory grinned. "We chuck this rope up, the hook catches, you shin smartly up ——"

"And bleed to death on them six strands of barbed wire," Miller interrupted.

"We'll use the tent for padding," Mallory said soothingly.

Louki had estimated that it would be at least an hour before the search party would clear the northern part of the town, give himself and Andrea a chance to begin a diversion.

"Come on, let's cache this stuff and get out of here. Take the rope out first, though; we'll have no time when we get back here."

Miller dropped to his knees, hands fumbling with straps, then exclaimed in annoyance.

"What's up, Dusty?"

"The slow-burnin' fuse, boss." His voice was blurred with anger—with a vicious anger that astonished Mallory. "It's gone!"

"What?" Mallory stooped, began to search through the pack. "It can't be, Dusty; it just can't! You packed the stuff yourself!"

"Sure I did, boss," Miller grated. "And then some crawlin' swine comes along behind my back and unpacks it again!"

"Impossible!" Mallory protested.

Miller looked at him queerly, said nothing for a moment,

(Continued on Page 137)

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The Secret of Shining Brook

(Continued from Page 43)

She'll admire to see a stranger. . . . Say, young feller, did ye ever hear tell of the Sothic period in Egypt?"

"Can't say I have," Archy admitted.

"Wa-al, it's in the encyclopedy. Naow here's what it says. It says the 'Sothic period, in ancient Egyptian chronology, was the period in which the year of three hundred and sixty-five days circled in succession through all the seasons.' I hain't agoin' to quote all of it, but the gist of it is that the tropical year determined by the heliacal risin' of Sirius, knowed also as Sothis, was most exactly the Julian year of three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days, differin' from the true solar year by eleven minutes. This here Sothic period was fourteen hundred and sixty-one years. Naow, it seems like to me that if a body writes a thing out, he ought to tell it so's it don't bewilder a feller."

"It would seem so, Mr. Magin," Archy agreed.

"Naow take this piece," Mr. Magin said. "I read it over 'n' over, 'n' I won't never be able to forgit it. But what good's it to me? Eh? I got no dratted idee what it means. But it'll be aclutterin' up my mind forever 'n' ever." His smile was somehow pitiful. "Naow I ask ye, mister, haow in tunket is a man ever to make use of this here hazzle-pazzle? Ye can't jest dredge it up when you're passin' the time of day 'n' say, 'By golly, hain't it wonderful that the tropical year in Egypt was determined by the heliacal risin' of Sirius?' Folks ud think ye was crazy."

"Indeed they would," Archy agreed.

From the quarters in the rear of the store came a shrill voice calling, "Hey, Mr. Magin, where be ye?"

"Standin' on the stoop."

"Darlin', ye dumb ol' fool, what ye up to?" the voice continued, coming nearer.

"Jest atalkin' to a stranger, Mrs. Magin," was the answer.

"Keep him there till I git a squint at him," ordered the voice. "Ye hain't bought nothin' off him, have ye? Come on, honey bunch, till we see who's bamboozlin' your uncle."

Mrs. Magin emerged, bristling, from the murk of the interior, but her companion did not appear until she had peered through the door to make sure there was no peril in the visitor. Then Boots Quinto also came out, but gave no sign that she recognized Archy.

Mrs. Magin, hair drawn back so tightly that it almost pulled her eyebrows into the middle of her forehead, advanced toward Archy and turned upon him the full power of the keenest gray eyes he ever had seen. She was a wisp of a woman, neat as a wren from top to ankles, but below that was a pair of rubber galoshes much too large for her, which made squishing noises as she walked.

"What name?" she demanded.

"Butts," responded Archy gravely.

"One of them oil diggers?"

"I'm an oil digger," Archy admitted.

"I s'pose you come, like the rest of 'em, to git a squint at my niece."

"I stopped," Archy said, "to buy a pack of cigarettes."

"Wa-al, naow, you've seen the scrawny piece. Don't amount to much, does she?"

"Not much," Archy said, "but her aunt's something else again. Brace yourself, Mrs. Magin. I'm going to make passes."

The gray eyes glinted. It might have been a flash of humor, but the thin mouth did not relax. "Men don't often make passes," she misquoted, "at wimmin that wear rubber galoshes."

"I'm different," Archy asserted firmly.

"I warrant ye be," snapped Mrs. Magin. . . . "Alice"—this aside to her niece, and Archy discovered that the girl had another name than Boots—"you skedaddle back into the kitchen. This here one's a scalawag."

"I want to stay, auntie," Boots said. "I want to hear him get around you."

"Get around me!" Mrs. Magin snorted. "I bet you end up by inviting him to supper," Boots said, bobbing her head.

"What," asked Archy with interest, "are you having for supper?"

"Salt pork 'n' white gravy 'n' mashed potaters; though it hain't none of your business."

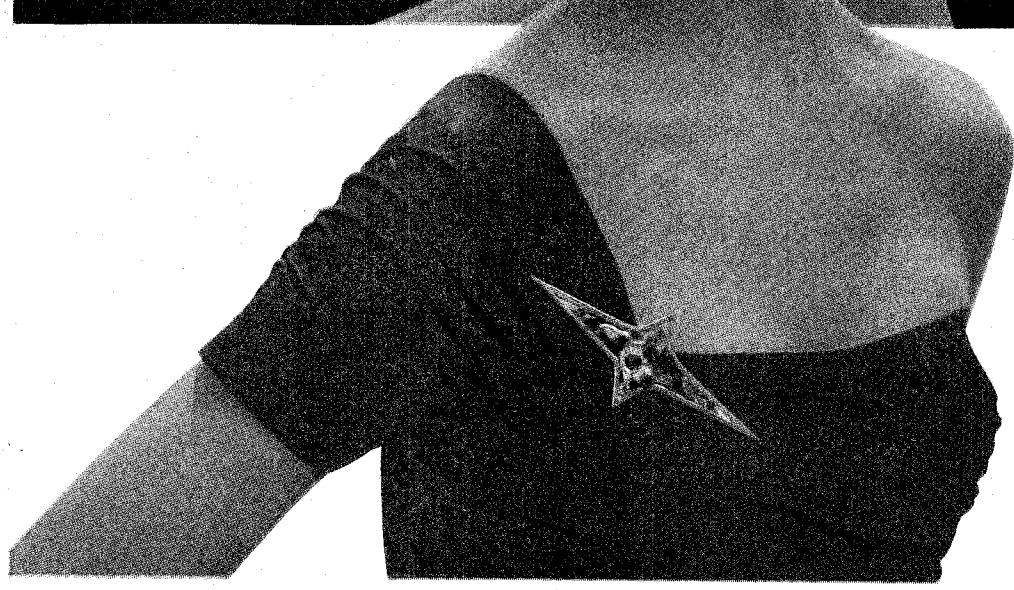
"It's not everyone," Archy said, "who can fix salt pork and white gravy. Nobody was ever the equal of my Grandma Butts." He smacked his lips. "She was famous all over Vermont."

"Is that so?" snapped Mrs. Magin. "Wa-al, lemme tell you, young spriggins, no Vermont woman could stay in the kitchen with one from New Hampshire. And as fur salt pork, your gramma prob-a'ly made a botch of it compared to what I kin do."

"That," said Archy, "I'd have to see."

"By golly," she said tartly, "you're agoin' to see. You mog around back 'n' wash your hands in the basin, 'n' I'll rassle up a mess of salt pork you'll think was cut off'n an angel."

"Yes'm," Archy said meekly, and walked around the store to the bench in back, where he found tin basin, soap and a roller towel. Mrs. Magin and Boots



The "Ou

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Quinto went through the store into the kitchen.

Mrs. Magin sniffed at her niece. "He thinks he come it over me," she said. "Naow, why in tunket did you want that feller to stay to supper?"

"Wait and see," Boots said, with a twisted little smile.

"You knowed him before, didn't ye? Both of ye lettin' on ye was strangers!"

"He's the young man in the hotel," said Boots.

"I swan to man! Him that you bamboozled! Hain't very bright, is he?"

"He wasn't sent up here to Shining Brook because he is stupid."

"Ye can't guess haow stupid a man is by the way he acts with a woman," said Mrs. Magin. "A perty pair of legs has got the same effect on a man's brain that a thunderstorm has on a pan of milk. It addles it."

Archy Butts, with washed hands, returned to the front porch to sit on the top step and talk with Mr. Violet Magin until supper. The little man, with his vague eyes, and his clothes that seemed to conceal only skin and bones, interested the young man. He was so futile, so pitiful, so eager in his queer way to acquire knowledge—and withal, apparently so contented with his lot.

"How long do you think it will take you to finish the encyclopedia?"

"Mebby five, six year, plowin' ahead slow 'n' absorbin' as I go along."

"And then what?" Archy asked.

"Wa-al, I been givin' that considable thought," Mr. Magin answered. "I calc'late I'll take up the unabridged dictionary. Havin' read all the collected knowledge the' is, I figger it'll be a good idea to fit myself out with all the words so's to be able to tell in fittin' words what I know." He paused, removed his spectacles and wiped them. "The's times when my eyes git so tired that I jest think."

"What about, Mr. Magin?"

"Mostly folks," Magin answered. "What makes 'em be like they be. Why this here feller wants to git rich 'n' why this here woman wants to be stylish. Yeah. And what makes one man honest 'n' t'other man crooked."

"And have you reached any conclusions?" Archy asked.

"What I've found," said Mr. Magin patiently, "is that the difference betwixt 'em is so continental small that sometimes ye can't detect it at all. But there ye be. One gits to be great 'n' t'other lands up in the gutter. So I've figgered out, like the Declaration says, that all men is born practically equal."

"Then why does one man succeed and another fail?"

"Wantin'. Desirin'. The main 'n' principal difference betwixt folks is how hard they want. I figger most anybuddy kin git what he wants if he bears down on wantin' all the time. Other feller may want somethin', but it's too much trouble to set his will to git it. That's haow. Naow take me."

"Yes," Archy said, "let's take you."

"I wanted suthin' powerful hard, so I set my will strong as I knowed haow to git it. I got it."

"And what did you want so badly, Mr. Magin?"

"Peace 'n' quiet, young feller. What ye might call serenity. So I'm jest as successful a man as the one that gits to be President or a billionaire. I was bound 'n' determined to get what I aimed fur, so I got it."

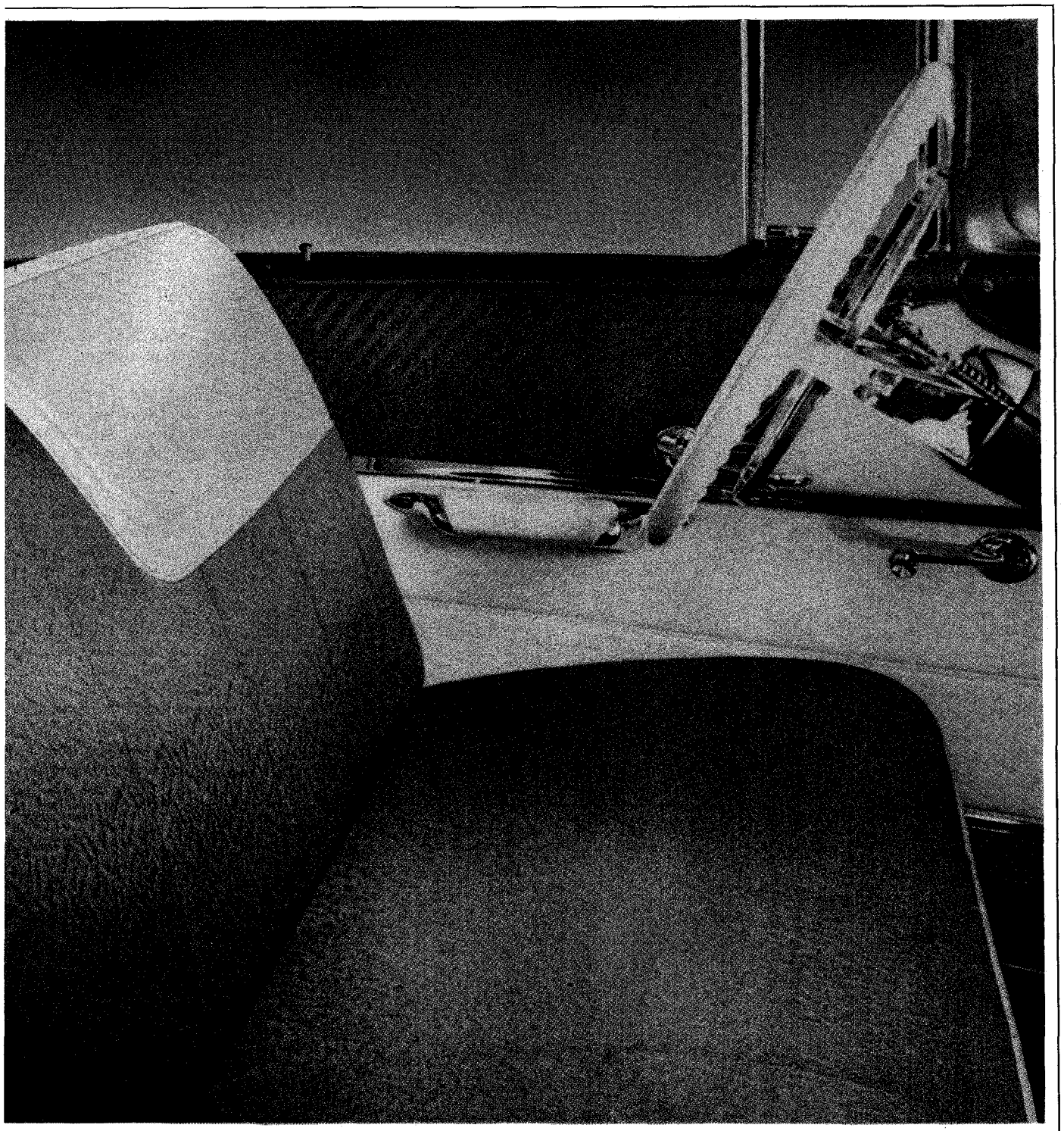
The strident voice of Mrs. Violet Magin reached their ears. "Come 'n' git it," she called, "before I throw it out to the pigs!"

When the supper was over, topped by apple pie correctly spiced with cinnamon,

Status Quo

By HERBERT MERRILL

I'm not a man that's
overfond of changes.
I get to liking wintertime
by May
And worry when October
rearranges
The summer in its own
haphazard way,
Spilling a pot of paint
where it's not wanted,
Kidnaping birds and
thinning out the flowers;
But when November comes
on, lank and gaunted,
I long for autumn's gold
and crimson hours.
And so I pray that when
this life is done
And all the final alterations
passed,
I can sit down somewhere
beneath a sun
Fixed permanently in the
sky at last,
And listen to immortal
robins call
Among eternal leaves that
never fall.



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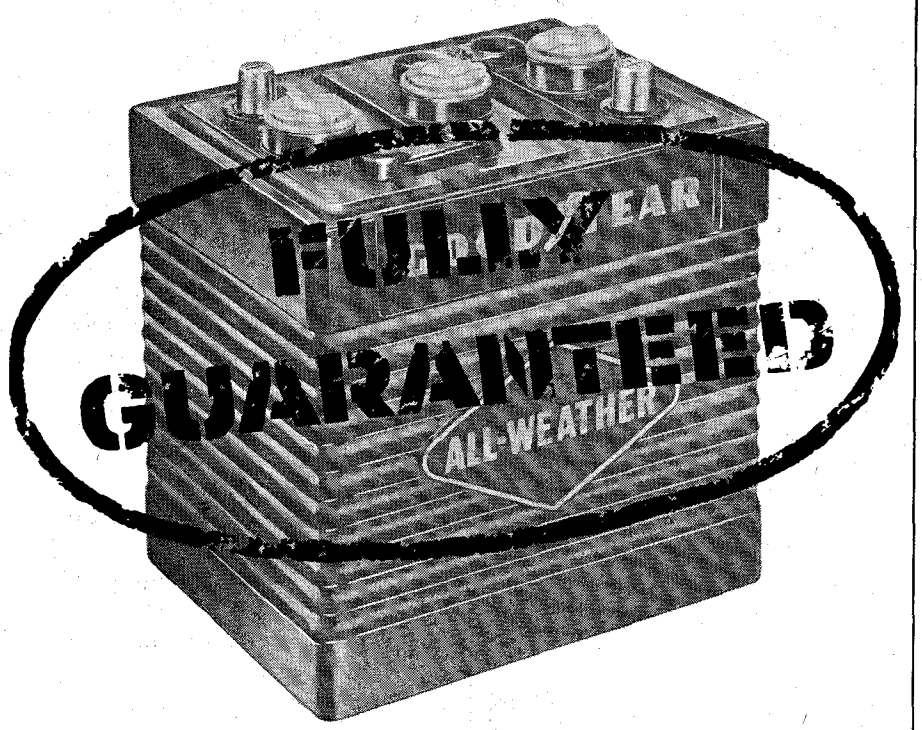

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Archy was forced to admit that Grandma Butts had met her equal in Mrs. Violet Magin.

"Naow," said Mrs. Magin, "you young folks clear out from under foot whilst Mr. Magin 'n' me washes 'n' wipes."

Out on the front stoop, Boots Quinto sat in Mr. Magin's chair and Archy Butts sat on the top step at her feet. He grinned up at her sardonically.

"Do you know about extradition?" he asked.

"I disapprove of it," she said primly.

"The story goes," he said, "that you're a material witness."

"The things that happen to an ignorant young girl!" she exclaimed.

"Would you," he asked, "care to substitute 'stupid' for 'ignorant'?"

"Not without an argument," she answered.

"When," he said, "there's a murder, and a beautiful girl who was private secretary to the late-lamented takes it on the lam, it gives rise to gossip."

"Sticks and stones," she retorted.

"A very silly saying," Archy said tartly. "Would you have come under suspicion if you hadn't taken a powder?"

"I doubt it," she answered. "I have a very nice reputation."

"Then why be so stupid?"

"It seemed like a splendid idea," she said.

"How does it seem now?"

"Supercolossal," she answered.

"Why," he demanded, "did you come here?"

"Can you suggest a better 'ole?" she countered.

"A word from me," he said, "and you would be snatched back to New York by the scruff of your lovely neck."

"Then why don't you speak it?"

"Because I've got orders not to."

Her eyes widened. "Oh! Oh!" she said.

"That's how it is," he said. "I'm assigned to keep you covered with strawberry leaves."

"Did it occur to you," she asked acidly, "that I may not want any meddling?"

"You're going to get it," he said flatly. "You didn't rush down to welcome Leon Moffitt the other day when you saw him enjoying the mishap to the recording truck."

"Mr. Moffitt," she said, "is not my favorite person."

"Suppose," Archy said, "he identifies you under all your camouflage—and speaks the word in New York?"

"I rather imagine that Leon Moffitt is the last man in the world who would like to see me returned to New York."

"Then why were you so frightened when you saw him?"

"Because," she said steadily, "Mr. Moffitt would like me to stay permanently in the Shining Brook Field. Preferably about fifty feet deep in muskeg. But I have a sort of a kind of a species of insurance policy. I doubt if Mr. Moffitt will promote my exit until he can cancel the policy."

Mrs. Magin chose this moment to step out upon the stoop. "Wa-al," she said, "good night, Mr. Butts. We git to bed early. Drop in sometime when you're passin'."

Archy grinned at this abrupt dismissal. "I'll be dropping in," he said. "What are you good at besides salt pork?"

"Anything," said Mrs. Magin, "that kin be baked, boiled, fried or stewed or otherwise cooked. Don't come too soon nor too often."

Archy stood up, walked to his car, and drove back to headquarters.

Archy Butts became aware of a change, not pleasant, in the attitude of the men at headquarters toward himself. His reception, when he arrived, had been friendly. Riggs, the field superintendent, had seemed almost enthusiastic. Now, although there was no overt unfriendliness there was a shying away that would have been evident to a far less sensitive man than Archy. The one person whose attitude had not altered was Lumpy Sawyer.

In the privacy of their trailer, Archy laid his harmonica on the table and turned to Lumpy, who sprawled on his bed, guitar on his stomach. "Lumpy," he said, "do I have B.O.?"

"To me," Lumpy grinned, "you smell sweet as a violet."

"Don't hedge, friend," Archy said. "Everybody's (*Continued on Page 56*)

"I try to share his interests, but we only have one deck of cards."

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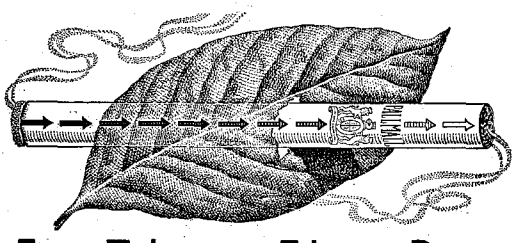

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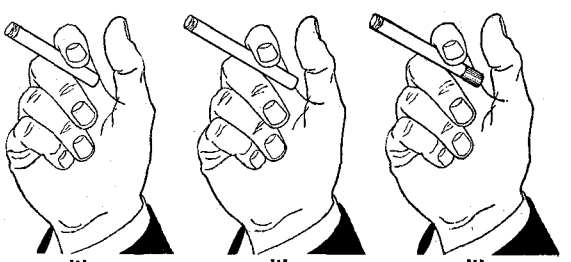

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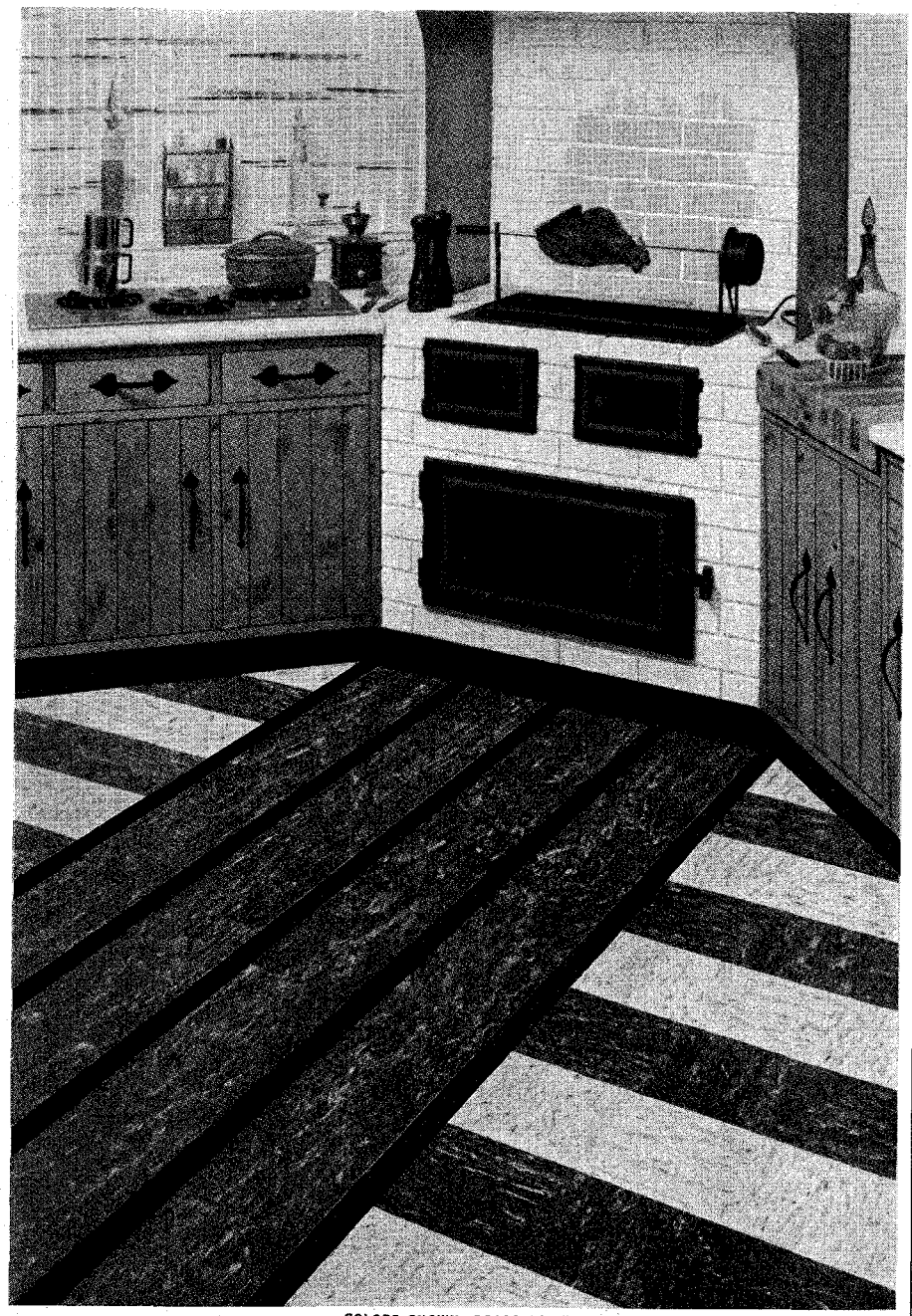

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(*Continued from Page 54*)

polite, but they sheer away from me as if I had smallpox. Conversations stop when I join a group, and the group quietly fades away. You've got a pair of eyes, Lumpy. You've noticed it."

Lumpy pushed himself up on his elbows and squinted at Archy. He didn't avoid the question. "There's a propaganda against you, Archy," he said.

"Such as?"

"The first gossip is that Riggs is going to be canned and you're to have his job. Riggs is popular."

"What else?"

"The talk is that as soon as you take over, you're going to fire the whole shebang of us."

"Do you believe these things?" Archy asked.

"Nope," Lumpy answered, and thrummed his guitar.

"Who's the troublemaker?"

"I wonder," Lumpy said.

"You've wondered enough to nose around," Archy said.

"Yup. It's none of the staff."

"Sure?"

"Positive. It works up from under."

"Meaning what?"

"It commenced with roustabout talk," Lumpy said. "Skinners gab about it. And tool pushers. Jug hustlers. That's where it started, and seeped up. Regular whispering campaign."

"Whispering campaigns," said Archy, "have to be organized."

"Use your bean," Lumpy said sententiously. "Everything was serene until when?"

"I'll bite," Archy said. "Until when?"

"Until," Lumpy said, "a day or two after this Moffitt lug showed up with his tame gun slinger."

"Could be," Archy said.

"Gun slinger's name," said Lumpy, "is Bones Leary. Bones doesn't refer to his skeleton." He made a motion as of casting dice. "He gets around. Sits in on evening games. Moseys off to Shining Brook. He pervades. One man, if he's spry enough, can do a sight of whispering in different places."

"But why?" mused Archy.

"Buiiding up the hex, maybe," Lumpy grinned. "This goes wrong, that goes wrong. Nothing can gum things up worse than dissension in the staff. The boys'll start by being suspicious of you, and then they'll be suspicious of each other—everybody wondering about office politics and who's doing dirt to whom. The field gets a bad name. The operation begins to stink, and the stink gets back to New York. Then something happens. Big money gets the jitters and all hell busts loose."

"You're talking pretty," Archy said. "Keep it up."

"You just came from Abadan, which is some distance off. Do you know about the setup here in Alberta?"

"Vaguely," Archy said.

"It's not like in the States," Lumpy said, "where you buy or lease an oil field and it's yours. Take Shining Brook Field for instance: The province of Alberta owns the land—or anyhow has reserved the mineral rights. Oil gets itself discovered, and the province puts up the field for sale. Say a quarter of a million acres. This field was bid in by Trans-Oceanic and Gandolin. Paid ten million dollars for it. So what next? Exploration. Value of the field is established. Then here comes the catch: The purchasing companies are allowed to select half of the field, and the province takes back the other half. That's the deal. And the province can sell its half all over again—which they do. The other day they sold one quarter section of this field for more than half a million dollars! They get their original ten million, and nobody can guess how much they resell the other half for. But that ain't all. Not by a heap sight. The province takes from five per cent to sixteen and two thirds per cent of the oil that Trans-Oceanic and Gandolin take out of the wells. Which, you might say, is amply and sufficiently protecting the rights of the public. And the treasury of the province is already bulging with cash. And on top of that they ration the wells—conservation—to around, say, a couple of hundred barrels a day. Pretty sweet, eh?"

"The province doesn't miss a bet."

"So you will detect the fact that the oil companies, if they're to realize on their investment, have to run a doggone efficient and economical operation."

"Right."

"And if anything gums up that operation, there's going to be all superheated hell to pay. Especially with two companies involved. It could result in a row between the companies. Now Trans-Oceanic is responsible for the operation of this field by agreement. What if Gandolin got dissatisfied, eh, and started a rumpus?"

"I get the point," Archy said. "And our pal Moffitt is Gandolin."

"Yeah. And Gandolin's in a hassle. Proxy fight for control—and their president, old J. A. Baldwin, gets himself knocked off. Makes a cute little picture, what?"

"I think Iran is cozier. Out there we just have riots and revolutions and international crises."

Lumpy strummed a few chords. "To a man up a tree, pal, it looks like you'd bought yourself into a rhubarb."

"Upon which happy note," Archy said gloomily, "I'll hit the hay."

In the morning, after breakfast, Archy made opportunity to walk out of the cookhouse with Riggs. "Let's take a little stroll," he said. "Maybe we can kill a snake."

"I don't like snakes myself," Riggs said, but not cordially.

They strolled across the clearing toward the big tank and the capped well. Far to the left was the cluster of trailers and tents that housed the contractors' crews. It was a bright, brisk morning, and physically Archy's body responded to the briskness of it.

"Riggs," he said, "morale around this picnic ground has gone to blazes in a handbasket."

"Yes?" said Riggs with rising inflection.

"Nobody," Archy said, "would recognize it quicker than a first-class man like you."

"Am I first-class?" Riggs asked almost sullenly.

"My answer book says yes," Archy told him. "When did things start to go to pot?"

"You want a straight answer?"

"Yes."

"They started coming unraveled with your arrival," Riggs said.

"Correction," Archy said grimly. "A few days after my arrival."

"Very well, a few days after."

"Was I the only arrival?" Archy asked.

"No," Riggs said, looking up suddenly and narrowing his eyes. "Moffitt showed up."

"Equipped with bodyguard," Archy said. "So why date time from my coming rather than from his?"

"Maybe you have a point. I'm listening."

"Right. So we'll start by burning some rubbish. I have not been sent here to take your place. There never has been in any quarter a thought that I should displace you. That is the exact truth."

"I'm still listening," Riggs said.

"The story that I am to take your job and clean out the staff comes from the same source. So far as I know, not a man

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here is to be transferred or fired. If any member of your outfit is to be canned, it will be when you ask for it."

"Everybody in this field from roustabout to tool pusher knows different," Riggs said.

"They know wrong," Archy said sharply. "Now I ask you, Riggs, if such a thing were true, would a skinner, or a roughneck or a jug hustler get news of it before headquarters in Calgary or the office in Edmonton? Just which truck driver has a private pipeline into the private office of William Makepeace Hawks in New York?"

"I'm still listening," Riggs said, but there was an alteration in his tone.

"It takes organization to start a whispering campaign that will sweep over a whole oil field."

"But why? The motive."

"The same motive," Archy said, "that put a hex on the field." He grinned broadly. "The hex was here before I came, Riggs."

"I think," Riggs said, and his eyes glinted, "that I've been a fool."

"When a man gets exposed to smallpox, he's not a fool if he catches it."

"I'm cured," Riggs said shortly. "From now on, I'm immune. What's the next step?"

"Vaccinate the staff," Archy said.

"Will do," Riggs said grimly. "You think Moffitt is at the bottom of this?"

"But with no evidence," Archy said. "I can't even prove that his boy, Bones Leary, is head man of the rumor factory."

"I'll make both of them hard to find," Riggs said belligerently.

"No chance. Moffitt is an official of Gandolin. He has a right to be here. You can't give him the bum's rush."

"Must we sit on our hands while he hangs around and gums up the works?"

"We won't sit on our hands."

"Any suggestions?"

"Will you let me have Lumpy Sawyer? Make him available to me?"

"Lumpy's a good boy. Satisfactory in his job. But a kind of a Newfoundland puppy. What do you want with him?"

"He plays a guitar good," Archy grinned, "and he wags his head pretty. He's just what I need."

"Take him," Riggs answered.

"It's not to be mentioned."

"Naturally."

They retraced their steps. Archy liked it that Riggs made no apologies, nor offered to shake hands, as many men would have done.

"I'm calling a meeting of the whole staff tonight in the club. You won't be there, Butts. I want to talk about you behind your back."

They grinned at each other. Riggs went to his office and Archy returned to his trailer. Lumpy was about to go to his work as field assistant to the district drilling foreman.

"Clean up any loose ends today," Archy told him. "As of tomorrow morning you've a new job."

"Do tell. Any boost in pay? What do I do?"

"Among other technical duties," Archy said, "you play the guitar. You're counter-propaganda. You're a big pair of lop ears. And, like Kim, you're a little friend of all the world. Gunmen like, say, Bones Leary, wouldn't know how to thimblerig the electronic doodads in a recording truck; nor how to chaw teeth out of a rotary bit; nor how to sabotage the track on a 'dozer so it would come in two in the middle. You have to have the know-how. And watch yourself."

"I've got," said Lumpy, "a first-class set of self-preservation, on account of I love life and guitar playing, and want to stick around a long time to enjoy them. And I got a dandy set of fists and footwork that would knock your eyes out."

"What I like about you is you're so modest," Archy said ironically.

They went out together. On the narrow walk that had been built during the rainy weather to keep the staff from getting mired, they met Moffitt and his man, Bones Leary, face to face. Bones was smoking a cigarette. Archy sniffed and raised his brows.

Moffitt was affable. "Good morning, Mr. Butts," he said. "I've been looking forward to a chat with you, but we've both been occupied."

"In an oil field in the first stages of development," Archy replied courteously, "there's not much time for social chit-chat."

"I'm not much good at light conversation myself," Moffitt rejoined. "But we might exchange views on this and that to our mutual advantage. If you're not in a rush, why not drop in at my trailer for ten minutes?"

"Can do," Archy said. . . . "See you in the fourth dimension, Lumpy. You might stroll along with Bones and tell him about diminished sevenths and why the sea is boiling hot and whether pigs have wings."

"Trot along, Bones," Moffitt said amiably. "Wait for me in the car."

They turned and strolled toward Moffitt's portable home.

"Peculiar tang in the air."

Moffitt wrinkled his nose. "Bones' cigarettes," he said.

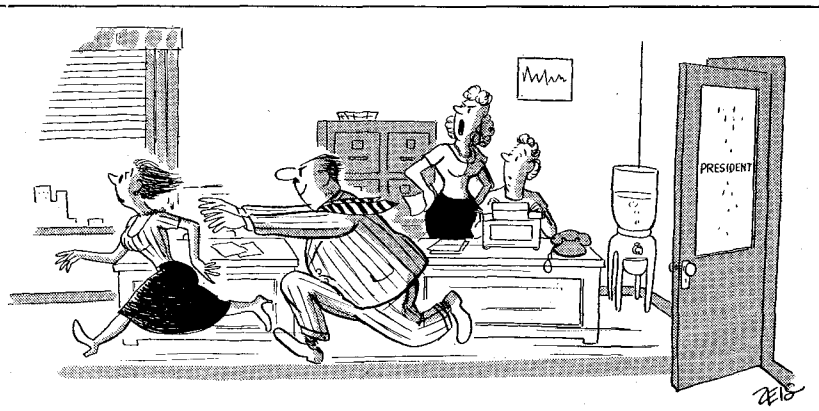
"There used," Archy said, "to be a pretty grim old sheik back in the days of the Crusades. They called him the Old Man of the Mountain. We've got a word that derives from him."

"I'm interested in etymology—not that I get your point exactly. But just to continue the talk, what's the word?"

"Assassin," Archy said, as if he had no gripping interest in it. "He did a flourishing business. If somebody wanted an enemy knocked off, he applied to the Old Man of the Mountain, who supplied an operative who jabbed a dagger in the enemy's ribs."

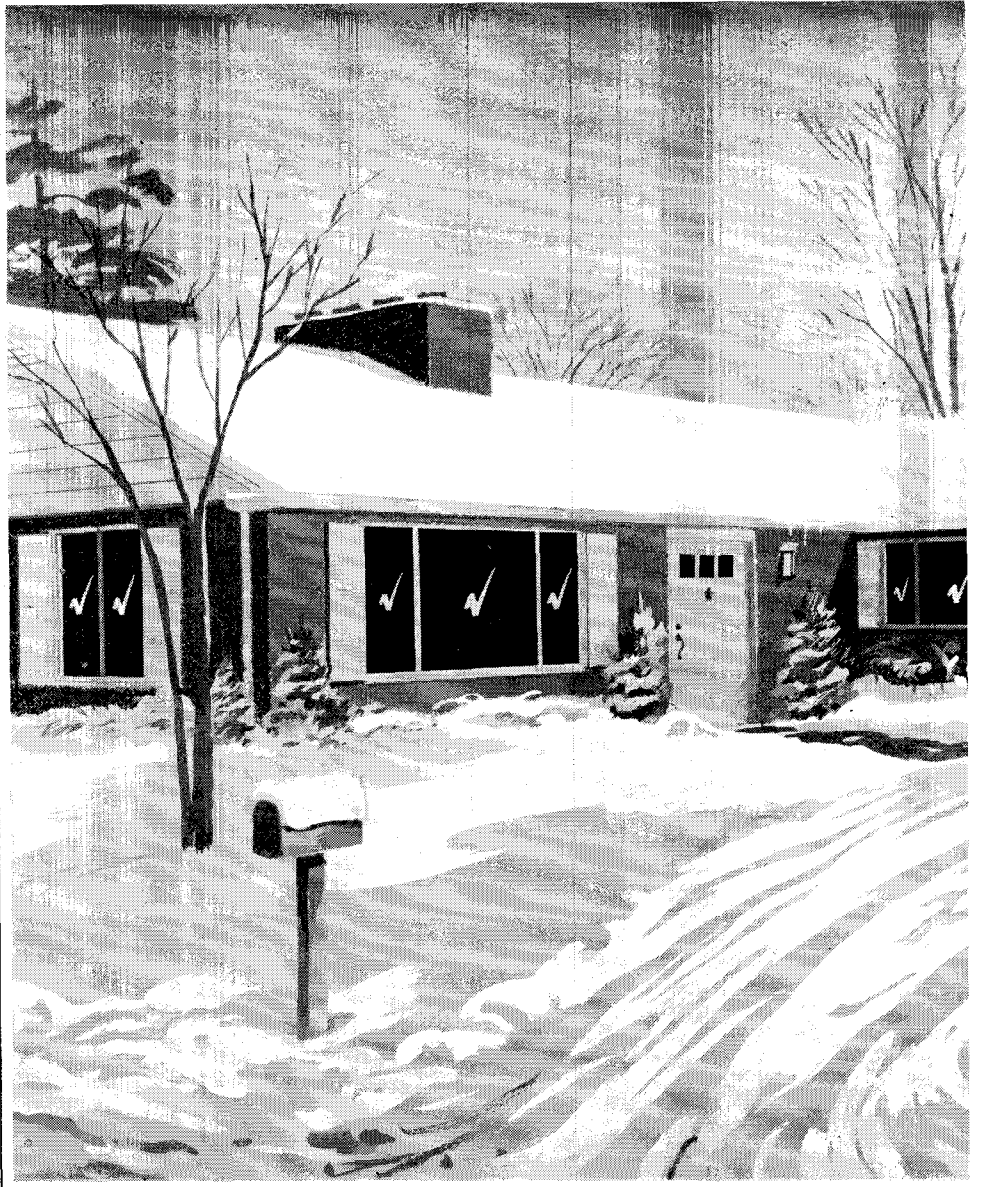
"Interesting historically. But what about the word 'assassin'?"

"Well," Archy shrugged, "he kept a stable of (*Continued on Page 61*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There he goes playing favorites again."



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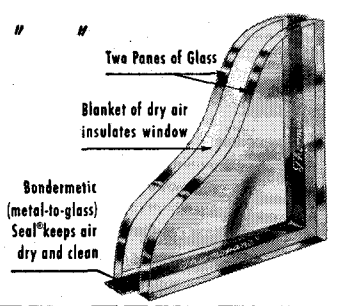

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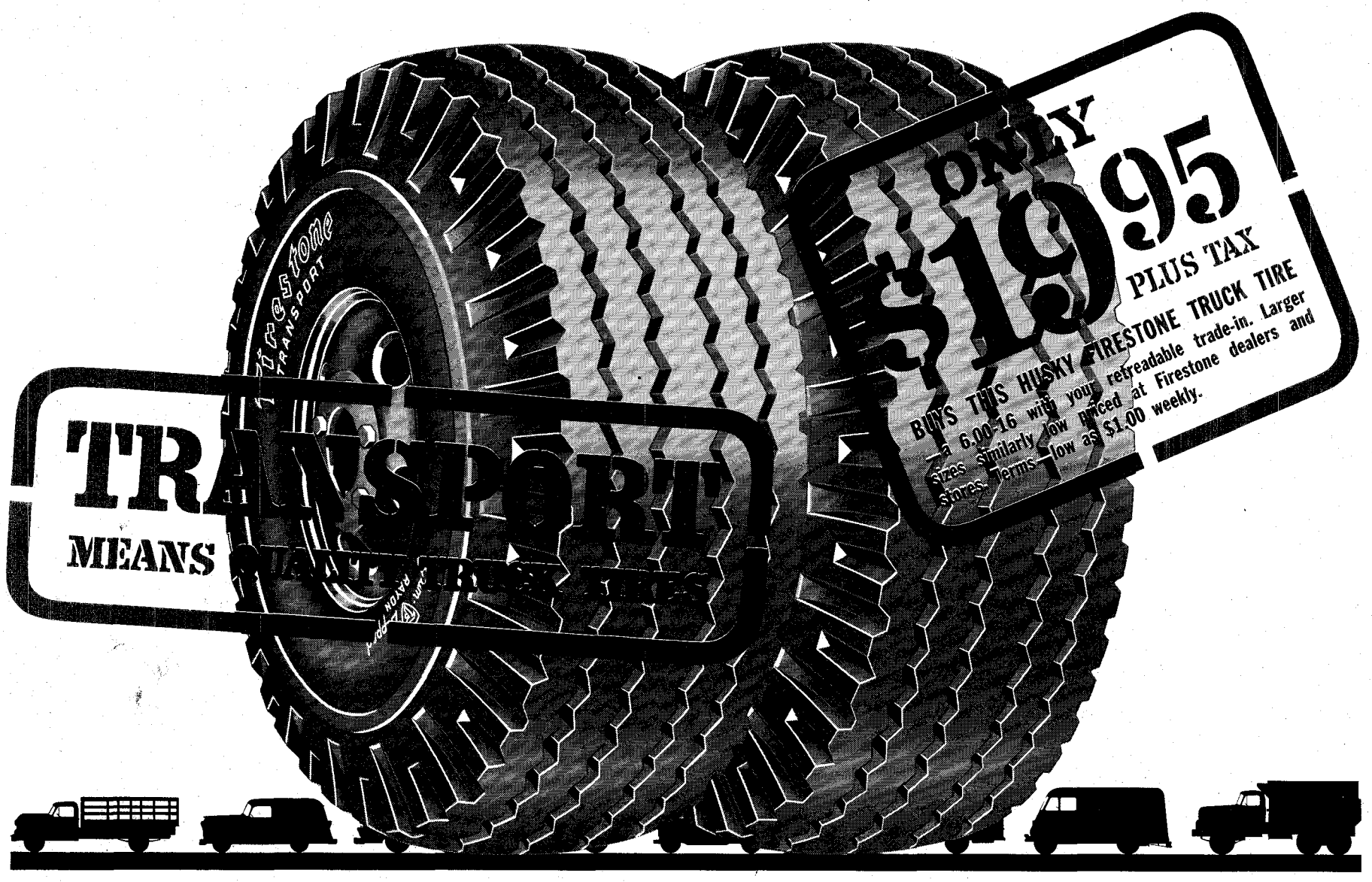

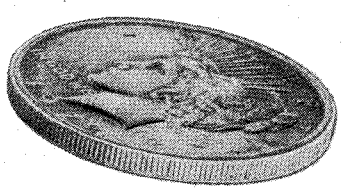

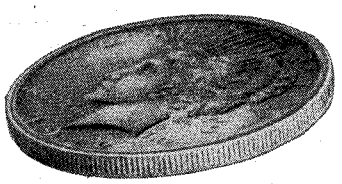

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(*Continued from Page 57*) boys in an Oriental sort of paradise, all dolled up with milk and honey and houris and fountains and bliss. Kept them hopped up with *Cannabis indica*. Made them sort of heedless of consequences and elated right out of humanity. So, when the Old Man wanted one of them to do an errand, he just picked at random and sent the lad off with his snickersnee, hopped to the gills, so he didn't care what. So he'd go off and stick his dagger into the enemy regardless of tough results to himself. That's how *Cannabis indica* works."

"But still you haven't come to the point," Moffitt said patiently.

"Right," answered Archy. "I always maunder around. Well, another name for *Cannabis indica* is 'hashish.' And his men were called hashshashins, which got itself Anglicized into 'assassins.' And there we are. Our desert weed, known as locoweed, is a relative, I believe."

"Fascinating. But where does it lead? You're not one to talk aimlessly, unless I'm a poor judge of men."

"Oh," said Archy with a shrug, "your man Bones was having his morning ration of it. Smoking a reefer; which, oddly enough, doesn't contain tobacco, but the stuff the Old Man fed to his assassins."

"I'll look into this," Moffitt said.

"I'd do just that," Archy said still amiable. "Unless you happen to need a pet killer. Which seems sort of absurd. I hope you're enjoying your stay in Shining Brook."

"Not too much," Moffitt said. "One of the things I want to talk about with you."

They entered the trailer, a much more luxurious affair than the one in which Archy and Lumpy lived, and seated themselves in comfortable chairs.

"When a man attracts me—and you're an attractive person, Mr. Butts—I take pains to delve into him. In case I might want to add him to my corps of employees."

"So," Archy said, "you finagled around and got my dossier."

"And a very flattering report I got," Moffitt said. "Definitely I could make you an offer. Gandolin isn't so big as Trans-Oceanic, but it's not small, and I think opportunities for quick advancement would be attractive."

"Naturally I'm pleased," Archy said, "but I'm quite contented where I am."

"I'm prepared to make a generous offer," Moffitt said.

"And what would my assignment be?"

"We're transferring our district superintendent in our West Texas field to New York. The place will be open. I'd like to fill it promptly."

"This comes very unexpectedly. I'll have to have time to weigh it."

"Not too much time," Moffitt said. "There are other elements to consider."

"Enumerate." Archy said.

"I've been studying this Shining Brook situation. It isn't too happy. It could become worse. It might even become disagreeable—for you."

"That," Archy said, "sounds like a warning—or a threat."

"It's merely sound advice."

"But presents a challenge, doesn't it? What we used to call a dare when I was a kid. Well, I always was the kind of repulsive character that never could take a dare. Just ingrowing stubbornness, I calc'late. But thanks for the offer."

Moffitt phrased his response oddly. "I hope you live to regret it," he said somberly.

"Did you know," asked Mr. Violet Magin, "that spinach come from Persia? Interestin' fact." His thumb was in the encyclopedia, marking his place. "Persia sounds more entertainin' than spinach. I allus think of houris 'n' bubblin' fountains 'n' harems 'n' all like that when I dwell on Persia. The idee of spinach kind of waters daown all the romance."

"You never can tell, by looking at a frog, how far it can jump," Archy Butts rejoined. "Maybe it was spinach in their diet that made houris, and maybe it inspired Omar to write the Rubáiyát."

"I swan to man!" exclaimed Mr. Magin. "It ought to be looked into. So had suthin else," he said. "The's a feller been ahangin' around here 'thout no visible puppose. Kind of a undersized-to-medium critter with store clothes. Hain't been out much in the sun. Kind of what ye might call dapper-like. Not bad lookin' in a slinkin' kind of a way, and there's a funny smell about him."

"What d'ye mean, hangs around?" Archy asked, recognizing the description.

"Wa-al, one day a spell back he stopped fur gas. After that he's stopped kind of often 'n' lingered. Kind of a twitchin' coot."

"Did he happen to see Miss Quinto?"

"Come to think of it," Mr. Magin said, "he did. Fust day."

"How was she dressed?"

"Had pants on, like always, 'n' a shirt 'n' that flappy hat she wears. But ye could tell she was a gal. Yup. Anybody with eyes could tell she was a gal."

"Then what?"

"He kept acomin' back, and once or twice he asked where the skirt was—meanin' her. I git sich words agoin' to the movies. He used a kind of a funny expression. He says she was stacked good."

"Did he see her again?" Archy asked.

"She got skittish 'n' hid out of sight. This city feller he says where is she, and there ain't many gals around, and he'd be willin' to blow his roll. He showed it. It was quite some wad of bills. He says where he come from they know how to treat a dame. All words like that. I couldn't make out if he was fussin' around here after the gal or if he was puckerin' up his mouth to burgle the place."

"Did Miss Quinto speak to him?"

"Nary a speak."

Butts sat, elbows on knees, staring at the road that led past the side of the store, a road far from ready for traffic, crawling with earth-moving machinery. There was a point to be investigated here, a knowledge which he must acquire, and that was whether Bones Leary knew that Boots Quinto was Boots Quinto and was keeping a threatening eye upon her, or if he was a mere prowling tomcat.

Miss Quinto came riding around the corner of the store. She dismounted deftly and dropped the reins over the horse's head, so that they dragged on the ground. Archy looked at the steed sardonically. He was a small pony, jug-headed and shaggy and dejected.

"Miss Quinto," he said gravely, "if you were to trim that Thoroughbred and curry him and give him a little beauty-parlor technique, there's no telling what you might find."

"He suits me," Boots said shortly.

Mr. Magin injected himself into the conversation. "Naow take critters," he said, "they kind of resemble folks. If ye try to change 'em around too much from haow they're brought up to be, why, you're durn likely to spile 'em. This here one's useful like he is. But supposin' ye was to clip him 'n' curry him 'n' fuss with his mane 'n' tail? Next thing ye know, instid of bein' a useful, uncomplainin' hoss, he'd git to fancyin' himself, 'n' homely virtues 'ud depart from him."

"Then you don't believe in improving the station of a horse," Archy said.

"Don't b'lieve in no kind of social problems," answered Mr. Magin. "Ye can't improve a hoss or a cow or a human bein' or a whole doggone generation of human bein's by meddlin' with 'em. Ye end up by gittin' 'em confused 'n' discontented 'n' cantankerous."

A car turned the corner and came to a stop alongside Archy's. Bones Leary got out and walked toward the stoop. When he saw Archy he scowled. He was dressed in city clothes, somewhat rumpled, in city shoes badly needing a shine. He nodded grudgingly, but did not remove his hat.

"Glued on?" asked Archy with mild interest.

"What?" snapped Bones.

"Your hat," Archy answered. "There are two reasons for hats. One is to shelter your head. The other is to tip them to ladies."

Archy did not say this without calculation. Sometime it would be necessary to teach Bones (*Continued on Page 64*)

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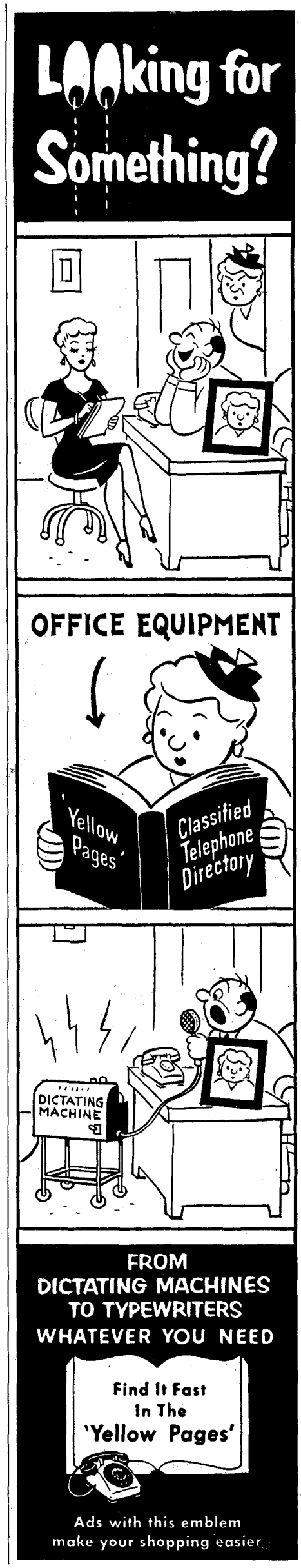
D. Jay Culver

Answer:

Gloria Swanson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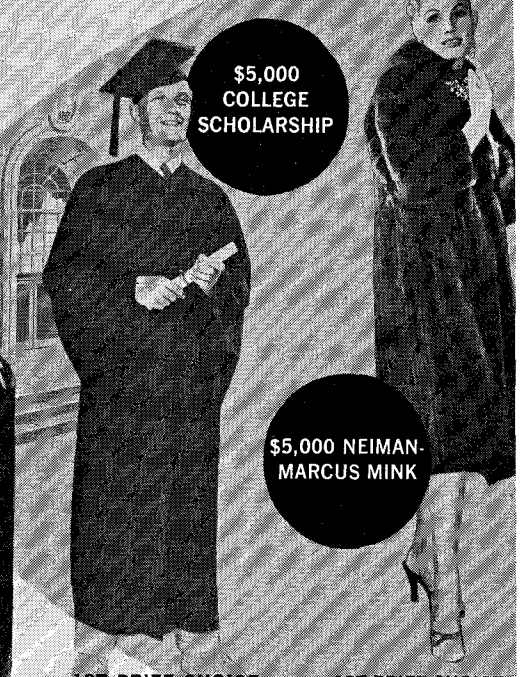

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SAVE NOW ON THESE PRE-CHRISTMAS BARGAINS

1. MAN'S EXECUTIVE WRIST WATCH. Wafer thin; with Nevabreak mainspring **$9.95**
LADIES' WATCH, Golden Princess **$9.95**

2. CARA NOME or WHITE MINK Lotion, ½ price. Creamy, fragrant lotions for hands and body. Giant bottles, reg. $2 each, now just **$1**

3. SPUNTEX STRETCH NYLONS, plain or dark seam. Special: pair, $1.49 value, now . . **$1.29**
SPUNTEX REGULAR NYLONS, sheer 51 gauge, 15 denier. Pair, $1.09 value, now only . . . . **99¢**

4. BALLET BUBBLE BATH box. Save ½. Boxes of 20 packets, reg. $1.00 each, now **2** for **$1.00**

5. STAG "SANTA" GIFT SET has Ready Shave, Shave Lotion, Hair Oil. $2.25 value, now **$1.98**

6. STAG "PALS" SET has Stag After-Shave and Deodorant sticks. $2.00 set, now only . . . . **98¢**
STAG "SWEET ADELINE" GIFT SET has Stag Shave Lotion, Hair Oil, Talc. $1.50 set . . **$1.29**

7. SYLVANIA GIFT PACK: two sleeves of Press 25 flash bulbs in a gay, colorful Christmas wrap. That's 24 bulbs for this low price! Stock up now for your holiday snap shots and for gifts. This popular size bulb is the right type for most flash needs. Buy now for only **$2.98**

REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

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PLENAMINS Sweepstakes

DREAM COME TRUE

IF YOU'RE ONE OF 3 LUCKY WINNERS!

1ST PRIZE CHOICE: Two dream weeks in Europe. Fly to Hollywood, then over Polar route to Denmark, France, Italy, Switzerland, England; then New York and home. All expenses paid for two, plus $1,400 cash.

1ST PRIZE CHOICE: General Electric automatic kitchen. Washer-dryer, wall refrigerator-freezer, built-in range, exhaust fan, dishwasher, garbage disposal, plus $2,000 cash for installation and remodeling.

1ST PRIZE CHOICES: 1957 Lincoln *Premiere Hardtop Coupe or* 1957 *Thunderbird* with both hard and soft top. Completely power-&-luxury equipped.

1103 PRIZES! 1103 WINNERS!

Three first-prize winners choose from the 6 dream prizes illustrated at left.

The next 100 winners get this new Zenith Royal "500" transistor pocket radio, worth $88.45 with leather carrying case, 400-hour batteries, 7 transistors. Only 3½" wide, it gives up to 15 times more volume than radios of equivalent size, and up to 30 times more sensitivity, to bring in distant stations!

The next 1000 winners get full-year supplies of famous Rexall Super Plenamins—*America's largest-selling* multi-vitamin product.

To Give Satisfaction, Or Money Back

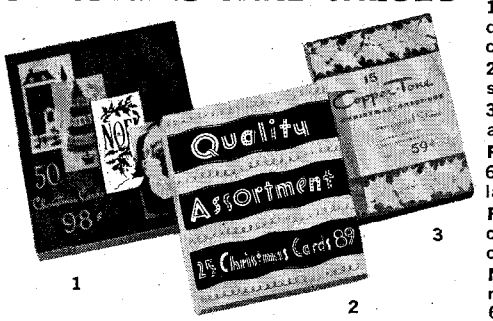
7. REXALL LOZOTHRICIN throat lozenges. Not just flavored "cough drops" but antibiotic lozenges that actually check the growth of many harmful bacteria. Formula includes aspirin to relieve pain; and benzocaine, a local anesthetic, to relieve throat irritation caused by colds. Box of 28, **$1.29;** box of 12, **69¢**

8. REXALL NASOTHRICIN, antibiotic nasal spray, **89¢;** or dropper-bottle.....**69¢**

9. BIOKETS, Rexall's antibiotic throat tablets, provide both protection and relief from coughs and throat soreness due to colds. Antibiotic Tyrothricin checks many harmful bacteria; terpin hydrate helps clear congestion; benzocaine helps stop the tickle. 35, **$1.29;** 15.....**69¢**

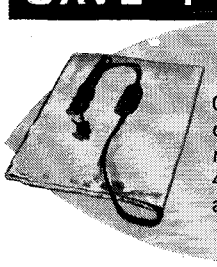
10. REXALL CHERROSOTE COUGH SYRUP has 12 active ingredients for quick and effective relief. Half-pint bottle.....**98¢**

CHRISTMAS CARD VALUES



1. VALUE Box, 50 cards, env's. $2.50 val., **98¢**
2. QUALITY Box, 25 cards, env's. $2.50 val., **89¢**
3. COPPER-TONE, slim style. $1.50 value, **59¢**
FAMILY Box, 42 tall-slims & standards, **$1.49**
CURRIER & IVES, 18 famous landscapes...**$1**
CELLO Packs with cards, envelopes. Pack, **39¢**

SAVE $1.96



ELECTREX HEATING PAD

Comforting warmth for muscular aches. 3-heat, wetproof, removable flannel cover. Has 4 static-free thermostats. UL-approved. Reg. $6.95, **$4.99**

SAVE $11.00

LUXURY FITTED ELECTRIC BLANKET

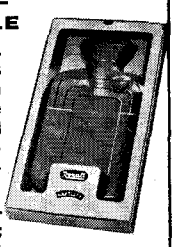
Guaranteed 2 years! This new Acrilan blend is lighter, warmer, washable, non-allergenic, mothproof. Double-bed size; 8" fitted foot, 6" nylon binding, 9-heat dial, night light. UL-approved; gift boxed. 4-color choice; single or dual control. **Dual,** $34.95 value, now **$24.95** (tax inc.) **Single control,** $29.95 value, now **$18.95**

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME REXALL

GUARANTEED REXALL PRODUCTS

Guaranteed 5 Years!

REXALL KANTLEEK DELUXE HOT WATER BOTTLE only **$3.69**



Holds more than 2 quarts. It can't leak because it is made in one piece with brass collar molded in fine quality rubber and has solid neck construction. "Kantleek on rubber is like Sterling on silver!"

KANTLEEK DELUXE SYRINGES. Combination, **$4.98;** or Fountain syringe..**$4.49**

NEW! REXALL OXY-BIOTIC A.H. NASAL SPRAY for hay fever and nasal congestion caused by colds. *Carry it with you and breathe easier with* one puff of the handy plastic atomizer! Antibiotic with antihistamine. 20 cc atomizer...**$1.19**

Rexall announces A New Medical Discovery that actually goes thru the skin to relieve muscular aches and pains

THRU T.M.

GET **THRU TO THE PAIN** as you've never before been able to do

Rexall's new liquid formula goes thru the skin to kill pain where it hurts. 2 OZ. **$1.49**

Rexall's revolutionary new pain killer actually goes **thru** the skin and gets deep inside aching tissues; brings quick relief from muscular aches, stiffness, muscular lumbago, simple neuritis, minor rheumatic pains!

Simply smooth a few drops of THRU on the aching area. Within 30 seconds, a special lipophilic agent starts taking THRU's pain-deadening ingredients thru the skin. You get quick, positive relief right where it hurts! THRU is blessedly cool and soothing. It will not smart or sting normal skin.

Get THRU to the pain—today!

FAMILY SAVINGS

1. TAYLOR'S ASSORTED CHOCOLATES with rich dark and light coating. Favorite centers: nuts, creams, caramels, nougats, chips. ½-lb. box, **59¢**
2. REXALL LUXURY TISSUES are strong and soft. White or pastels. Box of 500, only....**32¢**
3. REX-RAY VAPORIZER. Save $1.48. ½-gal., automatic shutoff. Reg. $4.95, now only..**$3.47**
REX-RAY DELUXE INFRA-RED HEAT LAMP. Save 60¢ on this dark amber, high transmission heat lamp! UL-approved. Reg. $1.79, now.....**$1.19**
REXALL MONACET APC relieves headache and cold discomforts 3 ways: with aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine. 200, reg. $1.29, now....**98¢**
NYLON STRETCH SOX. For men: pair, 75¢ value, now **69¢** or 3 for **$1.98.** For girls or boys: pair, 65¢ value, now only **59¢** or.....3 for **$1.69**
BIG VALUE WRITING PAPER, economy pack of 100 large sheets, a 39¢ value, now only....**33¢**
BIG VALUE ENVELOPES, 6½". 90, 39¢ val., **33¢**
NEW CARA NOME COMPRESSED POWDER COMPACT. Lovely! Choice of 6 powder shades, **$1.25**
CARA NOME PERMA-GLO LIPSTICK AND NAIL polish. Special! Both, reg. $1.85, now....**$1.25**

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Rexall

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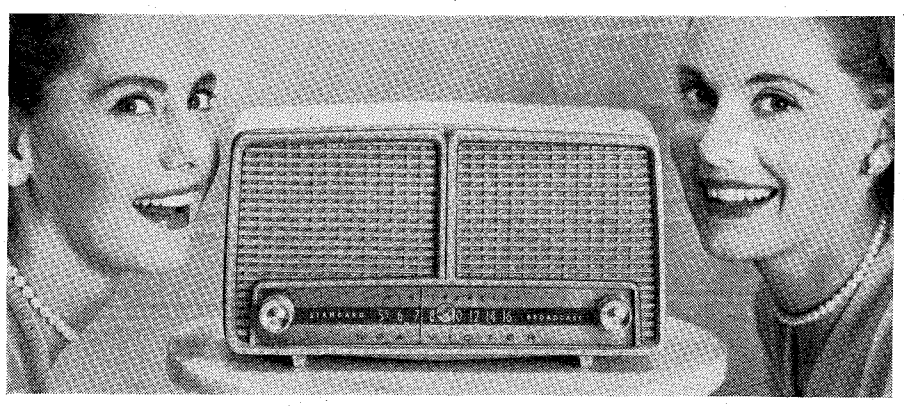
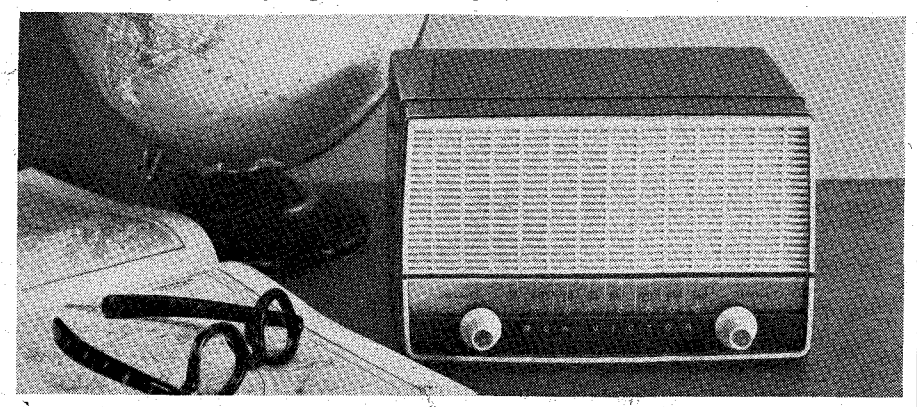
4 NEW SENSATIONS IN SOUND!

RCA Victor table and clock-radios sound better, do more for you!

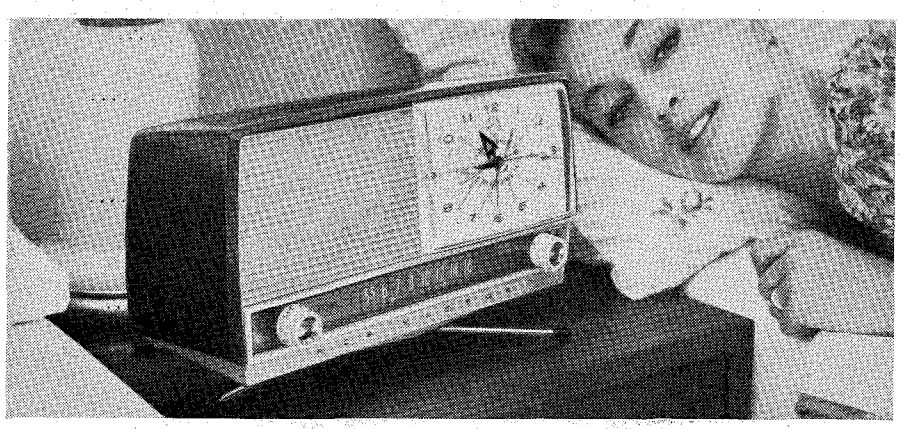


TWIN-SPEAKER FIDELITY! Enjoy rich "Golden Throat" tone from *two* speakers. Phono-jack lets you plug in record player. 4 smart colors. (8X8.) **$29.95**



HIGH-POWERED! Hear distant stations! Console-like tone. Big performance—low cost. Phono-jack. Two rich 2-tone combinations. (8X9.) **$39.95**

HELPS RUN YOUR HOME! New deluxe clock-radio controls small appliances, record player. Turns radio on, off automatically. 3 finishes. (8C7.) **$39.95**



IT SWIVELS! New clock-radio wakes you with "Golden Throat" tone. Has all deluxe clock-radio features. Three 2-tone combinations. (8C8.) **$42.95**

RCA VICTOR Tmks® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA CAMDEN 8, NEW JERSEY

Manufacturer's nationally advertised list prices shown, subject to change. Slightly higher in far West and South. Most models also available in Canada.

Don't miss "The Perry Como Show" live in COLOR and black-and-white, on NBC-TV, November 3.

(*Continued from Page 61*)

Leary a lesson, and better soon than later. So he was deliberately provocative. He saw the slight bulge under Bones' left armpit and knew the man was wearing a gun in a shoulder harness. But unless Bones was hopped up to the point of insane recklessness, he would not shoot.

"Keep it buttoned up," snarled Bones. He turned to Boots Quinto. "Gimme a pack of cigarettes," he ordered.

"If you please," corrected Archy.

Bones glared at Archy with unnaturally gleaming eyes. "Don't push me," he grated.

"Just being helpful," Archy said. "Maybe you had an unhappy youth. Maybe nobody taught you manners."

"You going to teach me?"

"Only to make a few suggestions."

Boots Quinto stood just outside the door, tense, alarmed, wondering why Archy would choose this time to bait the gunman.

"Speaking about triggermen," Archy said casually, half turning his head toward Boots, "they're not artists. No finesse. Not even marksmanship. I doubt if one ever shot at a target more than six feet away. Mostly they stick their guns against your ribs in the back seat of a car. Or shoot you in the belly while somebody holds your arms behind you."

"I'll get the cigarettes," Boots said.

"No hurry. Bones doesn't care much for tobacco anyhow. . . . By the way, Mr. Leary, what kind of a gun do you use?"

"You're goin' the right way to find out," Bones said, cheeks white with rage.

Archy shook his head. "Naughty, naughty!" he said. "Your boss man wouldn't like it if you got into a shooting scrape. They say he gets pretty rough when he's irritated."

"There'll come a time," snarled Bones.

"Meantime," Archy said, "let's be agreeable and entertaining. Now, I know the young lady would love to have you show her what a dandy shooter you are. You'd like to have her admire you, wouldn't you, Bones? I'd like it myself." He turned to Boots and grinned boyishly. "I wonder if maybe you have two, three empty tin cans out back. I wonder if you'd be so obliging as to fetch a few."

"What for?" she asked.

"Targets. So Mr. Leary can astound you with his skill."

She disappeared within the store and presently came back, her arms full of empty tins. Archy spoke cheerily to Bones. "The way to a man's heart," he said, "is through his stomach. The way to a woman's heart is something else. Not through the stomach—they diet. One way could be to astonish her with your skill."

Leary stood sullenly, at disadvantage. He watched Archy walk thirty feet to the right and stand a can on the top of a post.

"There," Archy said, "is an easy target to start with. We'll work up from there."

"I ain't shootin'," Bones said sullenly.

"Bones," explained Archy, "shoots only in the way of business. All right, we'll make it financially interesting. Five will get you ten if you hit that can once in three shots."

"I ain't shootin'," Bones repeated. He was in a rage—a scarcely controllable rage. But he was helpless unless he chose to go for his weapon. And he dared not do that. It would get him in bad trouble with his employer—very bad trouble indeed.

Archy shrugged. Magically there was a revolver in his hand. He had brushed aside his jacket and snatched it from its holster on his leg. He pulled the trigger and the can leaped into the air. Boots gasped at the speed of it. Archy picked up a second can from the step beside him. He tossed it a dozen feet in front of him, and as it struck the road he fired. The can leaped into the air. Archy fired again at the twisting can, and again and again. At each shot the can leaped crazily as the bullet tore through it.

"You notice," he said, "I kept one bullet in the gun, just in case."

Bones turned abruptly and strode to his car. Archy called after him. "I'm a sportsman," he said. "I didn't want you to think I'd be a sitting duck."

The gunman clashed his gears and drove away, kicking up a barrage of pebbles. He wrenched his car around the corner and drove toward headquarters.

"Was that necessary, Mr. Butts?" Boots asked.

"It seemed like a good idea," he answered.

"You humiliated him. You made him lose face."

"Exactly," Archy said.

"You know what that means. With a man of his kind."

He nodded. "Sorry if I annoyed you, Miss Quinto, but it seemed advisable in the way of business."

Mr. Magin was standing there, mouth still agape. "The like of it I never see outside a circus. Where in tunket did you learn to shoot like that?"

"Out in the Near East," Archy said. "One of our superintendents was a former FBI man. Time hung heavily sometimes, so he took me in hand."

Give THE UNITED WAY

"And practiced a lot," said Mr. Magin.

"Quite a lot," Archy answered.

"To be sure. To be sure. Jest proves what I allus said that practice makes perfect." He preened himself. "I've thought up a heap of sayin's like that in my time." He got up and ambled into the store, leaving Archy and Boots alone on the stoop.

"It doesn't matter," she said in a low voice, "how good a shot you are, if your enemy shoots from ambush."

"An occupational hazard," he said lightly. "Do you think he has recognized you?"

"I'm sure he hasn't," Boots answered.

"Then what's he prowling around here for?"

She raised her brows. "It may nonplus you, Mr. Butts," she said, "but men have prowled around me before."

"But you weren't rigged out the way you are," he said teasingly.

"Science teaches us," she said, "that there is a type of man who prowls around after anything female."

"If I were you, Miss Quinto," Archy said, "I wouldn't go projecting off into the woods alone. Men like Bones Leary do inhuman things when they're buzzed up with marijuana."

She drew her shoulders together as with a chill. "Was that what I smelled?" she asked.

He drove back to headquarters and strolled over to the cookhouse. Half a dozen of the staff were at the U-shaped table. An air of gloom sat heavily upon the place. Archy looked from face to face, and then asked a question.

"Is anything wrong?" he said.

"Up to now," answered the young man on his right, "the hex has gone after inanimate objects. Now it has pounced on a man. Brandt. Construction foreman. Hurt bad. They've taken him to the hospital in Edmonton."

TO BE CONTINUED

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Broadway Calling (Continued from Page 37)

about. As soon as I find out, I'll write and let you know. I've lost my appetite. I lie awake with my eyes open, trying to imagine myself into the role of Jennie. All I know is, I've tried to take poison. I thought of calling Mr. Wiler at nine one evening to ask him why. But then I decided he might be annoyed and I'd better wait.

Love to dad and the kids. Will write as soon as I find out anything new.

Your loving daughter,
MARIE

Martha Washington Hotel
New York, N.Y.
Sept. 15

Dear Mom and Dad: I have just had the most thrilling hour of my life! I've met Ella Marsh, who's come out from Hollywood to play the part of Corinne in The Reverend Ben. With Miss Marsh in the leading feminine role, our play can't help be a hit! And George Kent is going to do Ben. Remember how wonderful he was in the Arthur Miller play two years ago? The others also were there, performers we've seen in movies and TV, but I had eyes only for Miss Marsh.

She is so utterly natural! Not stagy or haughty at all, but intense. Very intense. I couldn't look away from her. She was saying to Mr. Bronson, "It's a haunting character, Arthur. I'm anxious to play it. But, after all, I haven't done a dramatic part on Broadway in eight years. And I feel a little ——"

"Ella, let me tell you something," said Mr. Bronson. "It was the author who first mentioned your name. Sydney. He said, 'Arthur, if Ella Marsh reads The Reverend Ben, I know she'll want to do it.'"

Mr. Sydney was standing in the shadows beside a bookcase in Mr. Bronson's living room, putting tobacco in his pipe. He said, "You *are* Corinne."

"We've got a great play and a great director to stage it," Mr. Bronson said. "We've got a fine cast. We've got the backing ——" He wiped his glasses. "Well, almost all of it. I'm after the Music Box Theater, and I think ——"

"The Music Box!" Miss Marsh exclaimed. "That huge place?"

"You can fill it, Ella. This is an expensive show, and we need a big house. Anyway, you're the only one besides George Kent in the cast who's read the play. So we thought John ought to brief them before he distributed the sides. John?"

Mr. Wiler said to us, "Most of you know my theory of staging. It's perfection. That's all I expect from anyone."

We laughed a little.

"Six weeks from now, and you'll be saying, 'Hey, this guy really means it.'"

We coughed a little.

He said, "In Ella Marsh we have an artist of the first rank. That goes as well for George Kent. Ellison Bay is designing our sets. But perfection is wasted if you don't have a fine dramatic vehicle to work with. I think The Reverend Ben is a deeply moving and heart-warming play. It is a simple enough story about a collection of oddly assorted characters who live in a place called Mrs. Albertson's Rooming House. I'm just going to give you the gist of it. These people are all failures in one way or another, and so they resent and hate each other. Corinne, played by Miss Marsh, is a hard young woman who has a good job in an accounting firm. She lives at Albertson's because she enjoys lording it over these little people.

"Then one day," said Mr. Wiler, "the Reverend Ben arrives. He's taken leave of absence from his small church out West to complete a course at one of New York's seminaries. The people at the rooming house promptly make him the butt of their cheap wit and cruel jokes. Corinne is fascinated by his apparent simplicity. She decides to corrupt young Ben just for the sheer pleasure of spoiling something good and innocent."

During all this I kept wondering where Jennie came in.

"One evening," Mr. Wiler went on, "Ben hears sobs in the room next to him. He finds a young girl who no longer wants to live. She's in desperate trouble about a man. It seems to Ben that if he cannot restore this little waif's desire to live, his own faith will be destroyed. Only by proving that those around her care whether she lives or dies can this be demonstrated.

"And so," he said, "our play is the story of Ben's attempt to show that even these tough and casehardened people have left in them a shred of decency—with a young girl's life riding on the outcome. Now I've told you only what seems necessary for a first feel of the theme and characters. As our rehearsals progress, the thing will take firmer shape in your minds. Any questions?"

I don't know what made me speak up, mamma. But I said, "Is someone going to understudy Miss Marsh?"

It was Arthur Bronson who answered this question. "Nobody understudies a star like Ella Marsh. If she's out of the play, the public wants its money back."

Somebody laughed. "Looks like we've got an actress in the cast."

He meant me, mamma. You know, for suggesting that maybe I might understudy Miss Marsh's part.

But anyway, we got our sides and signed our Equity contracts. I realize that play scripts cost a lot, and because the individual sides just have each actor's own lines with the previous speech cued in, they're easier to learn this way. But I do want to read the whole play, and I'm going to try to borrow a copy.

I went home with Winifred Taylor, who has a tiny part as a simple old lady in The Reverend Ben. Miss Taylor's been acting for forty years, and is a dear old soul. I never did, but you might have seen her in silent pictures. We had a nice talk. She's agreed to help me study my part. We don't meet again for three weeks. Then we're starting actual rehearsals in the old Amsterdam Theater.

I'm very tense and keyed up and want to be letter-perfect in my lines before we begin. So I will say good night. Love and kisses to you both, and say good night to the kids for sis.

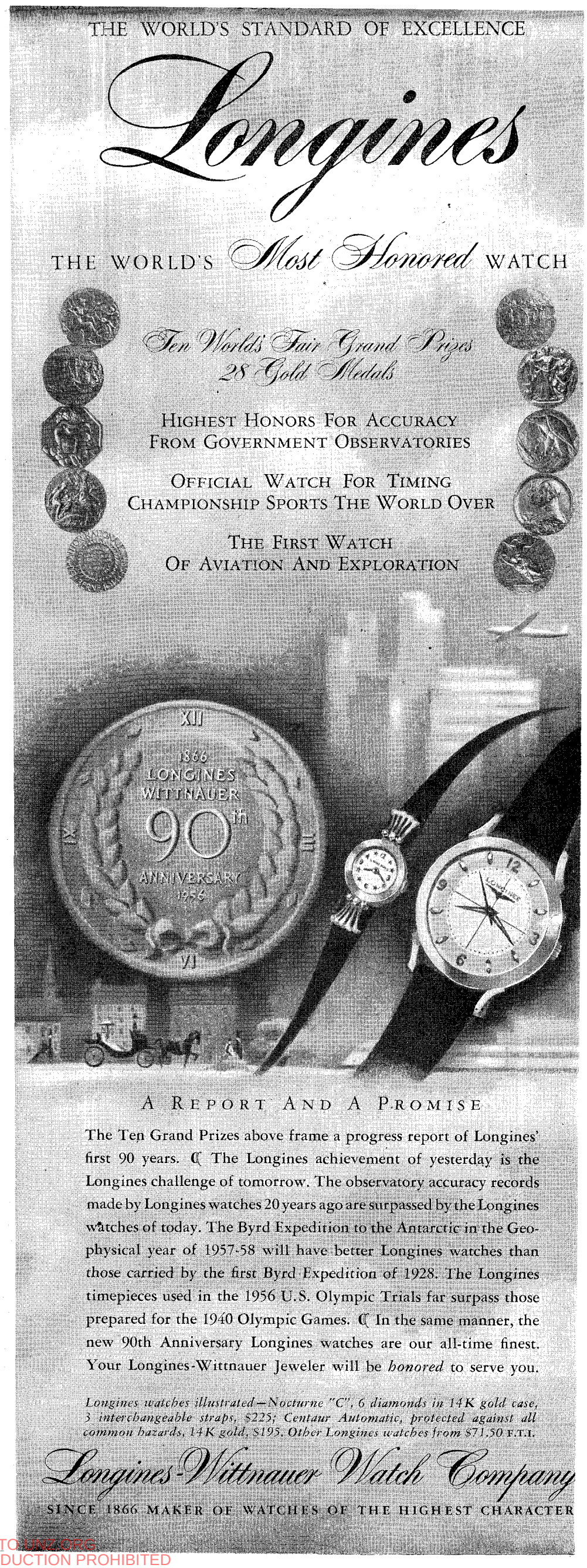
Your affectionate daughter,
MARIE

Martha Washington Hotel
Oct. 7

Dear Mamma and Dad: I have finally got hold of a copy of The Reverend Ben!

There is a boy who is playing a character called Loudmouth in it. His name is Johnny Gear and he's very good. He's had five plays so far, but no hits. His part goes all the way through, and he borrowed a copy from Mr. Kent, an unrevised one. All this time Mr. Bronson and Miss Marsh and Mr. Wiler and Kent and the author have been making revisions in the script. They've written four new drafts, changing scenes, speeches, things about getting on and off the stage, and finally Johnny got hold of an old copy and we've been reading it.

It's so touching it had me in tears. I don't mean it's a tragedy. There are some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THE FIRST WATCH
OF AVIATION AND EXPLORATION
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LONGINES
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A REPORT AND A PROMISE
The Ten Grand Prizes above frame a progress report of Longines' first 90 years. ¶ The Longines achievement of yesterday is the Longines challenge of tomorrow. The observatory accuracy records made by Longines watches 20 years ago are surpassed by the Longines watches of today. The Byrd Expedition to the Antarctic in the Geophysical year of 1957-58 will have better Longines watches than those carried by the first Byrd Expedition of 1928. The Longines timepieces used in the 1956 U.S. Olympic Trials far surpass those prepared for the 1940 Olympic Games. ¶ In the same manner, the new 90th Anniversary Longines watches are our all-time finest. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.
Longines watches illustrated—Nocturne "C", 6 diamonds in 14K gold case, 3 interchangeable straps, $225; Centaur Automatic, protected against all common hazards, 14K gold, $195. Other Longines watches from $71.50 F.T.I.
Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company
SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

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awfully funny scenes in it, and some with Miss Marsh that are just terrific. But the finest of all is the Christmas party where Ben gets all these stinkers in my room where I'm ill in bed, and just for that little while they become human. And then a great scene when Corinne breaks up, caught in her own trap, because she's fallen in love with Ben, and never can have him, and —— Well, I didn't mean to go on and on, mamma. Actually, I don't have many lines. But it's a tremendous part because everything is playing around me while I'm trying to decide whether to live or die.

Winifred Taylor and Johnny and I have been studying together. We start rehearsals just a week from today. He's very interesting. Very relaxed, as though the play didn't matter too much, or his career. But I think he's serious and talented. He laughs at me, and calls me The Actress, because I'm ambitious and concentrate so hard. He said, "It's only make-believe, Marie. Let up a little."

It's not make-believe to me, mamma. I can't exactly describe my feelings. I want to be an actress so bad it hurts. I mean it really hurts. In that scene where Ben is telling me about all the lovely things in the world I'll be giving up if I let myself die, tears come in my eyes, and they're real tears. I don't see how anyone can be casual about an acting career the way Johnny Gear pretends to be. I said a prayer of thanks on my knees the other night to be in so strong and beautiful a play. I'm going to study and learn from Mr. Wiler every tiniest thing I can. Let them call me The Actress. I don't care. Someday I'll be an actress, as fine a one as Miss Marsh. They won't laugh at me then.

She is a wonderful woman. Married, as you know, to that wealthy Los Angeles lawyer, and has a lovely daughter of four. But she leaves all that to come on and do a Broadway play. That's what it means to be an actress, mamma. Sacrifice.

I expect Johnny to call any minute. We study at Miss Winifred's apartment, because the M. W. is a ladies' hotel and he can't come here. So I'll say good-by. Love to dad, and tell those two kids to behave themselves or they won't get to see sis's play.

Your devoted daughter,
MARIE

Martha Washington Hotel
Oct. 9

Dear Mom & Dad: So much has happened to me in the past two days!

Monday rehearsals began. Mr. Wiler doesn't start from Scene I and do the play in sequence. He takes certain key scenes and "puts them on their feet"—organizes a set of characters so they can rehearse independently. After four hours Mr. Wiler got to me. Kent was tied up with Miss Marsh, and the director himself cued me in the poison scene.

When it was over, he looked at me in a very peculiar way. "What happened," he asked, "to the other girl?"

"What other girl, Mr. Wiler?"

"Neilson. The one who read this part in Mr. Bronson's office. Whoever you are, you're just lousing it up."

I said, "I'm very sorry if I've loused it up, Mr. Wiler. What am I doing?"

"Reciting," he said. "You've learned the lines and you're spouting them like a gusher. Now let's go back and live it."

I couldn't seem to "live" it the way he wanted.

"All right," he said, and he walked off. What kept me from crying I don't know. The rehearsal went on and I just stood around and got lonely. It was the loneliest I'd ever felt in my life, mamma, like I wasn't in this play any more.

Then he dismissed the company and I was going to leave and he said, "You wait, Neilson." When we were all by ourselves in that big, empty theater, Mr. Wiler said, "Do you know why Jennie in this play wants to do away with herself?"

"Yes, Mr. Wiler. Because some man has got her in trouble."

"No, ma'am," he said. "Because she's young and inexperienced and not ready to face the facts of life. Neither are you. You're not up to this part. And that's precisely why I chose you for it. Do you understand me, Neilson?"

"I—I think so," I said.

"When I walked off and left you, you felt insecure, neglected, left out."

I gulped. "Yes, Mr. Wiler. About as lonely as anybody can feel."

"Good. Now you're Jennie," he said.

I walked home in a kind of a daze. No wonder John Wiler is looked up to. The things about human nature a good director has to know! And a good actress.

The next day I was doing my bit with the landlady in the play when Miss Marsh suddenly went white. She was working with Kent and he caught her as she staggered. Bronson and Wiler rushed over, and I could see beads of perspiration on her forehead. Then she was all right and she laughed and said, "I guess that pastry for lunch disagreed with me. I'm O.K." They wanted her to go back to her hotel, but she insisted on continuing the rehearsal.

This afternoon we were all doing something different and it seemed like bedlam, with (*Continued on Page 68*)

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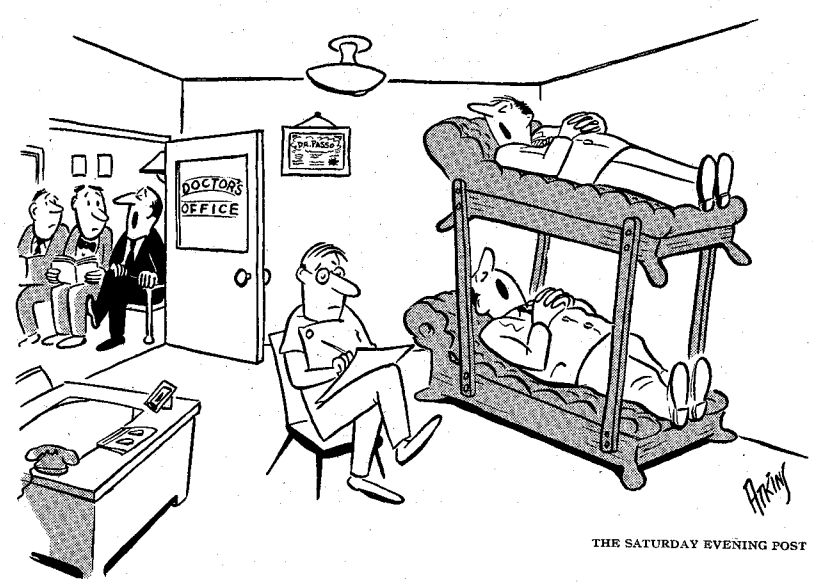

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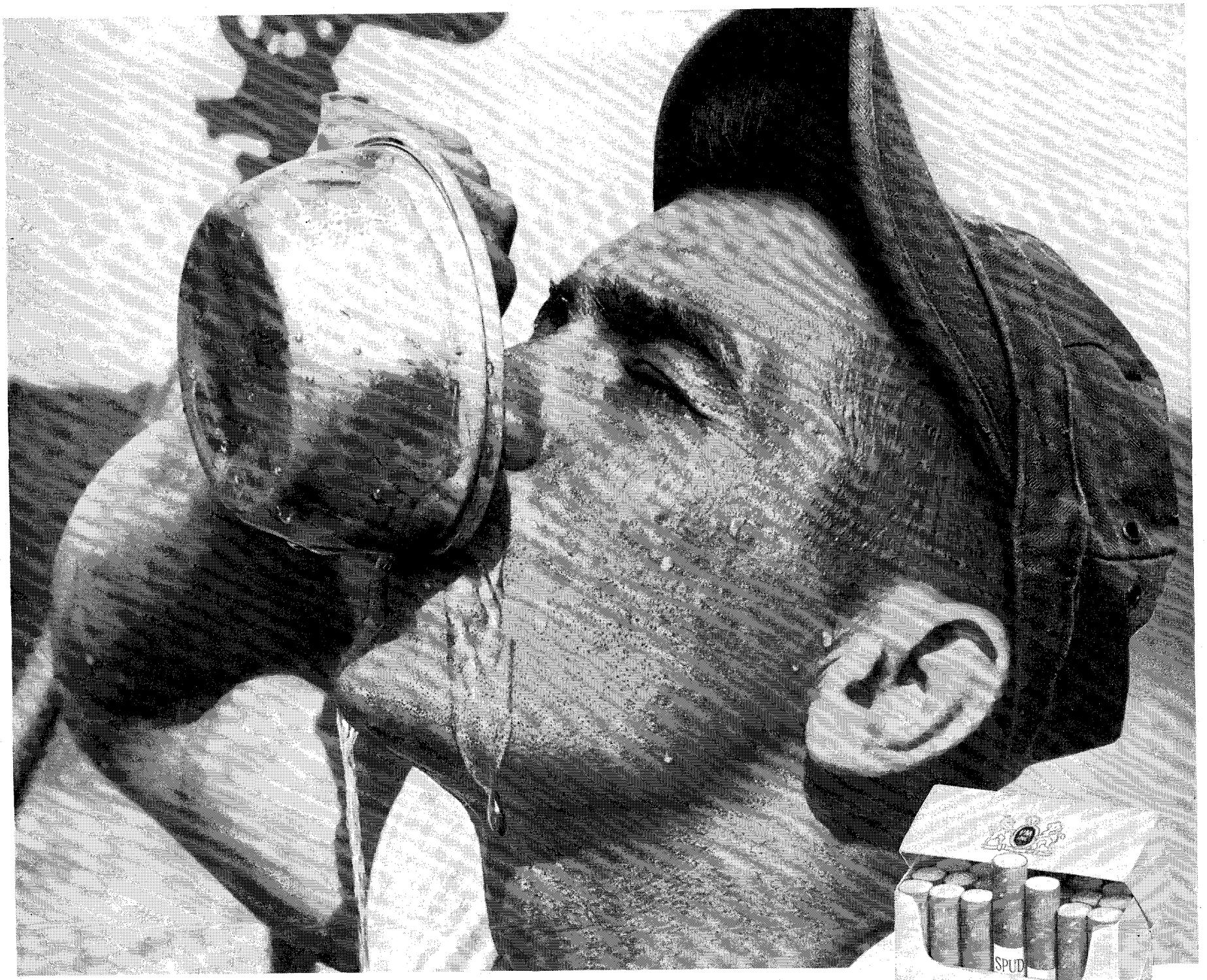

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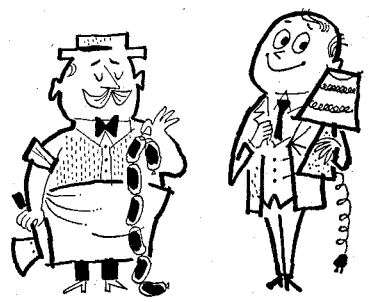

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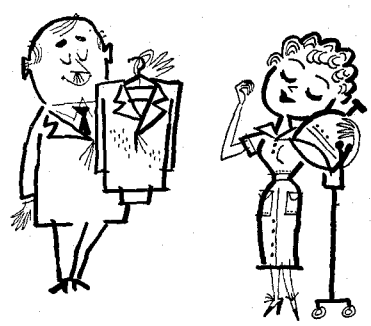

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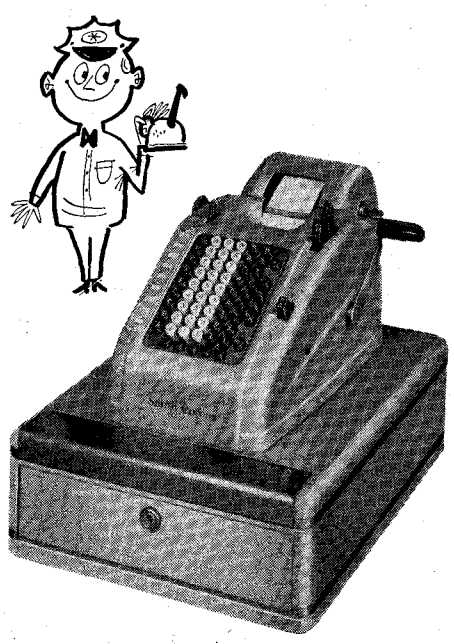

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(*Continued from Page 66*) Ella Marsh and Kent upstage, Mr. Sydney and Arthur Bronson watching from the orchestra pit, and Wiler saying, "No, no," to Doctor Brady in the play. "You're jittery and you need a drink and you don't care what happens to this girl."

And then Ella called for time, and I think I was the only one who noticed she was sick again. She drinks hot tea from a vacuum bottle during rehearsals, and I saw her hand shaking. But she kept talking and pretending nothing was wrong, and I doubt if anyone else saw it.

So, mamma, I've made a decision. I'm going to understudy the part of Corinne. I don't care what Mr. Bronson said, I'm going to be ready to go on if something happens to Ella. Maybe they won't let me, but I'll be ready. Miss Winifred will help me, I know. This play has got into my heart. I've been making myself into Jennie, but in a bigger way I'm giving myself up to the play. People outside call this "stage-struck." All right. Then I'm stage-struck. I want to help in whatever way I can to bring our play to life, and I'll work and take abuse and criticism to do it.

There are just three weeks of rehearsal, with the performers drawing half pay. Then ten days out of town. Less than five weeks, mamma, to make a play!

I told Johnny my decision. He shook his head at me sadly. But then he offered to help me read Corinne. This means staying up half the night. But Winnie's letting us use her little apartment.

Now don't worry, mamma. I'm being very properly chaperoned. And I respect Johnny Gear as a gentleman. In fact, I think a great deal of him, really. He pretends to be casual, but I'm sure he's as deeply involved in The Reverend Ben as I am. Will say good-by for this time, as we're meeting in a little while.

Love to all,
MARIE

Martha Washington Hotel
Oct. 16

Dear Mamma: I know. I haven't written for a week. This was terrible of me, but there were reasons. Mostly Corinne. I've got the lines pretty good, but Johnny and Miss Winnie say I read too fast. I don't know why I do that. Right now my head is kind of dizzy, with words buzzing in it even when I don't want them to. My eyes are bothering me a little and I'm kind of numb from want of sleep.

But happy, mamma. Awful happy.

They're giving it to me now. The ribbing. Calling me The Actress. Making fun. But not in a cruel way. Just joking, because with all this tension it helps to joke. "Where's The Actress?" somebody hollers, and then we take the Christmas scene. Somebody says, "We can't let The Actress die, boys. We need her for Corinne in the third act."

I did a horrible thing the other afternoon, mamma. You see, I know Ella Marsh is not well. The others don't notice this, because she acts above it. But I know. I've kept watching her drink tea from that vacuum bottle, and I finally got suspicious. I thought maybe she had whisky in there, or something. During a break I sat at the little table and sneaked a smell.

Then I heard a voice, and there she was behind me. "Like some tea, Marie?"

I was so embarrassed I could have died.

Miss Marsh sat down beside me. "I've got some vices, darling," she said, "but hard liquor isn't one of them."

"Miss Marsh ——"

"Yes. I see you keep eying me. And all this understudying business. You noticed I've been having spells. But don't worry, dear. I'm tough. Really. Like Corinne."

"I guess you think I'm a silly little fool, Miss Marsh."

"No. But remember. It's only a play."

"Only a play!"

"It'll close. Sooner or later. Then you'll go on to something else." A fleeting look of sadness came and went in Miss Marsh's expressive face. A kind of old look. I can't describe it, because Ella Marsh is still a young woman. "You'll finally learn to keep back a little of yourself. So you don't die when the play dies." Then her face lit up suddenly into a wide smile. "Do have some tea, Marie. I live on it. It's full of acetic acid or actinic rays or something. Now I'm on set again—I mean onstage."

Meanwhile we are all having a hard time with the script, because changes keep coming through. Some of them are radical. I thought The Reverend Ben was perfect as it was, but apparently Mr. Wiler and Arthur Bronson and the author don't think so.

Mamma, I'm dead for sleep. Forgive me if I close now. Tell dad I had his sweet letter, and I am looking out for myself. One of the boys did sort of make a halfhearted pass at me, but Johnny came over and said, "Lay off The Actress, Harv. She's sacred to The Reverend Ben." I was kind of flattered, both at the pass and Johnny's concern. But there just isn't time for things like that in my life—at least, not just now.

Love as always,
MARIE

The Wind in the Chimney

The wind's complaining in
the chimney;
It has a lonely sound.
A wild and free thing from
the treetops—
Trapped too near the
ground!

By Margery Mansfield

Later.

It was simply awful! You know, I'm in bed during the Christmas scene. Well, it happened. I fell asleep! I heard somebody call my name. I was dreaming and I thought it was dad getting me up for school. Mr. Wiler was standing over me. "O.K. Ten minutes," he called. Everybody was laughing. Somebody said, "How about changing the title to The Sleeping Beauty?" "It's been used," somebody else said. Honest, I was so ashamed I could have crawled under the covers. Then Mr. Wiler went and brought me back a paper carton of hot coffee. He bent down and he whispered, grinning, "Me too. Only I'm sleeping standing up."

Martha Washington Hotel
Oct. 30

Dear Mom and Dad: In a couple of hours we're taking the train for Wilmington. In Wilmington I'll be staying at the Dupont Hotel. Right next to it is The Playhouse, where The Reverend Ben is opening. There'll be a dress rehearsal Friday morning, our first performance before an audience Friday night, then a matinee Saturday, and another performance on Saturday night. On Sunday we go, sets and all, to Boston, where we'll be playing a whole week at the Shubert Theater.

I'll phone you from Wilmington. When dad called me the other night—you shouldn't have been worried, really!—I was so tired I could hardly talk straight. But Mr. Bronson had spoken to us about not asking friends or relatives to the opening, because this is distracting and we must be free of engagements. These performances are still rehearsals, and actually the only out-of-town people invited are the play's backers. Critics sometimes come to steal a look, but they're not wanted.

The fact is, we have not had one single complete run-through! Three weeks are simply not enough time to stage a dramatic play. But Equity allows only three weeks at half pay, and with it costing about $80,000 as it is, the time has to be kept short. I've been learning a lot from old Winnie. It seems there are all kinds of things that affect a play which have nothing to do with acting. Finances, theaters, backers, agents; costumers, designers, stagehands; how sets are changed; lighting and sound effects; payrolls and budgeting, and I don't know what all. We have a very sweet stage manager, Mr. Veck. He's done all Mr. Wiler's plays. "I'm holding you personally responsible for that blasted poison-bottle prop," he told me. "Keep it on you, Marie."

I can do the whole part of Corinne now. I think. And John Wiler seems satisfied at last with my Jennie. He hasn't said it's good, but I keep working on the inflections, slowing it down, and he doesn't say it's bad. Miss Marsh looks tired. The part is very exhausting—I know. But she's shown no signs of those old nauseous spells lately. Still, I'm ready, if anything should happen.

Will close, in haste, as I haven't finished packing.

I wonder if you can imagine how happy I am, mom? To be what I am, to do what I am doing?

They still call me The Actress. But sort of affectionately now. Love,
MARIE

Wilmington, Del.
Oct. 31

Dears: Oh, Lordy! I'm eating a chicken sandwich with one hand and writing this with the other. It's exactly 7:15 P.M. We never did finish the dress rehearsal! Started at 9 A.M. on the stage of The Playhouse, on the actual sets for the first time, and still haven't had a complete run-through. I wish I was dead. I mean at least dead enough not to know what's going to happen in front of that audience. The actors know their parts; it's the technical crews who haven't had rehearsing. Mr. Veck has the only official play script in the theater. Mr. Bronson goes around like he's half crazy. I don't think Mr. Wiler has eaten since last night.

You ought to see our dressing rooms, mamma. Like torture chambers in some ancient castle. Miss Winnie and I share ——

My phone just rang. It was Johnny. He says they want me in the theater. Love. Good night. Oh, Lordy!

MARIE

Wilmington, Del.
Nov. 1

Dear Mamma and Dad: I didn't see the play.

I mean I was backstage, of course. A stage set from the rear is like a huge packing case with doors, and you can't see what's going on. Mr. Veck cues the electricians, and the assistant is spotted where he can send us on. But backstage you don't see the action or really hear it, so I never saw the play.

It ran more than a half hour over, but they said nobody in the audience left to catch trains. (*Continued on Page 72*)

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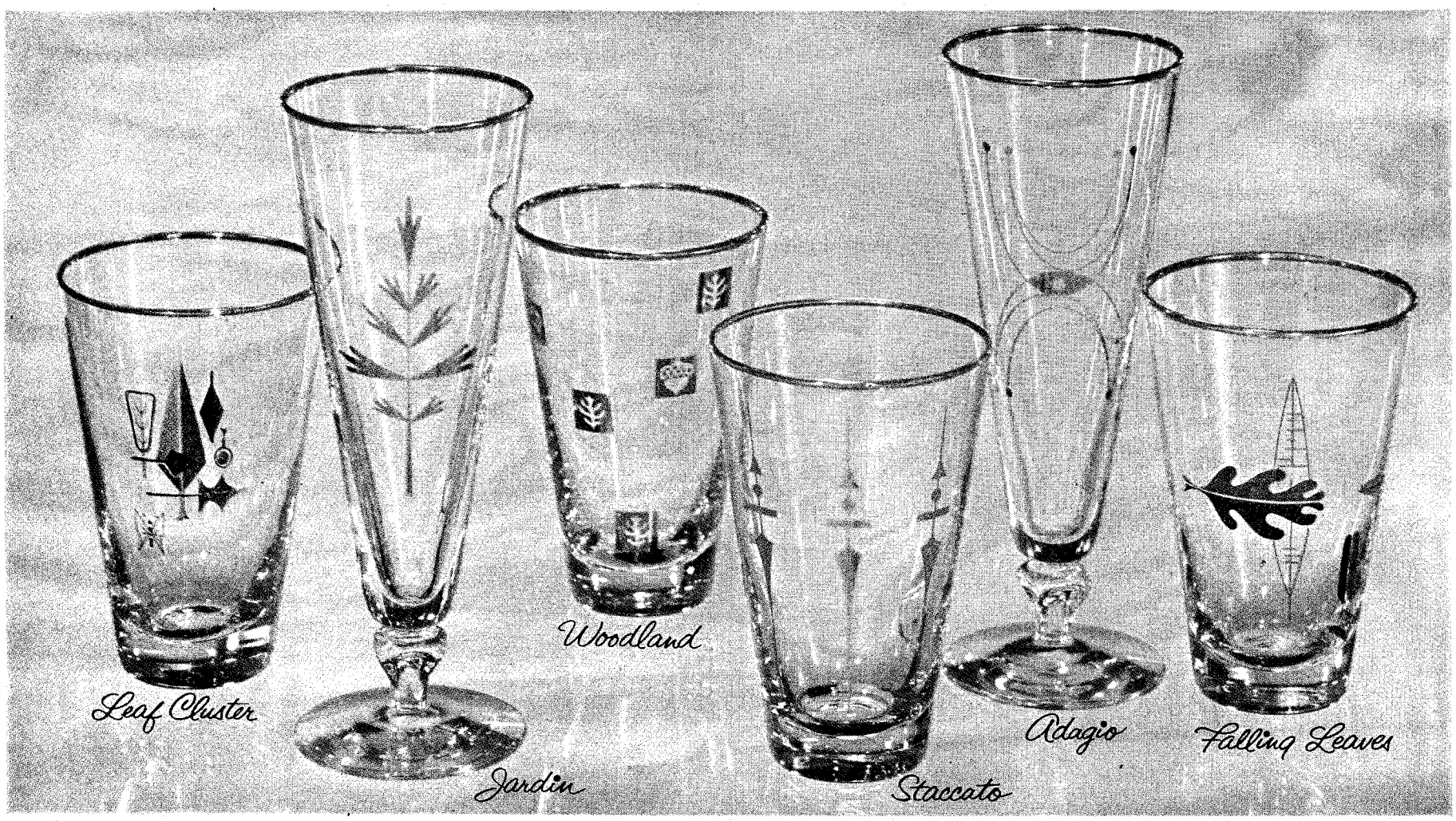

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All this comfort and "Touch of Tomorr beauty have been built around a New Kin Ride. The '57 Ford has a new kind of s balance, the firm low-center road-holding that Americans want in a car, the kind of that used to be the mark only of the fi of fine cars. Now that luxurious solidity hug-the-road ability surround you as ride in the New Kind of Ford.

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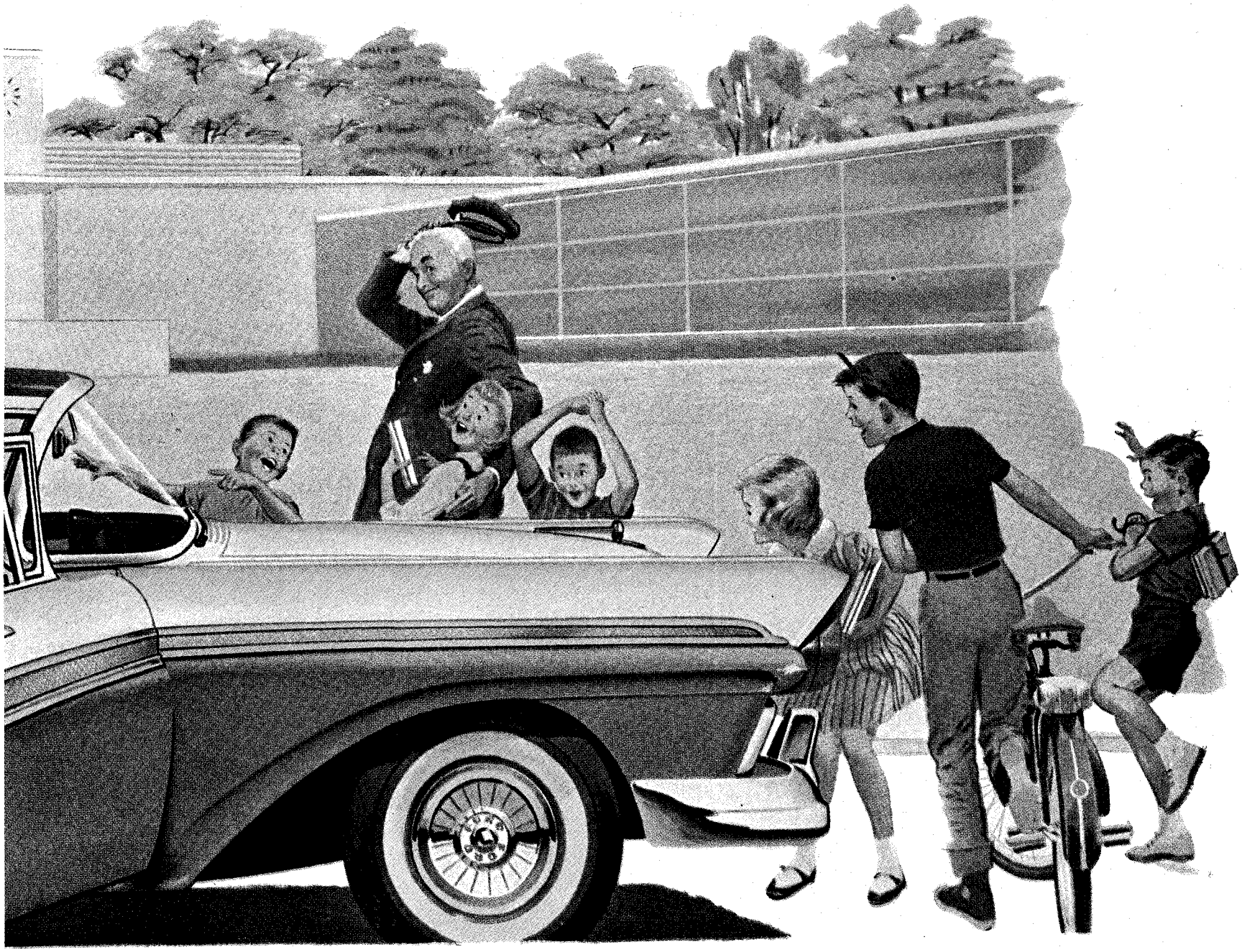

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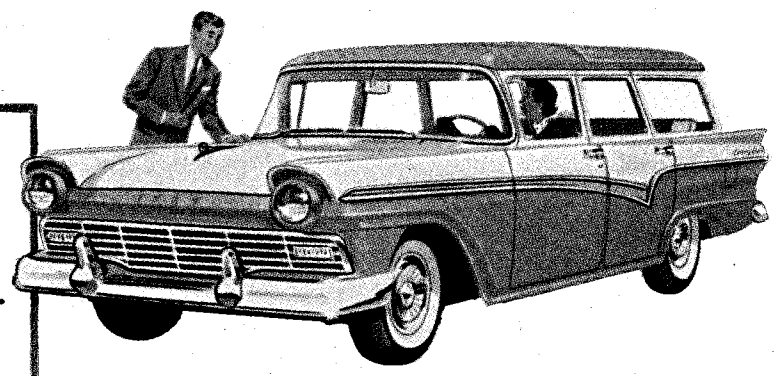

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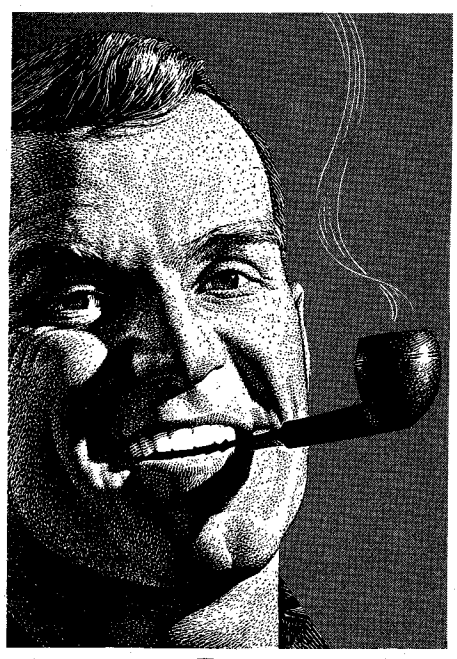

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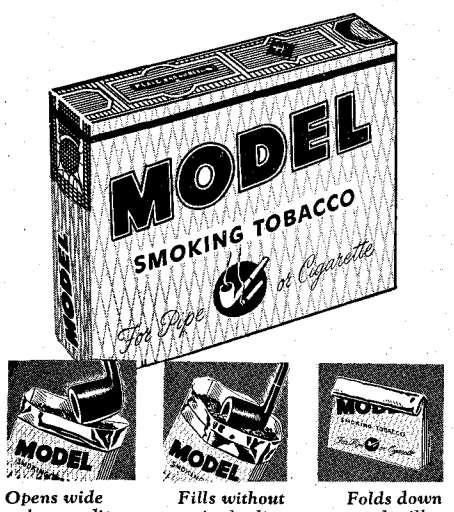

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Folds down neatly till smoked completely

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
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(*Continued from Page 68*) In my scenes I didn't even notice the audience. I just saw the faces of Corinne and Ben and Doctor Brady in the play, and I was acting for Mr. Wiler. I wanted him to be glad he'd chosen me.

I've seen the main review. It said nice things about the cast, and complimented Mr. Sydney on his play. I'm enclosing five copies in this letter. I've marked the place where it says, "Miss Neilson's 'Jennie' is a tender and altogether believable portrait of a deeply troubled girl."

But we have no real way of knowing if our play's a fine one or not. We've been through it too often to know. We're all awfully tired, doing it twice yesterday and now twice again today. So, of course, we're frightened. Frightened that audiences may not like it. It's feeling wildly joyous one minute and scared to death the next that tires one out. Miss Marsh had ten curtain calls. But then, Wilmington isn't New York.

When I went down to have breakfast with Johnny, we saw Bronson and Mr. Wiler and Kent and Ella Marsh at a table, talking. Ella was laughing, but not the others. What a woman. Feeling as she does, knowing that many in the audience had come out just to look at a Hollywood star, going through that ragged performance last night, and seeming so fresh and carefree—that's courage. Johnny said the sets didn't move fast enough, lights went on and off when they shouldn't, cues got mixed, the whole thing kept going too slow, props got mislaid. But I held onto my poison bottle for dear life. These things will iron out, they say, and eventually we'll have a play. I haven't seen Mr. Sydney, the author. Maybe the strain was a little too ——

I'm sorry. I've just been called by Mr. Veck. They want us backstage by 11:30. So good-by. I have to make a confession. This morning I stood in front of the theater and read the playbill in the glass case in big black letters, with my name fifth in the cast, and I made believe it was saying, "Mr. Arthur Bronson presents Miss Marie Neilson in The Reverend Ben, a new play by Charles Sydney, and starring George Kent ——"

Wasn't that silly, mamma?

Love,
MARIE

Hotel Statler
Boston, Mass.
Nov. 6

Dear Folks: All the things that have been happening since I last phoned you! Our Boston opening was good. It went so much better than Wilmington. But I'll start at the beginning. First, Winnie Taylor was written out on the train coming up. That set had to be cut to save playing time. We both cried when she left. It wasn't that she cared much about the part, but a cast is like a family, and she hated to leave it. "You've got a hit here, Marie," she said. "I've been in a great many plays, and I know you've got a hit."

But Bronson was worried. Not about notices. The reviews were fine, as you can see from the enclosed, especially in praise of Ella Marsh. But money. Investors hold back a certain amount until they feel it's safe to have a Broadway opening. Without this money, the play folds out of town. Those backers had not yet put up the rest of the money, George Kent told us. They were waiting to see how much we'd gross during the week at the Shubert. It gets very commercial at this stage, you see. Then agents who have talent invested come up from New York. The New York theater owner comes up. Suggestions and criticisms fly around in the air, and all the while we've got to give performances. Money had run out, and there was talk of asking Equity for salary help. Play revisions kept going on. Mr. Sydney looked haggard, and a little as if he didn't much care any more.

But he does care. We all care. In fact, we care so much it's starting to tell on us. But we're kind of helpless, and can't do anything else but what we're doing to make the play a success.

I said to Johnny, "Wouldn't it be terrible if we never got to New York?"

He shrugged. He is a cool character. Too cool, I used to think. But now I think it's strength. "My first play," he said, "closed out of town."

"Oh, Johnny! And how did you feel?"

"I packed my clothes and I took a train home to New Haven and I said to my mother if that was show business, I'd had enough of it to last a lifetime and I was ready to go into the clock factory with dad."

"And ——"

"Well, here I am," he said. "And I guess I'll never quit."

"Neither will I," I said.

"Not even if The Reverend Ben closes?"

My throat was dry. "No."

"After the work you put in studying Corinne?"

"But it's not going to close," I said.

"I think it will," said Johnny. "Audiences like the lighter stuff."

"They went to see Death of a Salesman."

"Yes. But this isn't Death of a Salesman."

"It's a beautiful play, Johnny. And I'd do it all over again. Even," I said, "if I knew it would close. I'd do it all over again."

"O.K.," he said. And he kissed me. Not only like some fellow kissing a girl, mamma, but as if sealing some secret bargain between two partners.

After the performance that night, Mr. Bronson called us all together and spoke to us backstage. This is what he said. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I want to tell you how grateful I am for the effort you've all put forth in behalf of The Reverend Ben. From Mr. Sydney and John Wiler, from Ella and George Kent right down to the last stagehand, you've given us and our play your full time and devotion."

I began dying, mamma, guessing what was coming.

Mr. Bronson lifted his glasses. His eyes were red. "Our backers, as you may or may not know, are not altogether satisfied with our reception here in Boston. Their interest is purely financial. Our interest is mighty financial too. We have our livings to make, families to support, bills to pay. But we have another stake in the theater besides money. Our hearts are wrapped up in it."

Mr. Wiler was trying to pick an imaginary thread from his old tweed jacket, and I thought I'd scream if he didn't stop.

Mr. Bronson went on, "I sat up with Mr. Wismer, who manages the New York theater, half the night. He just cannot see his way clear to taking us in unless we offer him a certain weekly guarantee. Without further financing, this guarantee cannot be made. Lacking money, the play must close."

Mr. Bronson reached a hand out and took hold of Miss Marsh's arm. "Our star could not sign a run-of-the-play contract because of a previous commitment. I want you to know now that this commitment had nothing to do with a movie. In a matter of seven months or so Miss Marsh expects to have a baby."

So that was the reason why ——

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Bronson, "she came on because she believed in Corinne and had a great faith in our play. She still has faith in it. So Ella and I have dug in our respective pockets, counted our resources, and come up with thirty thousand dollars of our own private money."

This was when tears got into my eyes.

"What happens after New York sees our play, no one can predict," Mr. Bronson said huskily. "But it's going to have its chance. And whatever the outcome, I want you to know now that I'm proud to have been associated with the artists who created it—our designer, our director, our author, our stars and cast. I'm especially grateful to Marie Neilson, who cared enough to understudy a big, demanding role. Maybe I'd have sent her on in an emergency. But thank heaven it never arose. I—well, I guess that's about all I have to say."

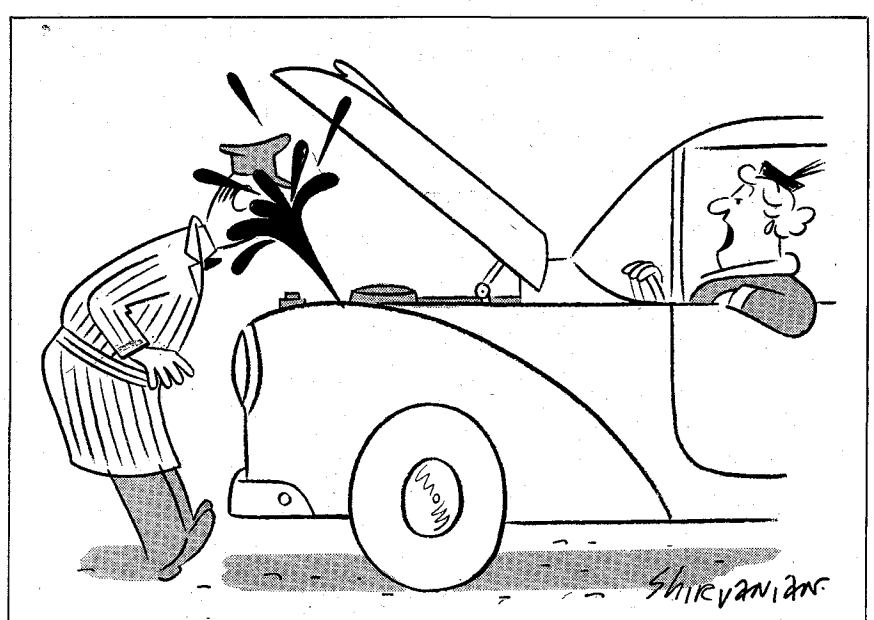
Or maybe it was here that the tears started.

So, mamma, we're going next week to New York. It won't hurt so much now even if it does close. Because I've been in a play, and only a certain part of you dies with it. You have to save a little, as Ella Marsh says, for the next one.

Good-by, dear mom and dad. Will send you tickets for our opening.

Love,
MARIE

THE END



"See what happens when I step on the accelerator?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PROTEIN!

Kellogg's new food discovery

Concentrated protein in a delicious new ready-to-eat form

The people in our pictures all have one thing in common: they need protein—and plenty of it.

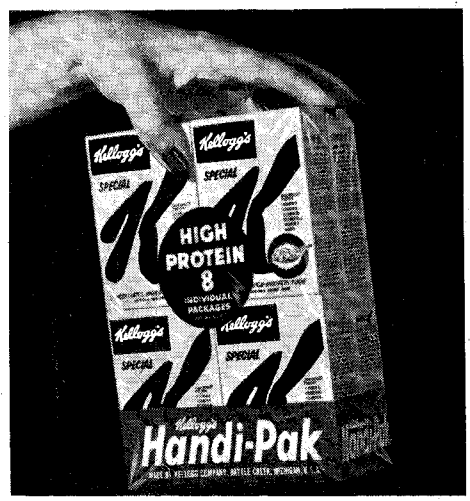
Kellogg's Special K is the new ready-to-eat cereal food that supplies the kind they (and you) need daily. There is more high-quality protein in a serving of Special K and milk or cream than in any other leading cereal—hot or cold. Twice as much protein as the average of all cereals put together.

This unusually appetizing cereal comes in a new form. It is more than a flake, more than a puff, with a flavor that has made millions of friends in a little more than a year.

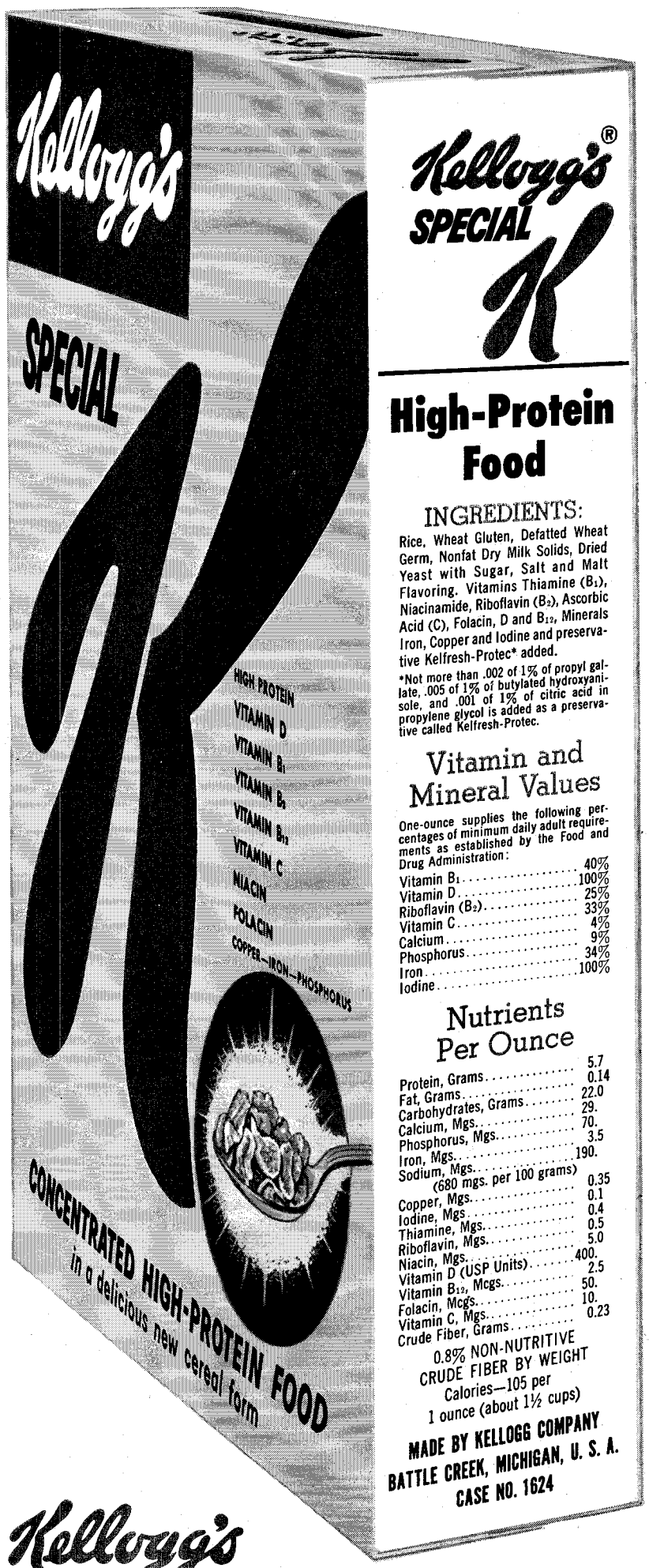
Spend a minute or two reading the nutrition story on the Special K package at your grocer's. Then find out how good it is.

Growing youngsters need up to twice as much protein per pound of body weight as adults. Special K provides *twice* the protein as the average of all cereals, hot or cold.

Watching your weight? Special K is ideal for high-protein, low-fat, low-calorie diets. (Only 105 calories per ounce.)



Now! Special K in Handi-Pak! Special K is now becoming available in the Kellogg's Handi-Pak—eight personal-portion "individuals" in one Handi-Pak. Look for it at *your* store.


Kellogg's
SPECIAL
HIGH PROTEIN
VITAMIN D
VITAMIN B1
VITAMIN B2
VITAMIN B12
VITAMIN C
NIACIN
FOLACIN
COPPER—IRON—PHOSPHORUS
CONCENTRATED HIGH-PROTEIN FOOD
in a delicious new cereal form
Kellogg's®
SPECIAL K
High-Protein Food
INGREDIENTS:
Rice, Wheat Gluten, Defatted Wheat Germ, Nonfat Dry Milk Solids, Dried Yeast with Sugar, Salt and Malt Flavoring. Vitamins Thiamine (B1), Niacinamide, Riboflavin (B2), Ascorbic Acid (C), Folacin, D and B12, Minerals Iron, Copper and Iodine and preservative Kelfresh-Protec* added.
*Not more than .002 of 1% of propyl gallate, .005 of 1% of butylated hydroxyanisole, and .001 of 1% of citric acid in propylene glycol is added as a preservative called Kelfresh-Protec.
Vitamin and Mineral Values
One-ounce supplies the following percentages of minimum daily adult requirements as established by the Food and Drug Administration:
Vitamin B1 ..... 40%
Vitamin D 100%
Riboflavin (B2) 25%
Vitamin C 33%
Calcium 4%
Phosphorus 9%
Iron 34%
Iodine 100%
Nutrients Per Ounce
Protein, Grams 5.7
Fat, Grams 0.14
Carbohydrates, Grams 22.0
Calcium, Mgs. ..... 29.
Phosphorus, Mgs. ..... 70.
Iron, Mgs. 3.5
Sodium, Mgs. ..... 190.
(680 mgs. per 100 grams)
Copper, Mgs. 0.35
Iodine, Mgs 0.1
Thiamine, Mgs. 0.4
Riboflavin, Mgs. 0.5
Niacin, Mgs. 5.0
Vitamin D (USP Units) ..... 400.
Vitamin B12, Mcgs. 2.5
Folacin, Mcgs. ..... 50.
Vitamin C, Mgs. ..... 10.
Crude Fiber, Grams 0.23
0.8% NON-NUTRITIVE CRUDE FIBER BY WEIGHT
Calories—105 per 1 ounce (about 1½ cups)
MADE BY KELLOGG COMPANY
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.
CASE NO. 1624

Kellogg's
OF BATTLE CREEK

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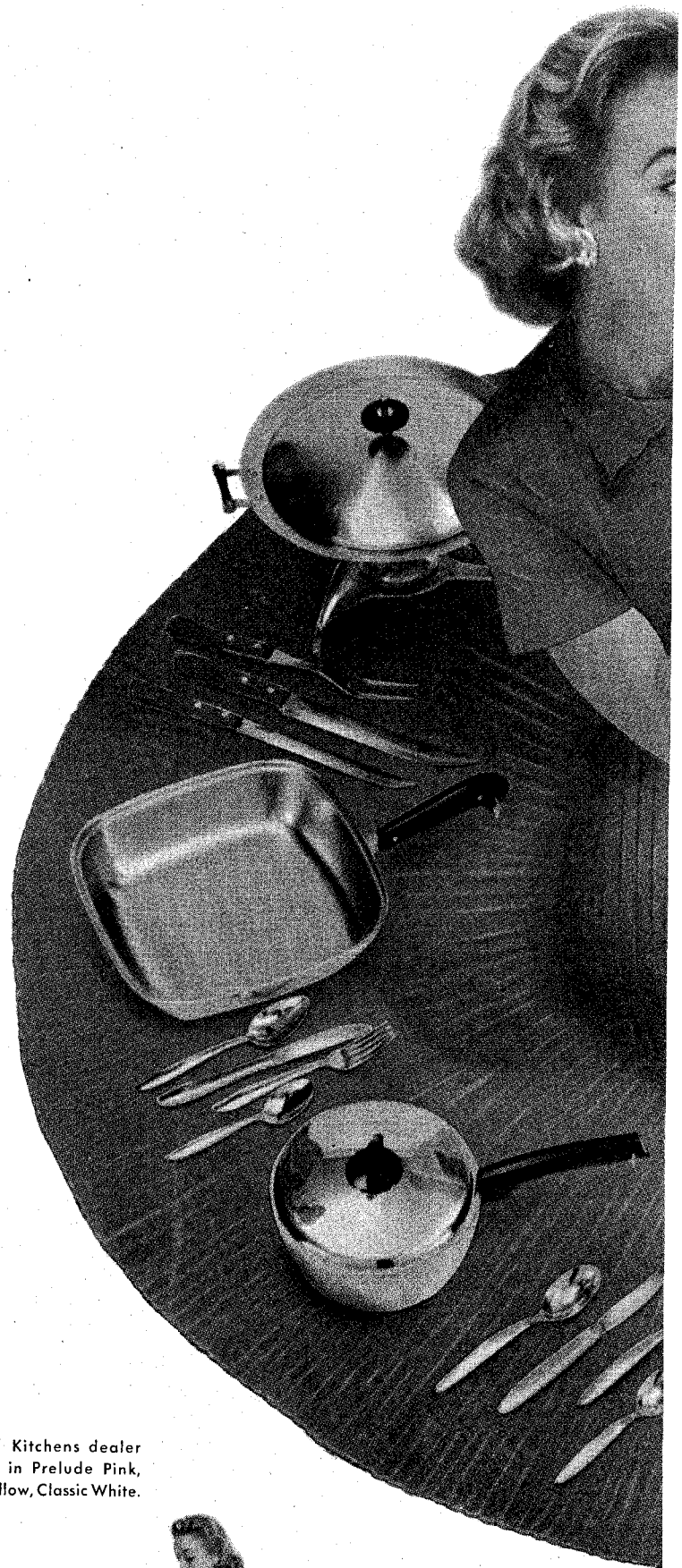
Surround her with *Stainless*... she'll love it for life!



November is Stainless Steel Month

See your Republic Steel Kitchens dealer for these lovely cabinets in Prelude Pink, Tempo Turquoise, Largo Yellow, Classic White.

STAINLESS STEEL is used to process milk to make sure it is pure and uncontaminated. Manufacturers of packaged foods depend upon stainless steel equipment every step of the way. So you know that stainless is safest of all metals for cooking and serving your family's food.

STAINLESS IS SAFE. Stainless is strong. This shining metal gives streamlined trains their grea strength, free from excess weight. Stainless is light enough to form the entire walls of office buildings and factories. There is no more versatile material.

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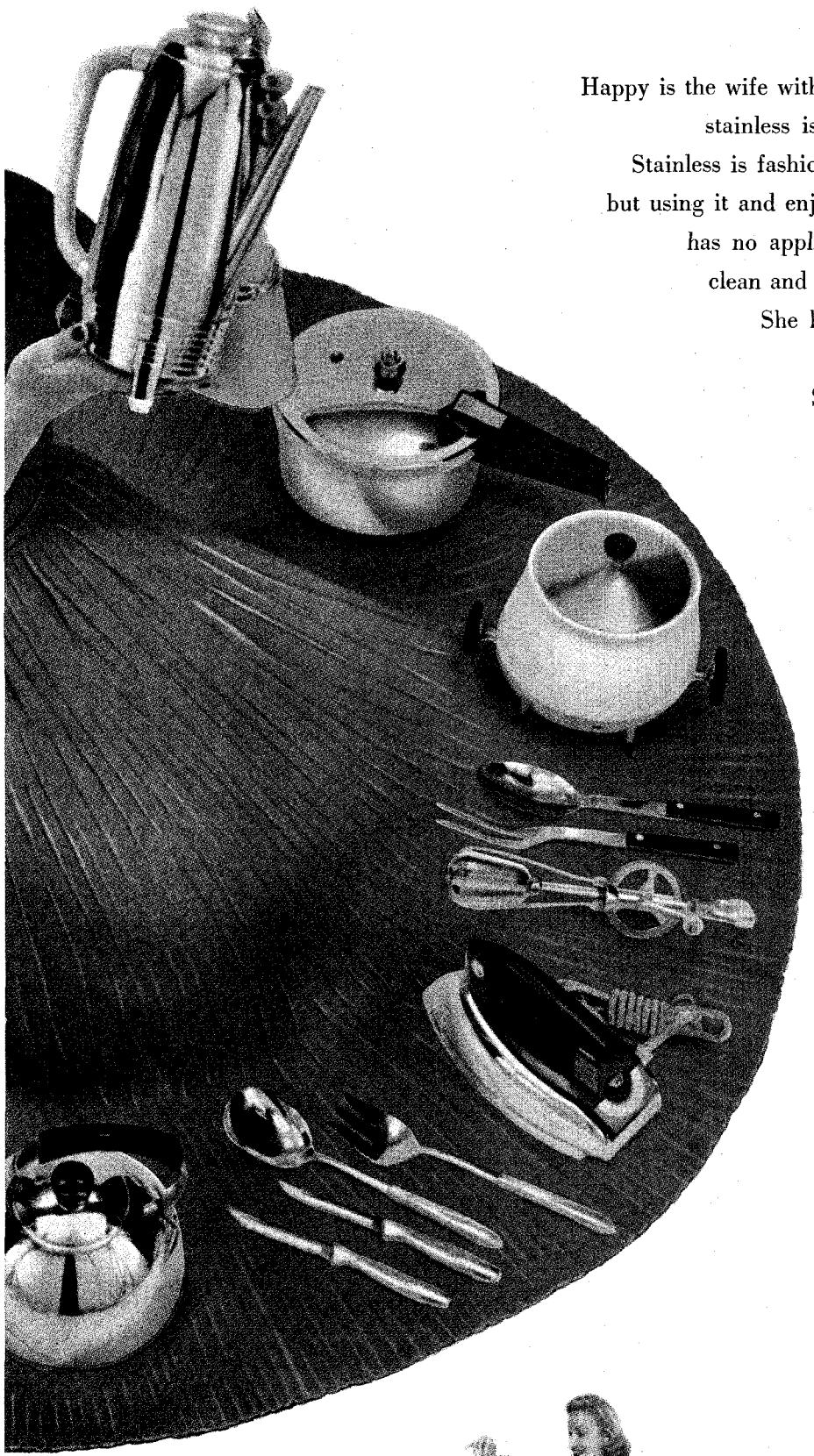

Happy is the wife with a houseful of stainless steel ware and appliances. Party-pretty stainless is starring on the smartest tables and in the best-run kitchens. Stainless is fashion-right, stays lifelong bright. She loves NOT polishing stainless, but using it and enjoying it. Stainless resists tarnishing; resists rust and corrosion; has no applied surface to chip, peel or wear away. It is superbly easy to clean and to keep clean. So sanitary! No polishing, no pampering needed. She has more time for the children, for clubs, for garden, for fun, for you. Stainless ware is as beautiful as it is practical. She can use it every day, then display it proudly when company comes. Manufacturers are cleverly combining the advantages of stainless steel with stunning traditional, contemporary and modern design. She can have new stainless ware that blends beautifully with cherished pieces she already owns. For all their lifelong beauty, stainless steel kitchenware, tableware, serving dishes, appliances, counter tops and sinks are priced surprisingly low. Shop the stores during November. It's *Stainless Steel Month* and all the newest items are on display. This holiday season, surround her with stainless. She'll love it for life. She'll love you for thinking of it.

REPUBLIC STEEL

General Offices • Cleveland 1, Ohio

REPUBLIC STEEL

World's Widest Range of Standard Steels and Steel Products

STAINLESS STEEL IN YOUR KITCHEN will stay sanitary and bright for a lifetime, with practically no help from you. That is why all restaurants and hospitals use stainless equipment for preparing and serving food.

THAT'S TRUE ON YOUR CAR, TOO. Stainless is the auto brightwork you *don't* have to "baby". Nothing else adds so much to the beauty of your car. Yes, *there is a big difference* in bright trim. Republic is world's largest producer of stainless and alloy steels.

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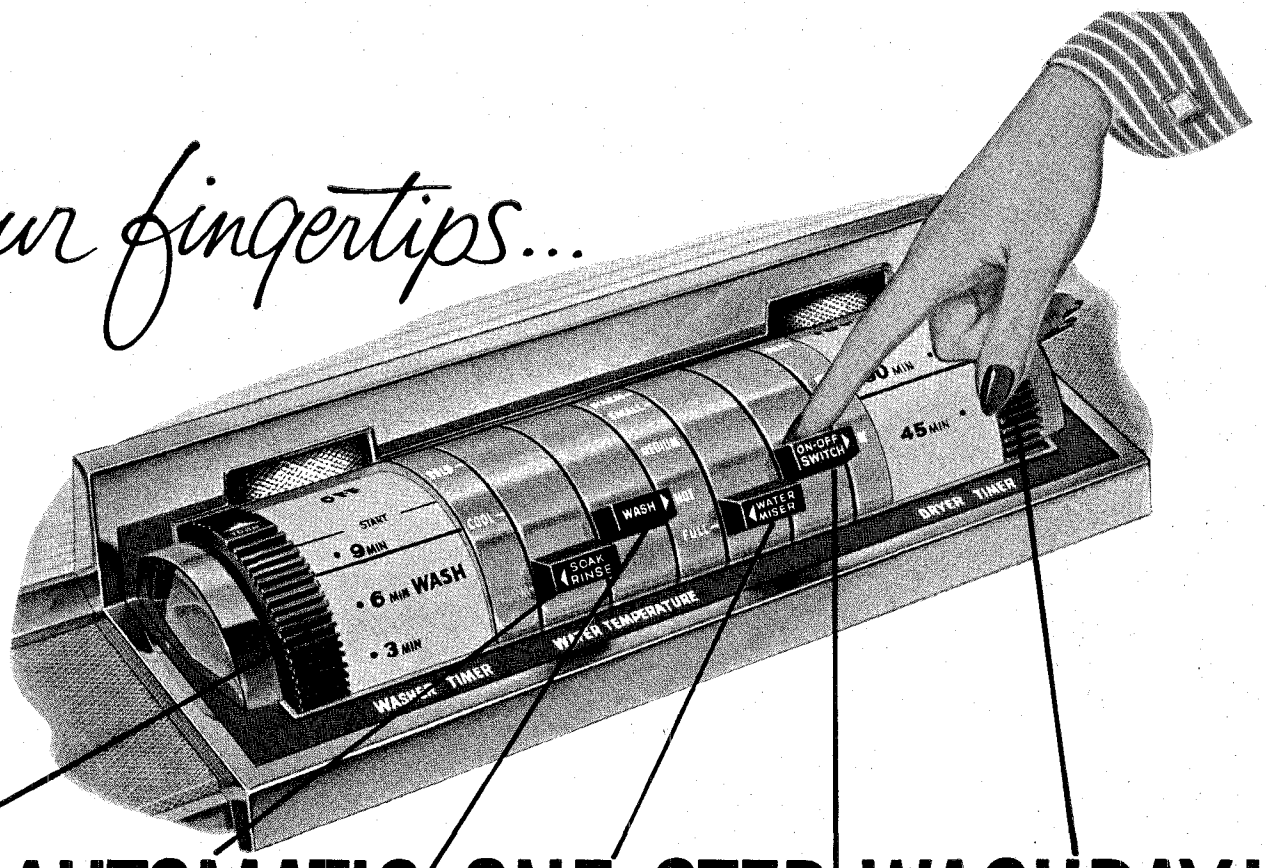
Now at your fingertips...



A COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC ONE-STEP WASHDAY!

Controls washing time (including optional pre-wash soak)

Controls soak and rinse water temperatures (warm, cool or cold)

Controls wash water temperature (hot, medium or warm)

Controls water level for load size (full, medium or low)

Controls starting, stopping at any time during cycle

Controls drying time (may be operated independently of washer)

The first and only combination washer-dryer proved for 4 years in thousands of homes again makes appliance history—

1957 BENDIX DUOMATIC

WASHES CLEANER...DRYS FASTER...GIVES GREATER SAFETY than any other home laundry appliance!

Just set the fabulous Keyboard Control and in one step, in less than one hour, your clothes can be washed and dryed—gently tumbled so fluffy soft, so wrinkle-free *many need no ironing!*

IT WASHES as no other washer can, drys as no other dryer can—in *one space-saving unit*, in *one step*, in *less than one hour!*

Simply set its exclusive Keyboard Control Panel and this new Duomatic first washes with famous Bendix tumble agitation—proved the safest, most effective way to launder clothes.

Then it turns itself into a dryer—tumble drys with the safe low-heat, high-airflow method only Bendix offers. Delivers clothes so soft, so wrinkle-free many need no ironing! Best of all, the Duomatic *finishes the entire washing and drying job much faster than any other home laundry appliance!*

The fabulous new 1957 Duomatic costs less, too—less than many space-consuming side-by-side units—and you save on water, detergent, and power

See it at your dealer's today in gas or electric models, in your choice of 3 decorator colors or white. You'll see why there are more Bendix washer-dryers in use than all other makes put together!

KNOWN FOR THE NEWEST...RESPECTED FOR THE BEST!

bendix

HOME APPLIANCES

DIVISION OF **AVCO** MANUFACTURING CORP., CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

In Canada Crosley and Bendix products are manufactured and distributed by Moffats Limited, Weston, Ontario

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Flash Fire (Continued from Page 30)

Peter, my brother, waited and dropped the slip rails for me. The flag was up on the mailbox, and he rode over and took a letter out of it before he went on to the house.

It was a pretty good sort of a house and just as sound as when my dad had built it thirty years before. It had three rooms, and a wide veranda out in front, with a rail where you could leave the saddle horses hitched. Peter and I had lived there by ourselves ever since our sister, Jennie, got married, and dad went off to live with her because he was all crippled up. My mother died a long time ago, and so soon after I was born that I don't remember her at all.

So Peter and I had so much room we didn't know what to do with it. We didn't have any neighbors, but the road from Widgembone ran right by our fence, and we could see the cars on it.

Widgembone was the big cattle station, and there were cars sometimes three or four times a week. Our cow bail was right out in the open; it didn't have a shed round it, and I could see a car on the road now.

While I was watching, it blew a tire and swerved across the road and came to a stop only a little way from our house. I started on down, and Peter came out of the house and joined me. And before we reached the car a big man got out. He glanced at the off hind wheel and walked up the road toward us.

"You got a jack?" he asked, and my brother shook his head.

"No jack," he said. "I've no use for one."

"You on the telephone?"

"No telephone," said Peter. "But I'll lift your rear wheel easy enough so you can change it. . . . Come on, Bobby."

We collected the tongue from the old pole wagon that my brother had taken to bits when the wheels were finished at last, and we took an armful of wooden blocks and went back to the car. The driver had a girl with him.

I just looked at her once and looked away, but the one look I had lasted a good while, she was so pretty. She wore riding breeches and a jersey, like a man, but she was all girl. She had her hair cut short, and dark little waves of it blew all over her head, and her eyes were gray and her nose was short and clear-cut, and her face was oval and full of happiness. I looked away, but I could watch her in my mind's eye. While I was lying on my belly at the back of the car, helping Peter set the fulcrum and put the wagon tongue in place for a lever, I could still see her.

Peter bore down on the wagon tongue and the wheel of the car lifted high, and I set blocks under the short end of the lever and the job was done.

The big man came up to Peter and said, "That was a neat, quick job. I liked the way you did it. I'm Bullivant, from Widgembone." He held out his hand and Peter took it.

"I'm Corcoran," he said. "I often see you pass. Been up at Widgembone about six months, haven't you?"

Bullivant nodded. "Just settling in. Lot of changes to make. Now my niece has come up to join me." He spoke over his shoulder to the girl. "Pam, come and meet the Corcoran boys."

The girl came forward, and I looked a little longer this time. She was lovely, and she moved quick and light like a thoroughbred yearling. And her voice was like music when she spoke, but I didn't hear so much of what she said. We talked a minute in the sun, and then we changed the wheel. When he was ready to go, the big man looked out of the car.

"I could use a man like you," he said. "Would you be interested?"

Peter shook his head. "I've got the lad here," he said. "There's just the two of us. There's the farm to think of. I've got to say no, Mr. Bullivant."

"Think it over," said Bullivant, and the car moved off like an arrow.

But after we stowed the wagon tongue away and went back to the house, my brother was sick and sorry as a calf at weaning, and he stayed that way all night. I picked up the letter that had come. It was from our agents, and we were partners, kind of, so I had a look at it, and there was a check in it—just about the biggest check I had seen in all my life. I knew Peter had sold cattle the month before, but we had had only three steers ready for the market. This check was for seventeen.

"They sent you the wrong check."

He turned and saw me with the letter in my hands. He crossed the room and took it from me.

"That's not for you," he said. "That's none of your business."

"O.K., O.K.," I told him. "But where would we get seventeen cattle? There weren't any but three came out of the bush that I could see. There weren't more than twenty in the herd."

Peter went back to cutting mutton chops, making ready for next day's breakfast, and didn't say anything.

"Cows must be taking after Uncle Billy the Rager's," I said. Uncle Billy used to brag his cows had more calves than a rabbit has kittens. Three years after he got his first thirty cows, he sent two hundred steers to market. "Where'd we get those seventeen fats, Peter?"

Peter put down the knife. There was a time his face was always cracking in a grin and his laugh was light and happy, but he wasn't laughing now and his face was white and his eyes were strained.

"You want to live here all your life, this way?" he said. "You want to work from daylight to dark, never go anywhere, never learn anything? Or do you want to be able to buy the things you feel you'd like to have, and go the places you want to go, and do the things you want to do? Or do you want to stop here and grow into a silly mad hatter like Jo-Jo Everton, run into the bush when you sight a stranger, and get as wild as a wallaby and half as wise? Never you mind where the check came from."

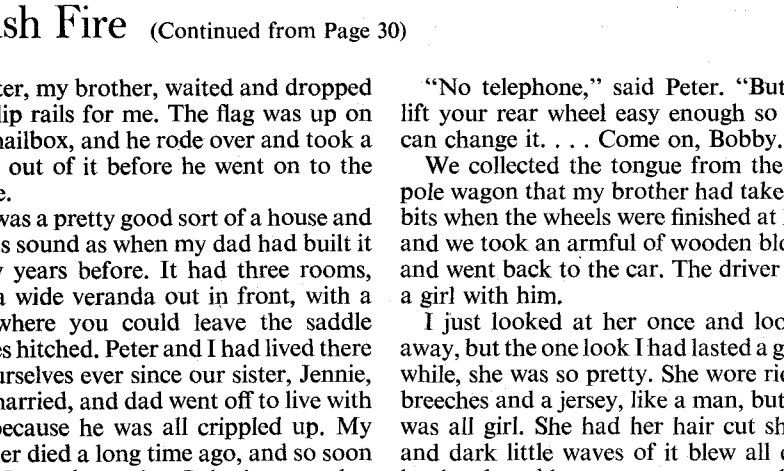
I said, "I got a right to know where it came from, Peter. We're partners, aren't we? Kind of?" I said, "I guess they were Widgembone cattle. I mean, I guess they were cleanskins anyway."

Peter said, "I don't want to get you into it, Bobby. I want you to go to school some more, to learn more than I did and get a bit further ahead. I don't want you tied to a little bush farm like this. I should never have done it, but I can't see any other way. And it's done now, and I suppose I'll do it again."

I didn't say anything at all. I've seen Peter ride ten miles because a parcel that wasn't ours had fallen off the mail van and he'd found it. I couldn't see him stealing cattle. I couldn't imagine it.

He said, "Now get to bed, Bobby, and forget you ever saw that check. I didn't mean you should see it anyway."

"Anybody's got a right to cleanskins," I said. "Uncle (Continued on Page 79)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Amy clerked and toiled at odd jobs to put her husband through medical college. Just before his graduation, the marriage fell apart. So Amy sued for separation and $150 a month in support.

"I'm just beginning a long stretch as an intern at seventy-five dollars a month, and I can't afford that kind of money," her husband pleaded.

"There's no law that says he can work only as an intern," Amy countered. "A medical-school graduate can easily earn enough to pay me a hundred and fifty dollars a month."

If you were the judge, would you award Amy as much as $150?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Amy's award was cut to a lesser amount so that the intern could continue his career. The court said that in marrying a medical student, she consented to lean years until he became a doctor. "Support laws," it added, "were meant to provide reasonable support for a wife, not to penalize an erring husband."

Based upon a 1955 Pennsylvania decision.

His Kaywoodie is the finest pipe made. Its beauty is rare, indeed, for only the choicest imported briar is worthy of Kaywoodie. The density and close grain assure the world's sweetest, coolest smoke. And Kaywoodie's Drinkless Fitment in the stem completes your enjoyment. This exclusive feature screens irritants, condenses tobacco tars, prevents clogging. That's why your Kaywoodie draws so easily. Treat yourself royally with a Kaywoodie. A regal gift, too.

Send 25 cents for illustrated color Catalog 42 showing Kaywoodie styles, $3.50 to $100; gift sets $7 to $125.

Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22
World's Finest Pipes Since 1851

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You could be listening to any of millions of family men:

"It's Blue Cross for me . . . 52 million members can't be wrong!"

TAKE IT from the millions who know; Blue Cross protection is different from all other kinds. It aims to pay in terms of hospital care, rather than dollars . . . *realistic protection!* Blue Cross Plans have an unusual "partnership" arrangement with hospitals that gives you the kind of help that really means something. Also, Blue Cross Plans are nonprofit. That's one reason why membership costs so little for the wide range of benefits you receive. Every single cent they take in—except for necessary expenses, goes toward paying hospital bills for Blue Cross members. *To join: Most people join where they work. Ask your employer about it. Or contact your local Blue Cross Plan. Blue Cross Commission, Dept. 311, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

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(*Continued from Page 77*) Billy says Nature made cleanskins smart and cunning to give a poor man a start in life. Uncle Billy says ——"

Peter leaned both hands on the other side of the table and looked me right in the eyes.

"Here's another thing," he said: "Get that Billy the Rager stuff right out of your head. He was a mean man, and only a fighter when he flew into a rage, which was how he got his name. You don't know any more of Uncle Billy than what dad told you years ago, and dad didn't always get things straight or he'd never have homesteaded a valley like this one. And cleanskins aren't yours or mine because they don't carry a brand. Those cattle were bred on Widgembone, reared on Widgembone, and they're Widgembone cattle. I needed them more. And that's no excuse. Now get to bed, and I don't want to hear any more about them."

Most days we worked together. We were trying to put up fence right round the holding, and Peter had plans for plowing some of the land and we had to burn and root out the stumps of trees killed by the ax, years before. We felled a little new bush and split our own fence posts. We made our own butter and cheese and killed our own meat—we had a few sheep running on the hill.

But some days my brother set me a task, and then he would ride off and I wouldn't see him till late at night. We didn't say anything—where he had been or why. Nowadays I guessed it might have something to do with Widgembone cows.

The country was bone-dry this year. There was water in our creek—it never ran dry. But it was the smallest trickle now, just a sliver of wet slime joining the pools. In the pasture, the grass was straw-white and straw-dry. Amongst the trees, the undergrowth, high as a man on a horse, crackled and broke when you rode through it. When a lizard or a snake slithered away, you could hear it for thirty yards with the dryness. And when my brother lit a cigarette he put out the match, and then he broke it across, so that if it was still hot it would burn his fingers, and finally he held it in his clenched fist. As often as not, he'd put it in his pocket then, or in the cuffs of his trousers, instead of dropping it on the ground.

We had no fires in our district, but all those weeks the smoke haze hung blue about the horizon, and the sun rose in the mornings a flaring red ball nested in a gray-brown cloud. My brother ran a plowline round the home clearing and we burned a firebreak up to it. We burned the grass on both sides of the road too; so that the house stood in a little island of grass surrounded by a sea of blackened earth and black trees. The trees were still growing and alive; and next year they would be green again. Australian trees stand up to fire. But the leaves were burned off them and the loose hanging bark, and all the fire traps amongst the undergrowth were burned away.

Then one morning my brother woke me early. There was smoke all about us.

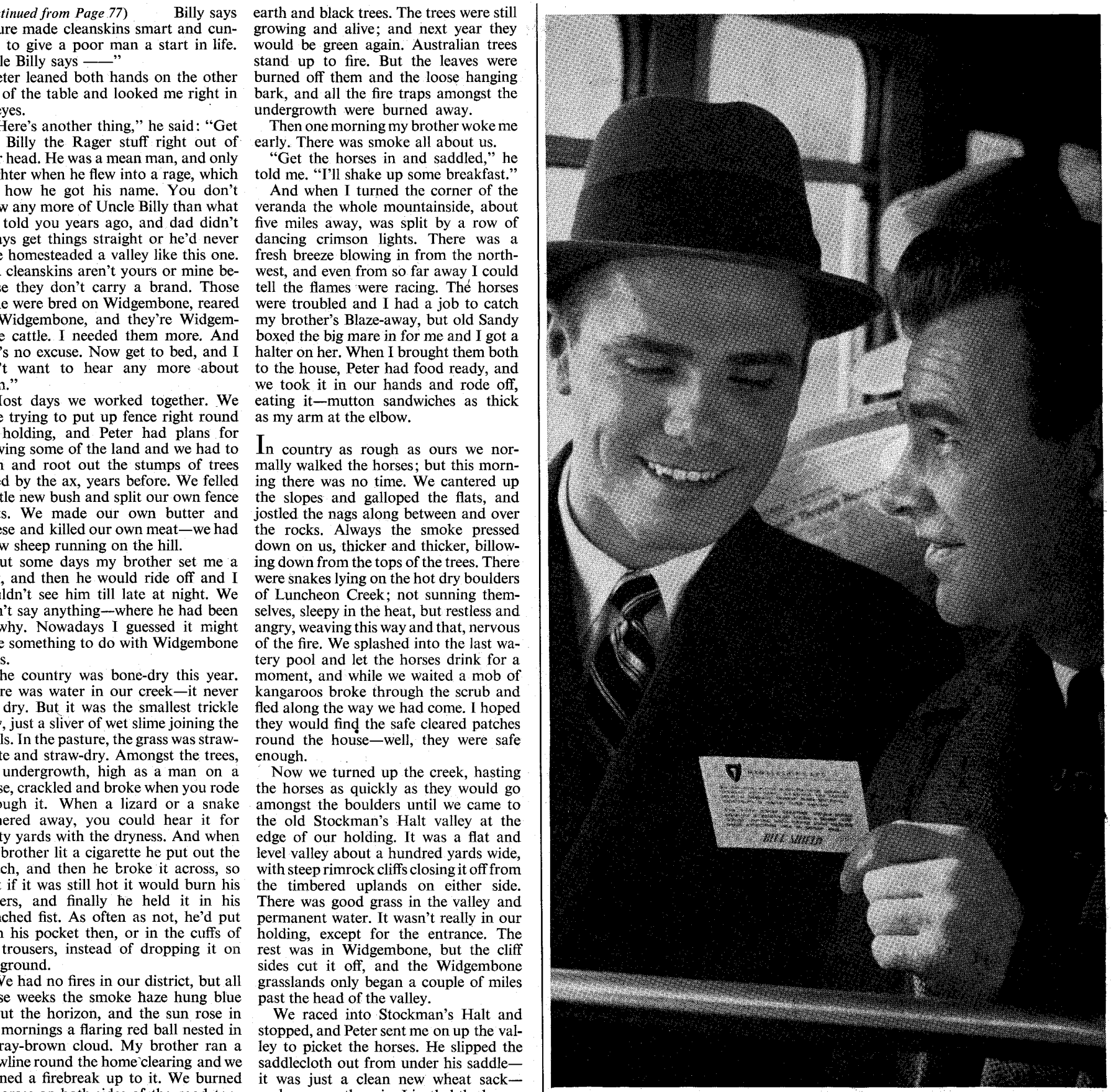
"Get the horses in and saddled," he told me. "I'll shake up some breakfast."

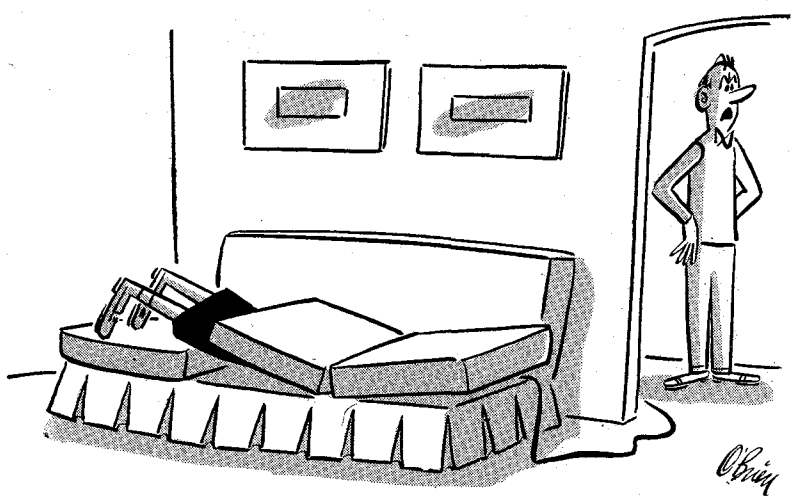
And when I turned the corner of the veranda the whole mountainside, about five miles away, was split by a row of dancing crimson lights. There was a fresh breeze blowing in from the northwest, and even from so far away I could tell the flames were racing. The horses were troubled and I had a job to catch my brother's Blaze-away, but old Sandy boxed the big mare in for me and I got a halter on her. When I brought them both to the house, Peter had food ready, and we took it in our hands and rode off, eating it—mutton sandwiches as thick as my arm at the elbow.

In country as rough as ours we normally walked the horses; but this morning there was no time. We cantered up the slopes and galloped the flats, and jostled the nags along between and over the rocks. Always the smoke pressed down on us, thicker and thicker, billowing down from the tops of the trees. There were snakes lying on the hot dry boulders of Luncheon Creek; not sunning themselves, sleepy in the heat, but restless and angry, weaving this way and that, nervous of the fire. We splashed into the last watery pool and let the horses drink for a moment, and while we waited a mob of kangaroos broke through the scrub and fled along the way we had come. I hoped they would find the safe cleared patches round the house—well, they were safe enough.

Now we turned up the creek, hasting the horses as quickly as they would go amongst the boulders until we came to the old Stockman's Halt valley at the edge of our holding. It was a flat and level valley about a hundred yards wide, with steep rimrock cliffs closing it off from the timbered uplands on either side. There was good grass in the valley and permanent water. It wasn't really in our holding, except for the entrance. The rest was in Widgembone, but the cliff sides cut it off, and the Widgembone grasslands only began a couple of miles past the head of the valley.

We raced into Stockman's Halt and stopped, and Peter sent me on up the valley to picket the horses. He slipped the saddlecloth out from under his saddle—it was just a clean new wheat sack—and gave me the rein. I jostled the horses up the valley, and when they were well round the first (*Continued on Page 81*)





THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Where in the blazes is the telephone?"

Members everywhere share this confidence:

"And this Blue Shield is just what the doctor ordered!"

PEOPLE who carry this membership card know that Blue Shield Plans are sponsored by doctors in their own communities. Local doctors helped to set up the Blue Shield Plan where you live. What protection could have more dependable backing? When the bills come, Blue Shield is ready to help—especially when you've had surgery. Blue Shield gives families a *lot* for a *little*. No one should be without it. *Ask your employer about group enrollment. Or, contact your local Blue Shield Plan. Blue Shield Commission, Dept. 311, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

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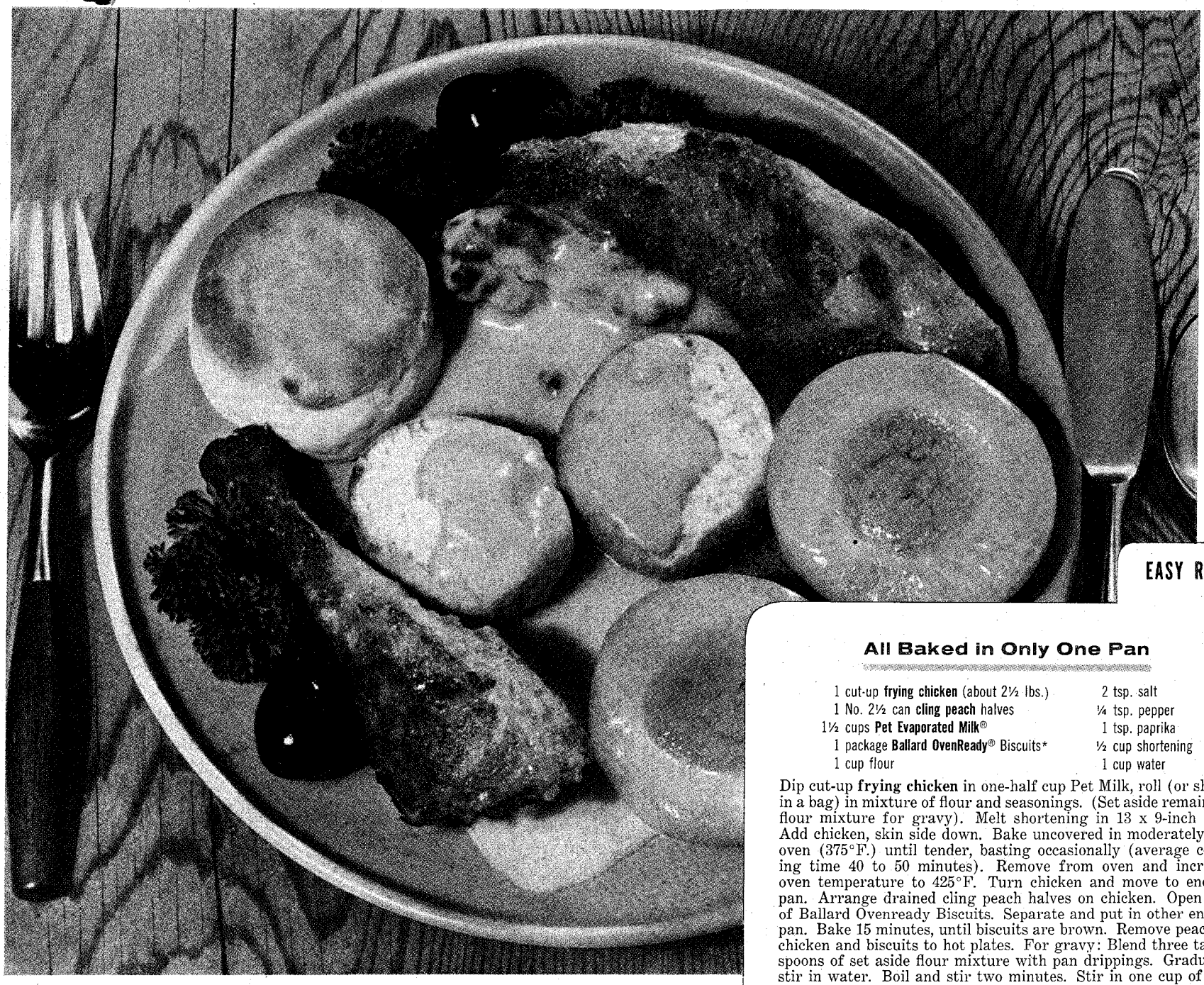
COME AND GET IT!

WESTERN RANCH DINNER



EASY RECIPE

All Baked in Only One Pan

1 cut-up **frying chicken** (about 2½ lbs.)	2 tsp. salt
1 No. 2½ can **cling peach** halves	¼ tsp. pepper
1½ cups **Pet Evaporated Milk**®	1 tsp. paprika
1 package **Ballard OvenReady**® Biscuits*	½ cup shortening
1 cup flour	1 cup water

Dip cut-up **frying chicken** in one-half cup Pet Milk, roll (or shake in a bag) in mixture of flour and seasonings. (Set aside remaining flour mixture for gravy). Melt shortening in 13 x 9-inch pan. Add chicken, skin side down. Bake uncovered in moderately hot oven (375°F.) until tender, basting occasionally (average cooking time 40 to 50 minutes). Remove from oven and increase oven temperature to 425°F. Turn chicken and move to end of pan. Arrange drained cling peach halves on chicken. Open can of Ballard Ovenready Biscuits. Separate and put in other end of pan. Bake 15 minutes, until biscuits are brown. Remove peaches, chicken and biscuits to hot plates. For gravy: Blend three tablespoons of set aside flour mixture with pan drippings. Gradually stir in water. Boil and stir two minutes. Stir in one cup of Pet Milk. Heat but do not boil. Add salt, pepper to taste. Serves four.

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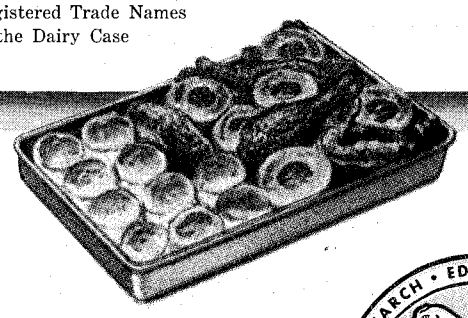

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(*Continued from Page 79*) bend I picketed them. There were cattle there, restless and bellowing. I didn't want to look at them, because I knew what I would see when I did—the new-burned brand.

Sure enough, it was there, a big BC, our father's old brand; and worse than that, I saw on one beast where it was heavily smudged, and it looked as though it had been used to blow out the underlined W of Widgembone.

I didn't stay looking. I took off my own saddle blanket and ran back to the mouth of the valley. There was a pool in the creek there, and I wet the sack good and tramped it in the water; then I ran to the rimrocks where Peter was setting a backfire.

He was taking bundles of dry grass for torches and racing along, setting a line of fire from the rimrock right across the mouth of the valley. By the rimrock the fire had a good hold, three or four yards wide, and I got right into it, swinging my blanket and beating the blaze out on the valley side. Now and again a lick of flame would wipe round and burn me. And even when it didn't, the air was hotter than you could believe. And sometimes when I had worked my way along and the flame burst out behind me again, I could have cried.

But after an hour, maybe longer, we had a band of black-burned country right across the mouth of Stockman's Halt, from one rimrock to the other, and it looked as if we could breathe easy.

"Good work, Bobby," Peter said. He was as black as a chimney flue, except for smudgy patches on his forehead where he had wiped it with his arm, and little runnels down his neck and his chest where the sweat ran. He looked comic. He looked a real pie. I guess I did too.

"All right, Bobby," he said. "Let's get up here and have a look at it."

While we were getting to the top of the rimrock so we could see over the top of our own fire, I remember thinking we had done a good job. Our backfire was spread now over a quarter mile, a thin line of flame heading it; and the burn was lying across the route of the big fire coming in from the north. But I didn't have time to look at it much because as soon as we looked north we saw the car, standing in the middle of the road a bit more than half a mile away. The fire was bearing down on it, and ahead of it, as well as behind, the road was cut. There was only this little loop of it clear, and standing in the loop was the big Widgembone car whose wheel we had changed.

"There's trouble," said Peter. And just as he said it I caught a glimpse of color, a bright yellow spot flying down one side of a little gully away from the road.

"It's the girl," I said. "It's Miss Pam."

Peter went down the side of the rock like a blistered lizard, scrambling and sliding, and raced across to the pool where we had dropped the saddle blankets. He picked them both up and ran for the horses. He waited to tighten Blaze-away's girth and surcingle, and I caught up with him there.

"Stay here! Wait here!" he yelled. He put his foot in the stirrup and Blaze-away was galloping before he hit the saddle. He rode her straight into the fire, and just when they hit the black band of burned grass, Blaze-away gave three mad leaps and reared high. Then she stretched out and hit the flames.

Of course, I raced to the top of the rock again. Up to the north the big fire had completely overrun the road, and the car was somewhere on the other side of the flames. There were gusts of searing air and smoke hitting the rimrock. I felt as if I were skinned and up to my eyes in scalding water. Something like that. Peter was racing Blaze-away in the angle between the two walls of flame. The girl was there, too, and for a moment I thought Peter wouldn't see her. She went down on her knees and he swung Blaze-away at right angles and caught up with her. He reached down and took her under the arms, and she went up like a bird.

Now he walked Blaze-away back to our fire, and the big mare tossed her head and reared a couple of times, objecting all the way. When they came close, Peter stopped her and folded the girl in against his waist, and took the two black saddle blankets and wrapped them round her, and the beautiful mare came for the flames like a railway train.

I watched them with my mouth open, though I knew a horse will often run straight for flames on its own account.

Blaze-away came into the flames like a wallaby into the scrub, and in a second she was in the clear, galloping across the burned ground, and I was sliding down the rock to meet my brother.

He pulled up to a halt and slid to the ground, and he slid the girl down with him, dropping the sacks she was wrapped in. He held her just for a second before he let her go. She just said, "Oh"—like that, "Oh." And in a few seconds she sat down on the ground just where she was. She looked a sketch. I could have laughed, except that I thought it wasn't any time to laugh. Her yellow dress was almost black, and wet in big patches where the sacks had wrapped her, and there were wet muddy leaves in her hair, and her face was blackened, and she had a big red scorch mark down one leg.

"Look after her, Bobby," Peter said, and he led Blaze-away to the water hole.

"You look funny," I told her.

"I feel anything but," she said. She watched my brother. "Do you people make a habit of being on the spot?" she asked. "If you do, it's just as well. I was so scared I didn't realize he was there until I felt a horse under me. If anyone wants to know, I think your brother's terrific. I think he's wonderful."

"Peter likes to be helpful," I said, and she gave me a funny look.

"That's the understatement of the year," she said. "Where's he going now?"

"Down to the water," I told her. "I guess Blaze-away got a little burned."

"I did too."

She stood up. And just then a mob of these silly cattle came round the bend of the valley. With those fresh brands she couldn't help seeing. She did see too.

She said, "BC—is that the Corcoran brand?"

I told her yes. I said, "They're just some of the cows my brother just branded." She didn't comment, though she must have known that that was unlikely.

She said, "My legs are burned. Let's go down to the creek. I don't know what I'm talking about little things for. That was just the most heroic thing I ever heard of. And it happened to me. I feel like crying. He rode through that fire twice."

"Horses will go through fire," I said, but she wasn't listening.

Peter was plastering mud on Blaze-away's legs, the mare standing quietly, though her eye was still wild.

"I could use some of that myself," the girl said, and she flopped right down and smeared her legs with the mud. I thought she was mighty sensible. Some girls would have been still screaming.

"You don't want to take risks with bush fires, Miss Bullivant," my brother said. "You've lost a really nice car."

We watched the firebreak for another hour, and then rode back through the valley and over a narrow track that zigzagged up the rimrock three miles back. There were slip rails set up over the track, and my brother threw them down. I got off old Sandy and was putting them up again when Peter called back to me.

"Leave them down," he said. "They won't be used any more." His voice had a rasp in it, and the girl looked back, kind of curious.

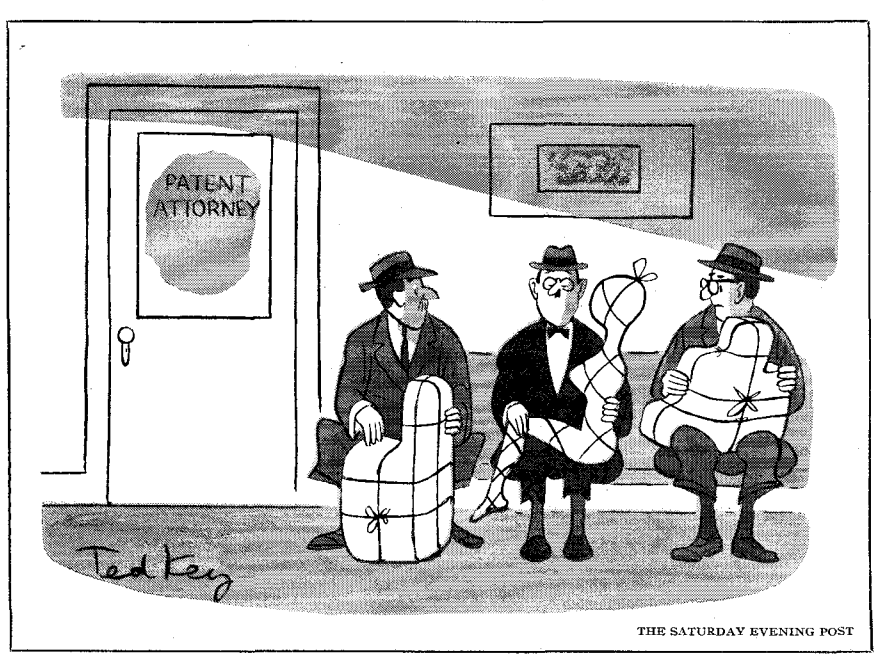
"This is Widgembone, isn't it?" she asked, and he said, "Yes. All that valley. It all belongs to your uncle."

I guessed we were all three of us thinking of those cattle. None of us mentioned them, though we had got pretty friendly in those hours.

We reached the homestead in midafternoon, and Mr. Bullivant and everybody wanted us to stay the night. When they heard all the story, there was a lot of excitement, and we just slipped out when we weren't noticed, and rode home through the evening.

The air was all smelled up with burned trees and leaves and grass, and there were little flickering flames on all the blackened stumps and logs, and sometimes a chain of them running up the trunk of a standing tree. Sometimes we came to a place smelling of burned meat, where a cow or a kangaroo had been trapped. But the road was fairly clear underfoot. It was midnight when we got back, but we didn't even eat. We just fed the horses and went to sleep, and when I woke again, it was afternoon.

You can imagine we had plenty of work to do after the bush fire, mending fences for a start, but we didn't do much that day, apart from seeing to the stock. And the following day Peter and I had a



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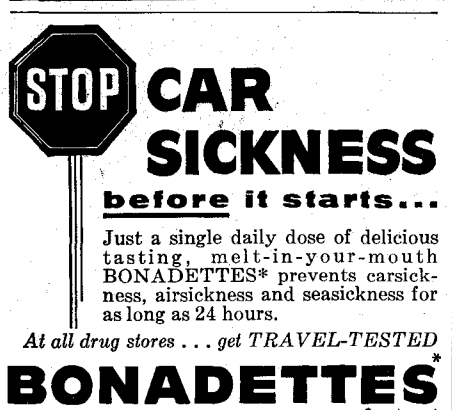
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long talk. The Widgembone cattle had him worried.

"They were cleanskins," I said.

"Not all of them," he insisted. "And besides, I know very well they belong to Widgembone. I can't feel happy about them. I'm going to send them back and make up for the ones I sold."

"The money's spent," I said. It was too.

He nodded. "I'm going to fix that," he said. "Bullivant can have the farm—that'll cover it. It wouldn't be worth anything to anyone except him. I've written out a bill of sale. We'll put all the cattle in the Widgembone yards. I've written out a bill for them, too—in case anyone questions the brand. Then you can go to the homestead and explain. You can meet me back along the road and we'll start again somewhere else."

"I can explain?" I protested.

"Yes, you," he said. "If I go, Bullivant will talk about pulling the girl out of the fire—something anyone would have done. He'll think I'm expecting him to fall on my neck and forgive me. He'll think I'm counting on him talking me out of it and sending the cattle back. Well, I don't want any of that. I'm not taking favors. And I don't want to be paid for saving the girl. Anyway, it was the mare that did it."

"Don't you like the girl?" I asked.

He gave me a funny look. "Someday I'll be good enough for a girl like that," he said. "If I didn't like the girl, I'd stay on here, stealing Widgembone calves. But thank the Lord, I got some sense in time. And that was on account of her coming along."

"All right, then," I said. "Where will we go?"

He looked at me soberly. "Australia's a fine big place," he said.

We started right away. We picked up all the cattle from Stockman's Halt and drove them to the Widgembone yards, about three miles on our side of the big homestead. It took nearly all day. We came out of the burned country about half a mile before we reached the yards, and after we were through with the cattle, we went back to a good camp site near the burn. We didn't figure on ever seeing the farm again, so we had brought blankets and a tarpaulin and a little food. We had everything we needed in the world.

And soon after sunup, when we'd had a cup of tea and some grilled chops, I jogged old Sandy along the road. I tried to think I was somebody going somewhere, like Orellana looking for the Amazon, and the sun was shining and the day was right, but it didn't work, somehow. All I could think of was I was leaving our own selection on our own block of country and I had the two bills of sale in my pocket.

I passed the cattle in the yards and there were two or three Corcoran cows there I had known all my life. And about a mile farther on I met Mr. Bullivant and his niece.

"Hi, Bobby!" he called. "Were you looking for me?"

We all pulled up in the shade of an old gum growing by the road.

"I've got a message for you, Mr. Bullivant," I said, "from my brother." I told him how Peter had been hard pressed and how he had branded Widgembone cattle, and now he wanted to make it up. Mr. Bullivant and the girl were both looking at me very closely, and I could see it wasn't much of a surprise to her, anyway. "I've got your cattle back in the Widgembone yards," I said. "They aren't all yours, but there still aren't enough to make up for—what went missing. And I've got the bill of sale for them my brother signed."

I pulled both bills out of my pocket and gave him the one for the cattle. "And this other one is for the farm," I said, but I kept a hold on it. "That makes up for the cattle we had and spent the money."

"Where's your brother, Bobby?" the girl asked me.

"Yes, where's your brother? Was he afraid to come and tell me himself?" Bullivant asked.

"My brother isn't afraid of anything there is," I told him quickly. "My brother just didn't want to come. He's too busy. We're going away and he's getting an early start. But don't you think he's frightened because he isn't."

"Just the same, Bobby, I'd like to see him," Mr. Bullivant said.

I shook my head. "You can't. He's gone away."

I caught a glance from the girl's eyes then, and they looked big and sad.

"Well, what do you think, Bobby? How do you like this deal yourself?" the big man asked.

"I don't like it," I said. "I wouldn't have done it this way. And, Mr. Bullivant, I think you are getting too well paid for just a few old cattle. I don't think you should get the farm because it's too much. But we would still owe you money, and I wanted to ask you, could I come and work for you instead, until the cattle were paid for?"

He laughed at me, but it wasn't the kind of laugh that would make you sore. He said, "So you're not going to give me the other bill of sale?"

"Oh, yes, I will. Because Peter told me to," I said. "But if it were me, I'd have done it some other way." I put the paper into his hands.

He looked at me, tapping both papers against his bridle hand. "Where are the cattle?" he asked.

"I told you, in the yards."

"Let's have a look at them then," he suggested, and we rode along, the three of us in company, stepping out at a fast old clip of a walk. None of us said much, and I just went along, listening to all the music of the hoofbeats on the road and the way it changed its rhythm. We pulled rein near the yards and stood watching.

The cattle were restless, moving about as they will in the morning, and it was certainly a pretty sight, but I didn't feel good.

I said, "What about it, Mr. Bullivant? Will you let me work it out?"

"I don't think I'm going to," he said. "I like that little farm of yours. I can use it. I want a good station manager who has a stake in the country himself, and the farm will be ideal. I can set a good man up on that, you know. I'd give the place to the right man."

"I suppose you can," I agreed. I was feeling sore about having double-crossed my brother in the first place, and now I was feeling worse about having my proposition turned down. And I didn't like to think of our place given away like a broken-down gelding.

"You'd be a bit young for the job. You can see that, can't you, Bobby?" he said. "I need a good steady man with a few cattle of his own to keep him on the job. Do you think your brother would be interested?"

Well, it was too sudden for me to think straight. I had been so wrapped up in getting a job and paying off the cattle myself.

"I don't know," I said. "I'll ask him, but I'll have a hard job to talk him into it. I think he'll take a lot of persuading, but I'll try."

I wheeled the horse, but the girl was ahead of me.

"You've been running all the messages, Bobby," she said. "Let me try."

I saw then, straight away, what a wonderful idea that was, and for the second time in one morning I double-crossed my brother.

"Turn right at the big fig tree this side of the burn, and you'll find him along the creek," I said. And she was off like the wind.

Mr. Bullivant and I tied our horses to the stockyard rails and just stood about in the sunshine, watching a big flock of pink and gray cockatoos that had flown in to feed on the ripened grass. The girl was away a long time.

"Do you think he'll listen to her?" I asked Mr. Bullivant.

He laughed again. "You know your brother better than I do," he said.

"Well, if he doesn't listen, then do you think I could have the job?" I asked him.

"I don't think you have a hope in the world," he said, and he pointed where the girl and my brother, Peter, were walking their horses up the road. They were riding close together, very slowly, and for a minute I could have sworn that they were holding hands. THE END

"What's she got that I haven't had?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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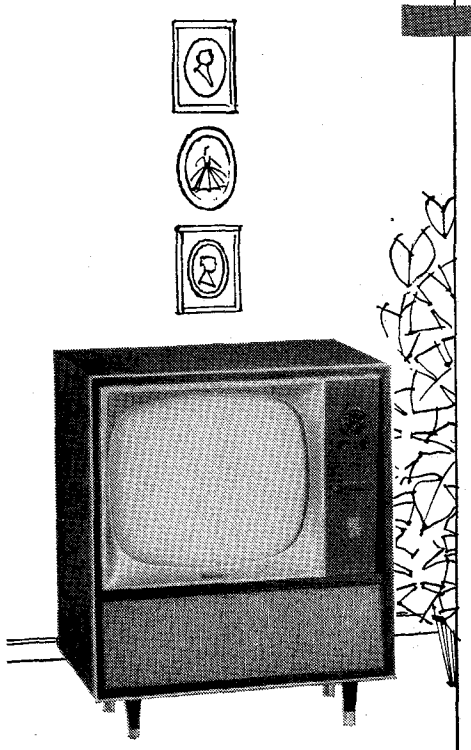
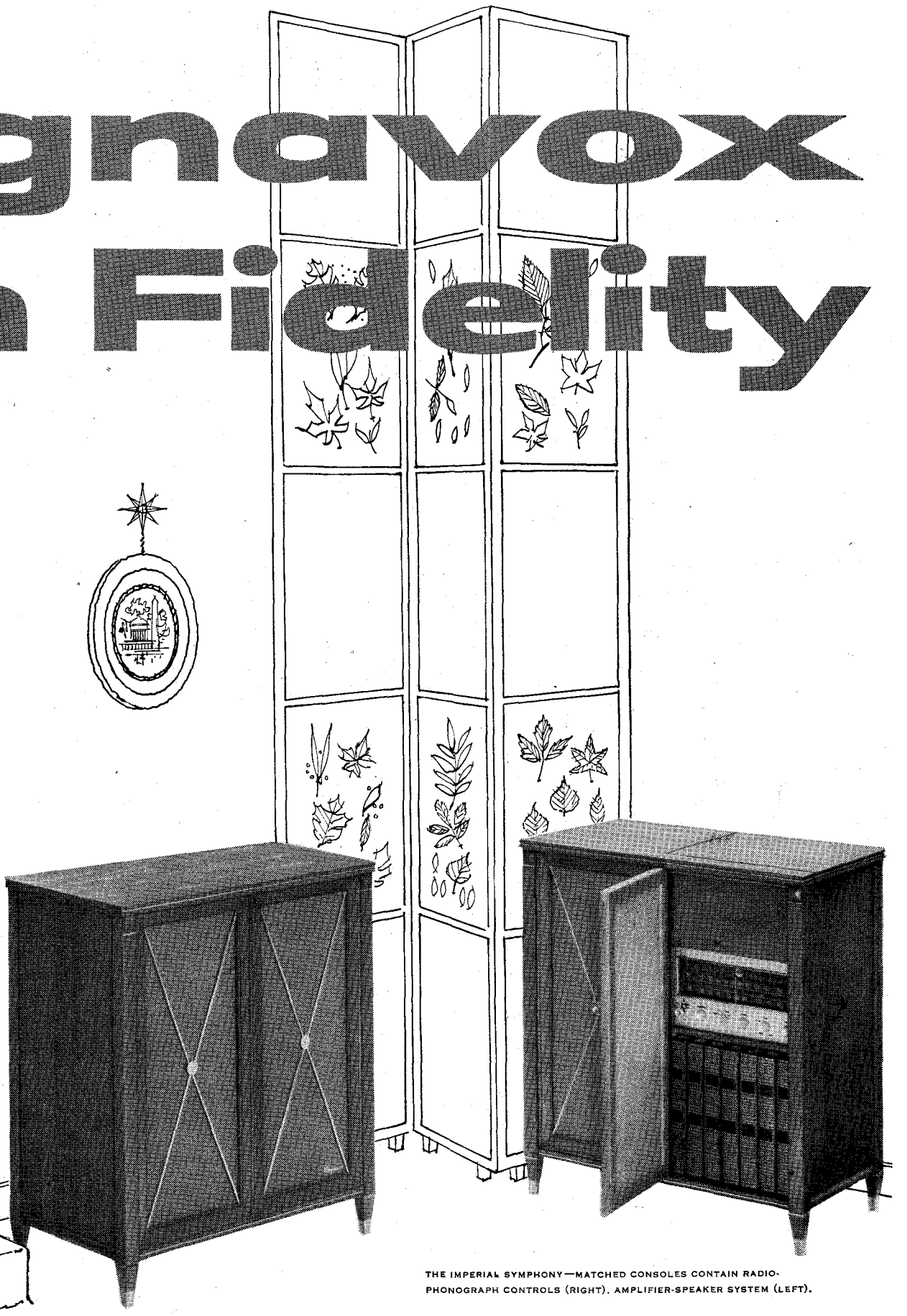


HIGH FIDELITY TELEVISION—THE ARISTOCRAT



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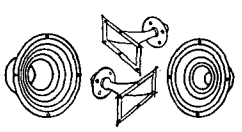

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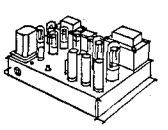

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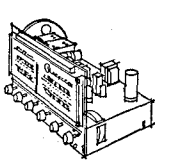

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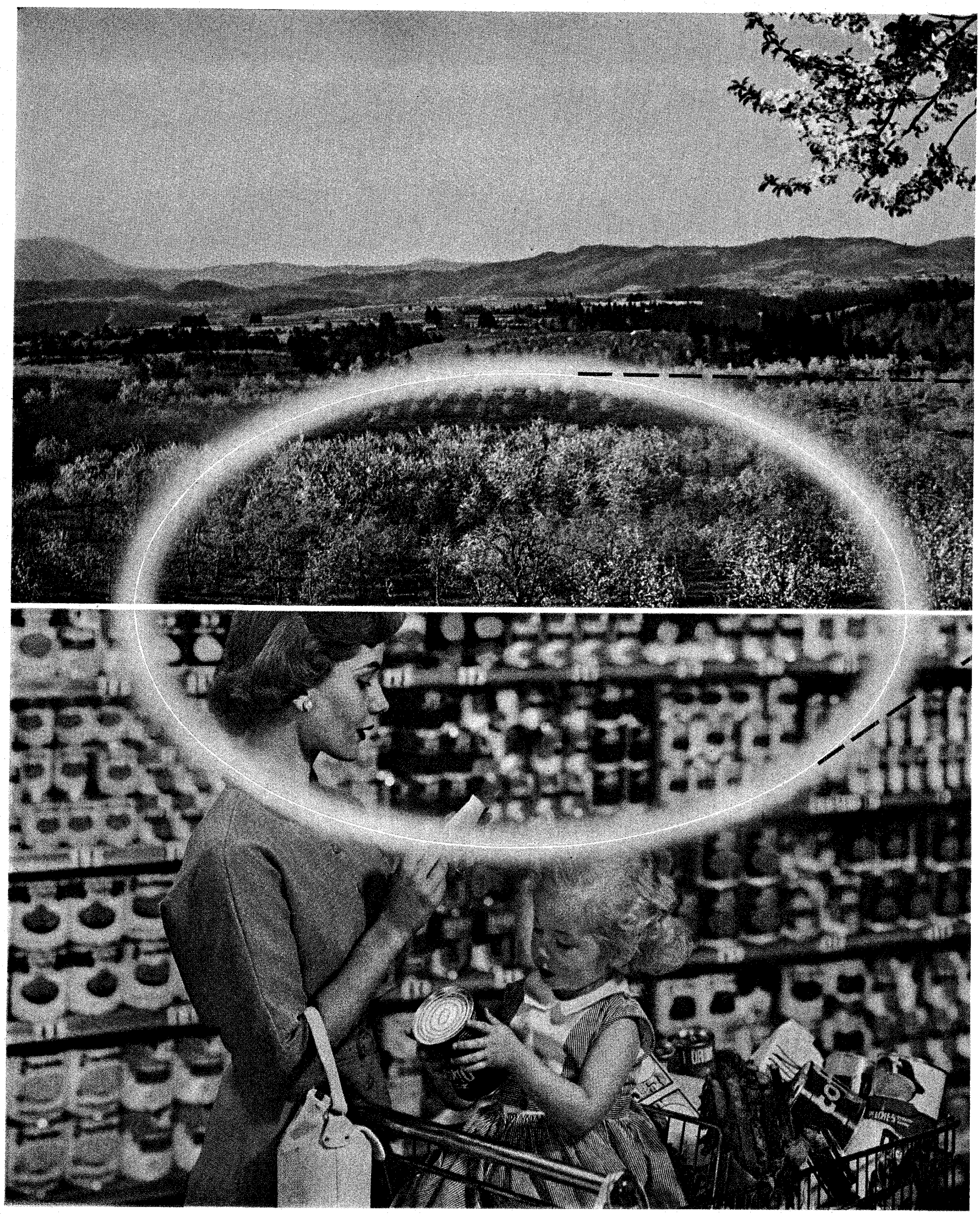

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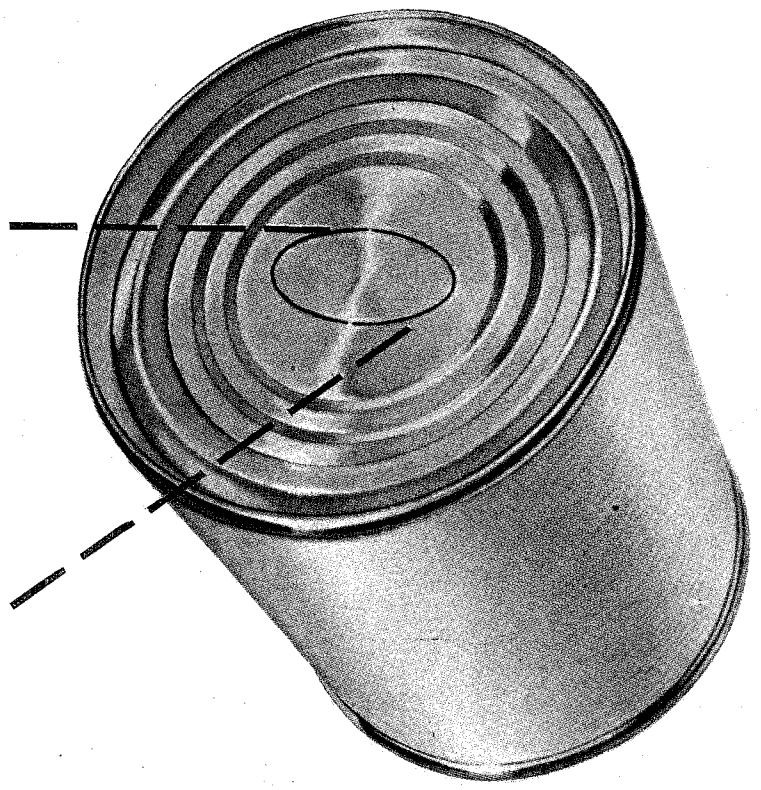

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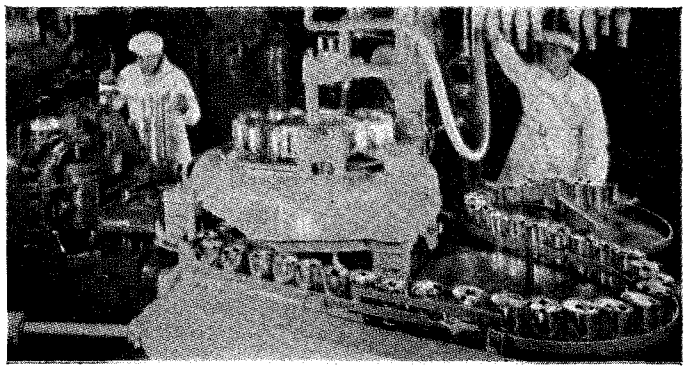

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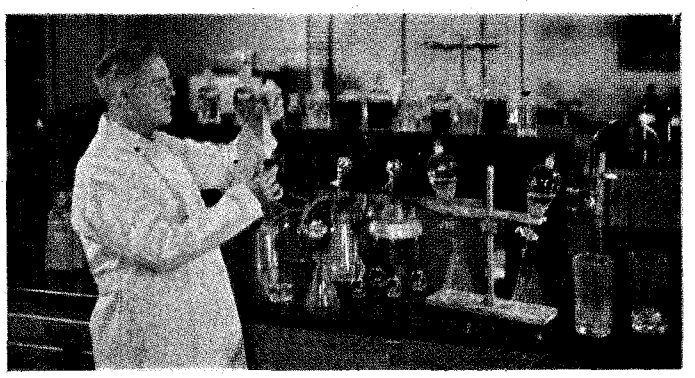

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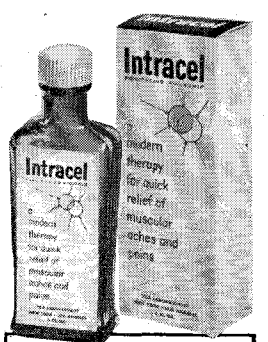

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Confessions of "an S.O.B."

(Continued from Page 24)

was likely to bump into some public official whom I had embarrassed in print the day before.

My first such meeting was at a big dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Welles in honor of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, then Army Chief of Staff.

It was a white-tie-and-tails affair, attended by the elite of Washington. Orchestras were playing, champagne was flowing, and I was enjoying the scene, when suddenly I was accosted in a side room by Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley in full-dress regalia, medals and all.

He called me every name in the language of the water front, with Oklahoma trimmings. He referred especially to the book More Merry-Go-Round, in which I had devoted to him a chapter entitled The Cotillion Leader.

... ...

Blackboard Room

By Katharyn Wolcott

Here teachers mold the
future years,
The totem rows of faces,
Trusting, brazen, frightened, shy,
In school's accustomed
places.

With A's and B's and 1's
and 2's
They stencil youthful minds;
With rounded words explain
all things
As the wall clock unwinds.

Into this book-realmed,
blackboard room
The teeming world is
brought
To shape the random
intellect,
The every-which-way
thought.

... ...

I stood facing him, white-faced, fists clenched, not knowing exactly what to do. He stood opposite me, fists clenched, mouthing profanity. One move by either of us and there would have been a melee in front of Cabinet members, ambassadors and senators.

I turned on my heel and walked off. For weeks afterward I told myself I was a coward, that I should have punched the Secretary of War, medals and all. But as the years have passed I have also told myself that revenge doesn't pay. However, I have had a hard time following my own advice. When Pat Hurley ran for the Senate in New Mexico in 1948, I went to Albuquerque two weeks before election day, hired a special New Mexican radio network and, following my regular Sunday broadcast, discussed the candidate. Mr. Hurley did not become senator from New Mexico.

There have been two occasions since then when I have become embroiled in highly embarrassing personal battles. One was when Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy sidled up to me in the cloakroom of the Sulgrave Club, pinned my arms to my sides and proceeded to use his knee in the accepted manner of the water front. Vice-President Nixon finally pulled us apart. The other was when Charles Patrick Clark, $75,000-a-year agent for Gen. Francisco Franco, jumped out of a phone booth in the lobby of the Mayflower Hotel to plant one on my left ear. Clark was taken to court, but the judge fined him only twenty-five dollars. This gave rise to a Washington wisecrack: "For only twenty-five dollars you can punch Drew Pearson."

As a result, I attended social gatherings for some time thereafter with an eye peeled for trouble. Those were not happy days. But they passed. Since then I have become sufficiently hard-boiled that I don't care much whom I meet at dinner parties.

I even get a kick out of meeting Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, who despises me. On occasion he has warned his hostess that he and I cannot come to the same dinner. My wife enjoys Frankfurter's social boycott even more than I. Once when Baron Silvercruys, the Belgian ambassador, invited both the Frankfurters and the Pearsons to dinner, Mrs. Pearson deliberately crossed the room to where Frankfurter was talking, shook hands with her host and turned her back on the diminutive Supreme Court Justice. Standing five feet ten, she blocked him out of the conversation altogether.

One dinner which made me a little nervous was given by Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, widow of Woodrow Wilson's Attorney General. Peggy Palmer has a remarkable tolerance for my idiosyncrasies, and was good enough to include me as the only newspaperman at a dinner in the F Street Club for the late Chief Justice Fred Vinson. I did not know that another high-ranking guest was coming until we got to the doorstep and noticed Secret Service men giving the once-over to arriving guests. That meant President Truman was expected, and this was at a time when Mr. Truman and I were not on speaking terms. In fact, it was shortly after the S.O.B. incident.

He arrived punctually, and every guest went up to greet him. I hesitated. I had not recovered my sense of humor sufficiently to want to shake hands with him. Also, Harry is quick-tempered and if I offered to shake hands I had no idea what he might do. So I shook hands with Mrs. Truman and pretended to be so busy with other guests that I didn't notice the President of the United States.

Ignoring the President is a little difficult, and I didn't do a very good job of it. My wife also hung back. Finally Mrs. O. Max Gardner dragged her up to meet the President.

"He's just talking to the Chief Justice, whom he sees all the time," she said. "He'd much rather see you."

Mrs. Pearson was terrified. But Mr. Truman was charming.

"You and I both have troubles," he said.

"One of your guests didn't come up to speak to me," Truman remarked to Mrs. Palmer during the dinner.

Events decreed that I was not to speak to him until three years later.

The news pendulum and the social pendulum swing rapidly in Washington. You can never tell from one day to the next what friends have become bitter enemies. For years, hostesses had to be careful about inviting Sen. Millard Tydings, of Maryland, to any small dinner with me. My wife moved off to another corner of the room when she saw him at a cocktail party. Now she marvels to see us at social gatherings virtually arm in arm. Joe McCarthy's attacks on both of us patched up a feud of twenty years' standing.

For years, also, Alice Roosevelt Longworth staged a running social duel with my late mother-in-law, Cissy Patterson. I lined up—gallantly, I thought—on my mother-in-law's side. I wrote the stories she wanted written, but didn't want to write herself. Then Cissy and Alice suddenly made up, leaving me waving the feudal banner all by myself.

Of course, I should follow my own advice and not go out to dinner in Washington. The more you go out to dinner the more friends you make; and the more you diminish the number of people you can write about without qualms of conscience or rebukes from your wife. Every so often I resolve, and so announce, that we are not going out any more. But I soon break the resolution, probably because I feel the small-town urge to be a part of the big-town whirl.

The most difficult question for me to discuss is where I get my news. My stock answer is that I get news by wearing out shoe leather, and to a considerable

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Nekoosa PAPERS

More and more sales slips, invoices, orders, shipping vouchers and similar business records are being printed on continuous forms. The ones you received or used today were probably printed on Ardor Register Bond, a Nekoosa paper. It is just one of many Nekoosa Papers that are constantly serving you and American business in so many different ways.

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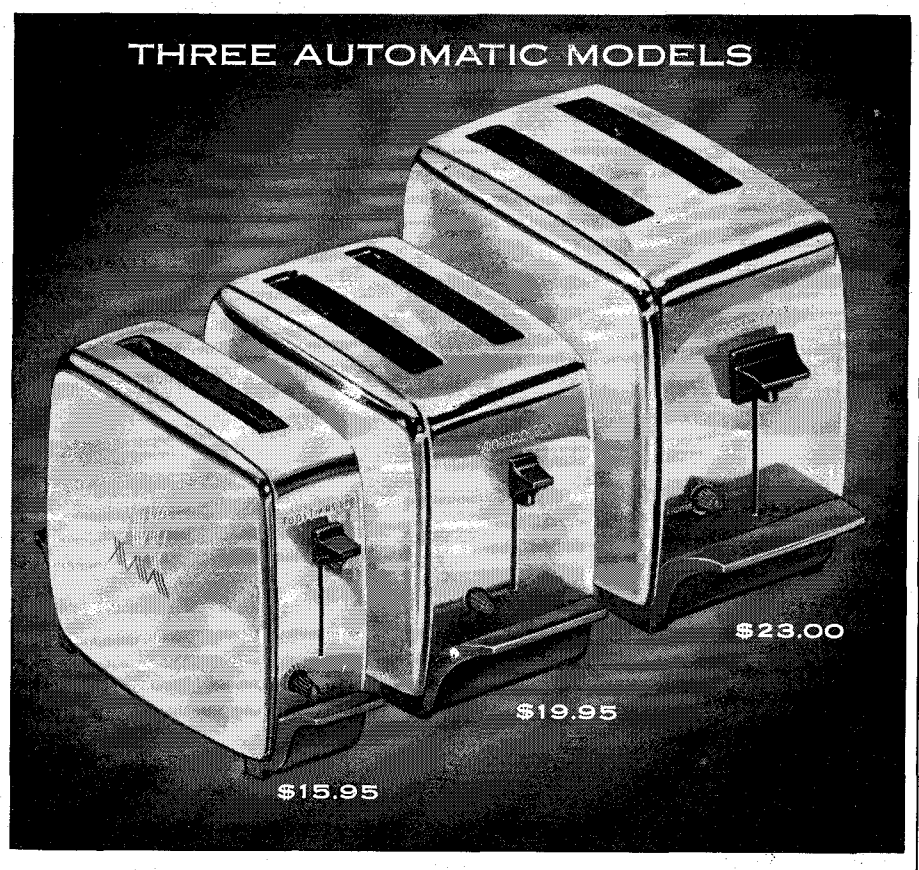

TOASTMASTER

sells more toasters in more sizes than any other make

Let's say you walk into a store to buy a new toaster. You notice that every manufacturer offers one or, at the most, two models to choose from—every manufacturer but Toastmaster, that is. Here, you have a choice of *five* toasters. Why? Simply because we feel people like the widest possible freedom of choice in what they buy. And because we want to bring Toastmaster quality within the reach of everyone. That's why there's a Toastmaster toaster in exactly the size you want, with the features you want, and at the price you want to pay. So take your choice and know that whatever it is, it's Toastmaster quality throughout. Which Toastmaster toaster do *you* prefer?

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extent this is true. The more people you talk to, the more places you visit, the more news you get.

Big news doesn't usually come to you; except in rare cases, you have to go after it. Of course, some excellent tips come from the public, but they have to be checked and double-checked. In addition, you have to have ingenuity and resourcefulness. You have to know how to ask the right questions. You must have background. And finally you must have luck, plus friends and some enemies.

Charlie Michelson, who was bureau chief of the old New York World when I first came to Washington, once gave me two formulas for getting news: "Remember," he said, "that the most important news usually comes out after the second highball. Remember also that your enemies help you as much as your friends."

Not being a two-fisted drinker, I have never made any great use of the first of Charlie's formulas. But I have discovered that when you are known to be a critic of a certain public figure, news about him comes toward you like lightning toward a lightning rod.

For instance, it was this lightning-rod effect that contributed in part to the conviction of Congressman Andrew May, of Kentucky. In my radio broadcast one Sunday I reported that Congressman May was opposed to certain veterans' legislation. Just as I was about to leave the studio, a veteran phoned me to say his wife had some interesting information on Congressman May.

I drove some distance out to Northeast Washington to see the veteran and his wife. They were raising chinchillas in their basement, and during the course of the evening I became something of a chinchilla expert. But I also learned from Mrs. Eleanor Hall that she had once passed an envelope containing, she believed, $1000, to Congressman May on behalf of her then employers, the Garsson brothers, of the Erie Basin Metal Products Company, war contractors.

After some days of continuing conversations, she consented to give me an affidavit. This took courage on her part. A lot of people will tell you things, but they won't swear to them. But she did swear, and her testimony eventually contributed to the conviction of the congressman—she was the star witness at May's trial.

Some of the biggest stories are the easiest to get, and some of the stories you work hardest on turn out to be duds. On the other hand, it sometimes takes weeks and months to develop a big, exclusive story. Take, for instance, the revelation that a Soviet spy ring was operating in Canada, a story which I broke on February 10, 1946. It was the first shocking news that our Soviet ally had already stolen the secret of the atom bomb.

It took a couple of months to run this story down, and it was pure luck that I stumbled into it. The luck really began when I was able to publish, during the latter part of the war, the secret report written to Roosevelt by his special ambassador to India, William Phillips, recommending independence or dominion status for India. Phillips reasoned that if India were given some inspiration to fight, she could raise enough troops to crack the Japanese front from Burma and the south, thereby saving many American lives.

Thanks to a State Department official who wanted (*Continued on Page 90*)

The Perfect Squelch

The Robbersins, newcomers to the neighborhood, invited the Petersens to make a Sunday-afternoon foursome at golf. To the dismay of the Petersens, who were good golfers and good company, the Robbersins swung their clubs like cave dwellers, went into fits of temper and broke nearly every rule. At the end of nine holes of this, it suddenly developed that the Robbersins were enjoying themselves even if the Petersens were not.

Snatching the flag from the caddie and jabbing it into the ninth as if it were a harpoon, Robbersin in high spirits called to the Petersens: "This has been some fun. Let's make it an ——"

"Yes," Mrs. Petersen broke in. "Let's make it an annual event."

Mrs. Ray D. Lamb

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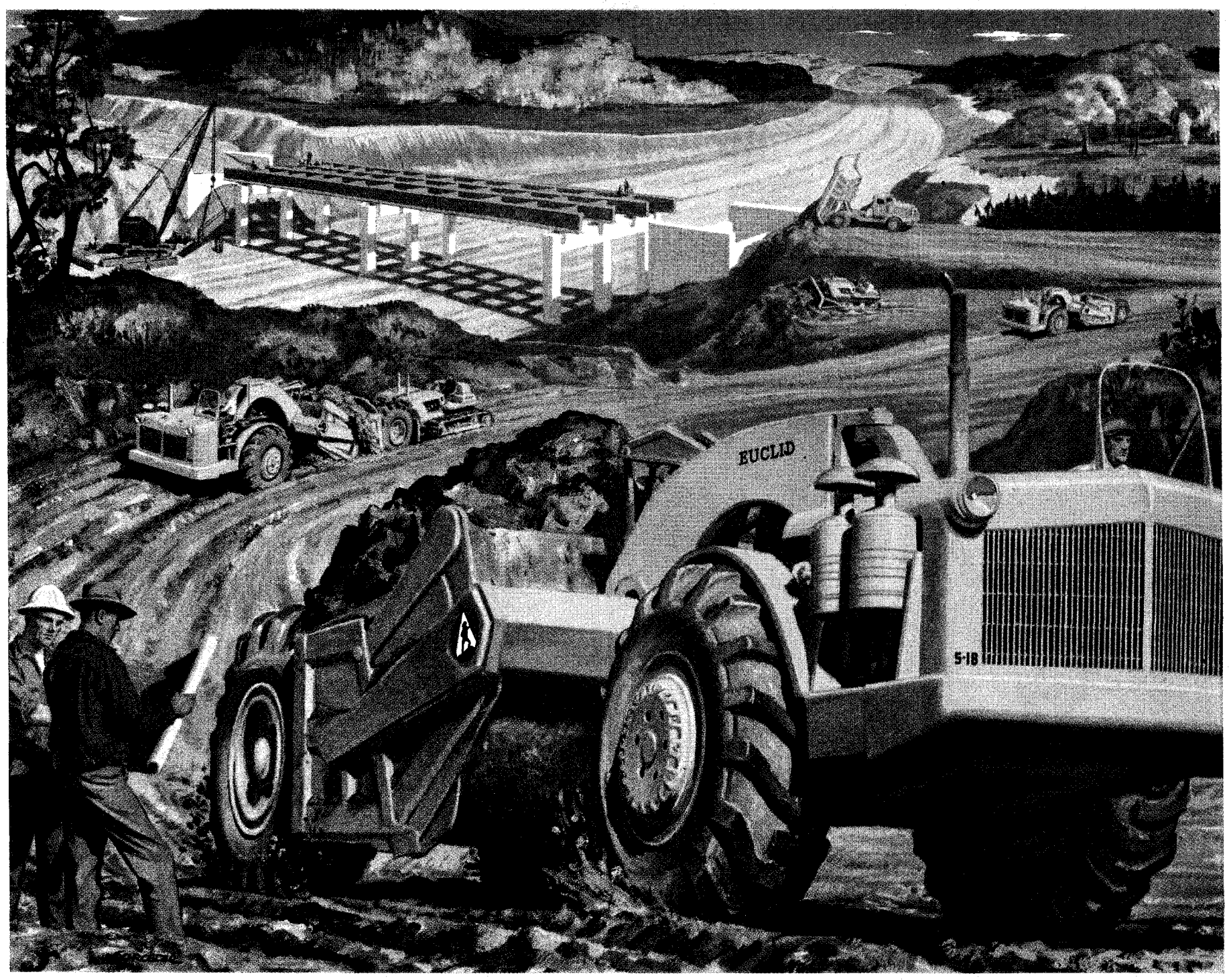


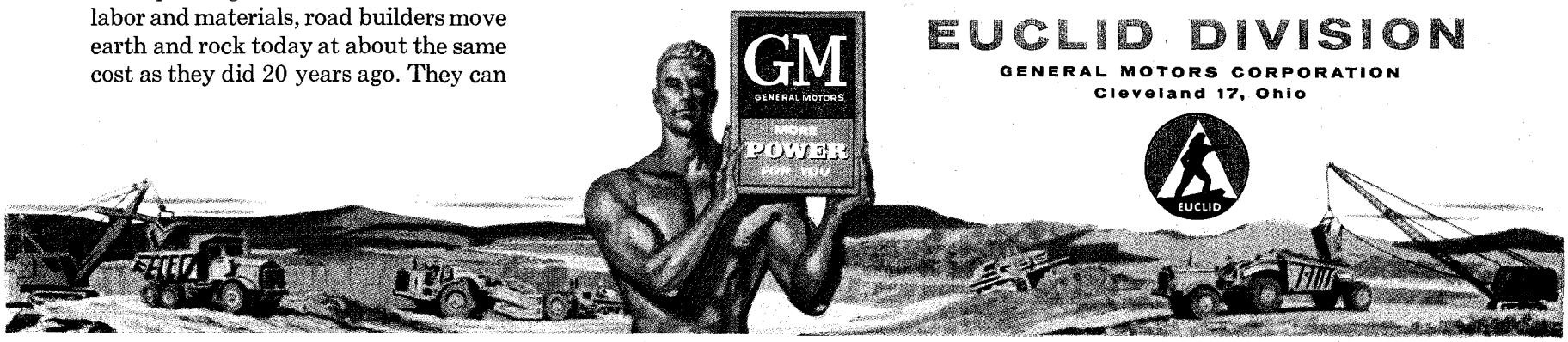
TURNING TRAILS INTO TURNPIKES

A long overdue construction program to modernize our obsolete roads and provide a new network of interstate highways has been started. These new roads in every section of the country will require tremendous quantities of materials, skilled personnel and specialized modern machines. Earth-moving equipment must move many millions of tons of earth and rock—making cuts and fills to straighten curves and level hills.

Despite big increases in the cost of labor and materials, road builders move earth and rock today at about the same cost as they did 20 years ago. They can maintain fast construction schedules and give taxpayers more road per dollar with modern machines like the Euclids shown in the illustration.

The new TC-12 Crawler with a total of 388 h. p. is the world's most powerful tractor. The S-18 Scraper picks up loads of 18 cu. yds. or more in about one minute. These machines are typical of the advanced engineering that makes the Euclid line a star performer on a wide range of work. There are others designed especially for construction projects such as airports, roads, dams and all heavy grading jobs, for open pit mines and quarries, for industrial stockpiling and hauling of coal, ore, and other materials.

For information on earthmoving equipment that meets your specialized requirements contact a Euclid dealer or write direct if you prefer.



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Now—Satisfy Your
"COFFEE HUNGER"
with NESCAFÉ®

—tastier coffee made the modern way!

Good company, blazing logs and delicious Nescafé Coffee . . . nothing could be pleasanter! Or easier for the hostess! For Nescafé has deep-down 100% coffee goodness that truly satisfies "coffee hunger." Here's how simple it is to make it:

Recipe for Company Coffee

In your prettiest coffee server, put one teaspoonful of Nescafé (more or less, depending on strength desired) and a coffee cupful of boiling water for each cup of coffee. Cover, let coffee steep for a moment. Result—extra aroma, delicious flavor! *Tastier* coffee that wins compliments all around!

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When you're hungry for tastier coffee, try Nescafé

(*Continued from Page 88*) to see American lives saved, I was able to obtain and publish that report, together with some intercepted British cables declaring that Ambassador Phillips never again would be permitted in India.

I think my publication probably hastened dominion status for India, but in any case it made the British see red. They suspected that my informant was an Indian Army officer who had once been seen entering my office, and he was immediately transferred overseas.

Next they detailed a shrewd young RAF officer, Wing Commander Roald Dahl, to keep an eye on me. He did so with such persistence and charm that we became good friends. He became a frequent guest in our home, and after the war we visited him in England. But during the war he and I finally arrived at a concordat of convenience whereby I told him in advance if I was about to publish anything earth-shaking about the British Empire; he in turn kept me informed on British developments as far as he was able.

The arrangement worked pretty well. Came the end of the war, and Dahl informed me that he was being transferred to a highly secret assignment in Canada. He would not tell me what it was, but I gathered, from the way he talked, that it was a tremendous development.

It took about two months after getting that clue to track down the fact that Igor Gouzenko, the Soviet code clerk, had bolted the Soviet Embassy to inform the Canadians how Soviet agents had stolen the secret of the atom bomb.

I remember vividly when I first broke the story the flood of mail from well-meaning Americans denouncing me for wrongfully disrupting our relations with Russia. The barrage of criticism continued until Prime Minister Mackenzie King, of Canada, made an official announcement confirming all the facts in the atom-spy case. That was in the winter of 1946—four years before Senator McCarthy discovered the issue of communist spies.

Many of my news stories are developed just by asking questions. Sometimes you feel like a fool asking them, but that's part of the job of being an S.O.B.

The most disagreeable question I ever had to ask was of Girard Davidson, former Assistant Secretary of the Interior. I phoned him at his home in Portland, Oregon, in January, 1952, to ask whether it was true that his wife was divorcing him to marry Justice William O. Douglas, of the Supreme Court. I shall never forget the anguish in his voice.

"I don't know," he said. "I've been trying to convince her it's a mistake. She's been here with me at Christmastime with the children, and I think maybe she won't go ahead with it. But I can't tell. If you say anything about it over the radio," he pleaded, "please let me know in advance, so I can warn the children. They don't know anything about it yet, and I'd rather they got it from me than the neighbors."

Mrs. Davidson did get a divorce and did marry Justice Douglas, but I did not link her name to the story. I hope I am not that much of an S.O.B.

One of the biggest news beats I ever got fell into my lap by pure accident, plus the fact that a Cabinet officer didn't want it known that he was seeing me. It was the fact that the United States was going to develop the hydrogen bomb.

At that time only a few scientists knew that the hydrogen bomb was a possibility. Dr. Robert Oppenheimer was secretly opposed to its development, but no one knew this. In fact, no one knew that the H-bomb was being discussed on a high level in Washington.

I had an engagement to see Louis Johnson, then Secretary of Defense, on a routine matter. I usually dropped in to see him every couple of weeks, and on this occasion was ushered by his aide to his rear office to wait. I knew this meant that Louis had an important visitor who would be coming out the front door—someone he didn't want me to see or someone he didn't want to see me.

But Louis, figuring I was in the front office, ushered the visitor out through the rear. It was Dean Acheson, Secretary of State.

Louis recovered quickly. Nonchalant and charming, he introduced me to Dean, which he didn't need to do, since Dean used to stay in my house when his wife went away for the summer. Dean shook hands and departed, after which I asked Louis the obvious question: Why had the Secretary of State come to see the Secretary of Defense?

In Washington, where protocol is important, the ranking Cabinet member, the Secretary of State, does not go to see the Secretary of Defense. The Secretary of Defense goes to see him.

"We were discussing the question of whether to build the hydrogen bomb," Louis explained.

I was flabbergasted, but pretended that the news bombshell just dropped by the Secretary of Defense was no more important than if he had told me he had eaten grapefruit for breakfast.

"Are you going to build it?" I asked.

"Dean's against it; I'm for it; the President will decide."

A few days later I broke the story. But the significance of the hydrogen bomb was so little known at that time that the wire services didn't pick it up for another week.

As usual, they gave me no credit. I have found over the years that if one of my columns is denied by the White House, the Associated Press and United Press are quick to put the denial on the wire. If an important story is confirmed, they pick it up and carry it as their own. At first I got sore about this, and protested. But in recent years I've become philosophical. It's all part of the career of being an S.O.B.

Right here let me say that the best reporters I have are the American public and Government bureaucrats who don't like dishonesty and inefficiency. There are two full-time newsmen on my staff, Jack Anderson, my junior partner, who came to Washington from the Salt Lake City Tribune; and Lawrence Berlin, formerly in the State Department's Information Service. Both are loyal friends and indefatigable, intelligent reporters. But 25 to 50 per cent of our time is spent tracking down messages from Government officials or plain citizens who are believers in honest, efficient government.

Sometimes the tips pertain to things so far away that it's impossible to check them. But in most cases, we run them down. About 50 per cent of the time they turn out to be factual; about 25 per cent of the time important.

During the war, the GI's were one of my most important sources of information about military waste and tragic loss of lives. Thousands of letters poured in to report on such cases as the 400 American paratroopers shot down by United States and British naval vessels during the invasion of Sicily; the admiral who flew a cow up to the Aleutian Islands, but forgot that a cow won't give milk for long without a bull; the twelve carloads of leather jackets at the Philadelphia Navy Yard that were ripped up the back so they could be condemned. The letters had to be checked, of course. Sometimes the checking led to denials, dodges and lies. However, I have found that the great

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majority of men and officers in the armed services are more interested in remedying mistakes than they are in covering up.

A news source of less importance is the kind-hearted friend who has a world-beating story. To track it down takes hours, and it usually turns out to be a dud.

One day during a Washington hotel strike a friend called me to say that John L. Lewis had crossed a picket line and gone into The Carlton Hotel for lunch.

"What day was it?"

"Today," said my friend.

"Are you sure it was today?"

My friend was quite sure.

"Well, that's funny," I told him, "because I had lunch with John L. Lewis myself today. We lunched at the Washington Hotel, not the Carlton, and there was no picket line there."

It's always nice to brag about the big scoops you've pulled and forget about the big boners. But I've written my share of boners. Two of the biggest were a prediction that Dewey would be elected in 1948, and again that Eisenhower would not run for a second term.

I was so confident of the Dewey prediction that I backed it up with a column scheduled to appear the day after election, naming his probable Cabinet. My column has to be written three days in advance, and since I had to fill a gap, I wrote a second column scheduled for release the second day after election, describing some of the issues Dewey would face as President of the United States.

At 7:30 on election night I sat in the TV-radio room of the American Broadcasting Company, took one look at the returns as they began to trickle in from key states, and began to wonder how I could crawl off my prediction limb.

I was never able to make it. While I was the first commentator on the air that evening to go into reverse and predict Harry Truman's victory, that still left me with two columns all set in type for two days after election.

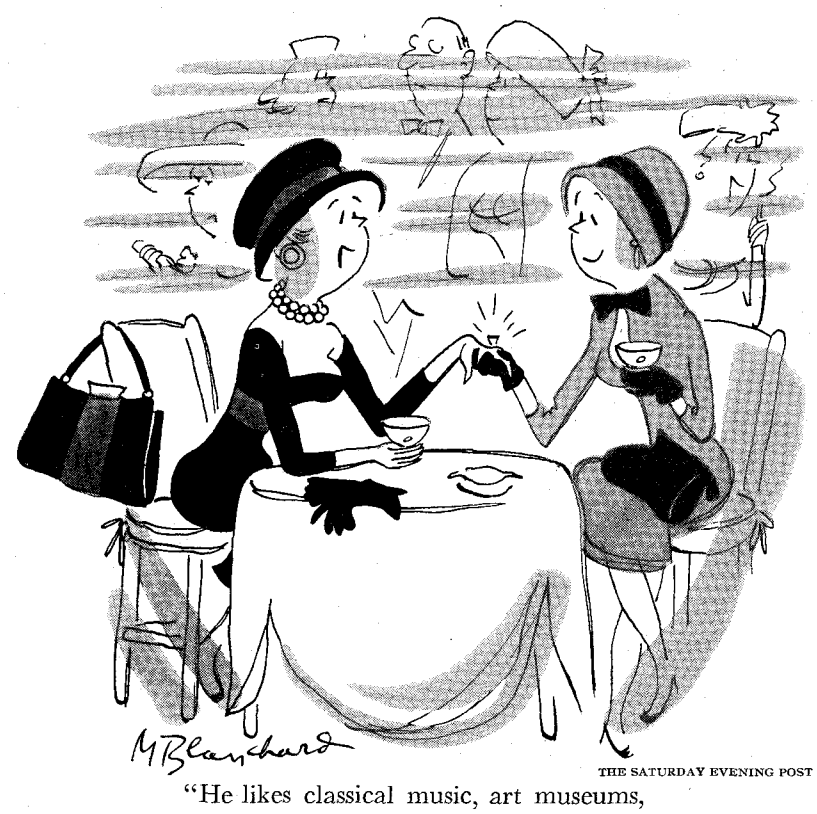
At about six that morning, after climbing off a plane from New York, I sat wearily down at my typewriter and began writing a substitute column for the second day after election. It was too late to catch the Wednesday post-election column, which featured Dewey's Cabinet. The world read it and laughed. Some editors enjoyed the joke on me so much that they published the second day's column, even though I had paid $2000 out of my own pocket to send the substitute column by wire.

(When I make a mistake, incidentally, I pay the telegraphic cost of sending corrections. My syndicate and my newspapers pay nothing. And when I am sued for libel, I bear the full liability of defending the suit. This is the only way a newspaperman can have freedom to write, and I have expressly shouldered libel-suit responsibility in my contract. Walter Winchell and some of my other colleagues have contracts stipulating that their syndicate assumes all liability for libel suits.)

Frankly, I was never quite sure of my prediction that Eisenhower would not run for a second term, but I stuck with it. I based my conclusion on three clues: first, a remark he once made to me that he wanted to be a one-term President; second, on his health; third, on the fact that he never seemed particularly happy in dealing with the political headaches that bedevil a President. Toward the end of that long period of national speculation, before Ike announced his intention on February twenty-ninth, I decided I was probably wrong. But I did not make a judicious retreat. Having stuck my neck out, the old Pearson stubbornness my wife complains of got the better of me, and I came crashing down with the limb I had gone out on.

My critics have sometimes accused me of getting news by buttering up certain officials, referring to them as "able" Senator So-and-So, or the "astute" Secretary of So-and-So. That was once true. I doubt if it is true today. I think I can even fix the date when I swore off that technique. It was when the late Maury Maverick, former congressman from Texas, telephoned me from San Antonio with a news tip. He told me that if I looked in the court records of Hidalgo County, Texas, I would find a sworn deposition proving that Gov. Allan Shivers made a $425,000 quickie profit in six months from a silver-platter land deal handed him by Congressman Lloyd Bentsen and Bentsen's father.

"But," added Maury, "don't mention the 'able Maury (*Continued on Page 94*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He likes classical music, art museums, and he reads a lot, but nobody's perfect."

Could you choose the right paints for this plant?

. . . there's a big reward for the right choice!

"Maintenance paint expert" probably isn't in your list of accomplishments as a businessman. Choice of the right paint for a particular job is, however, an important business decision . . . important in appearance and in tangible rewards for you because the right paint will last two or three times as long as a poor selection.

Let the Tropical Paint man act as your expert. He's a specialist in maintenance paints. He's backed by constant research, top-notch manufacturing and a full line of specialized products for every painting problem.

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This year, Tropical men will serve more than 40,000 business firms as maintenance paint consultants.

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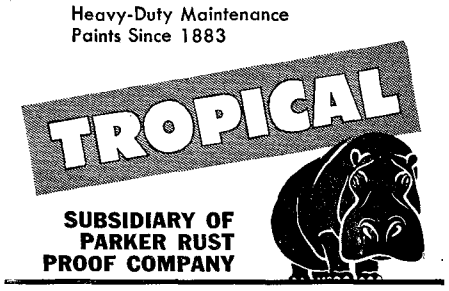

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NEW 1957 GENERAL ELECTRIC FILTER-FLO® WASHER

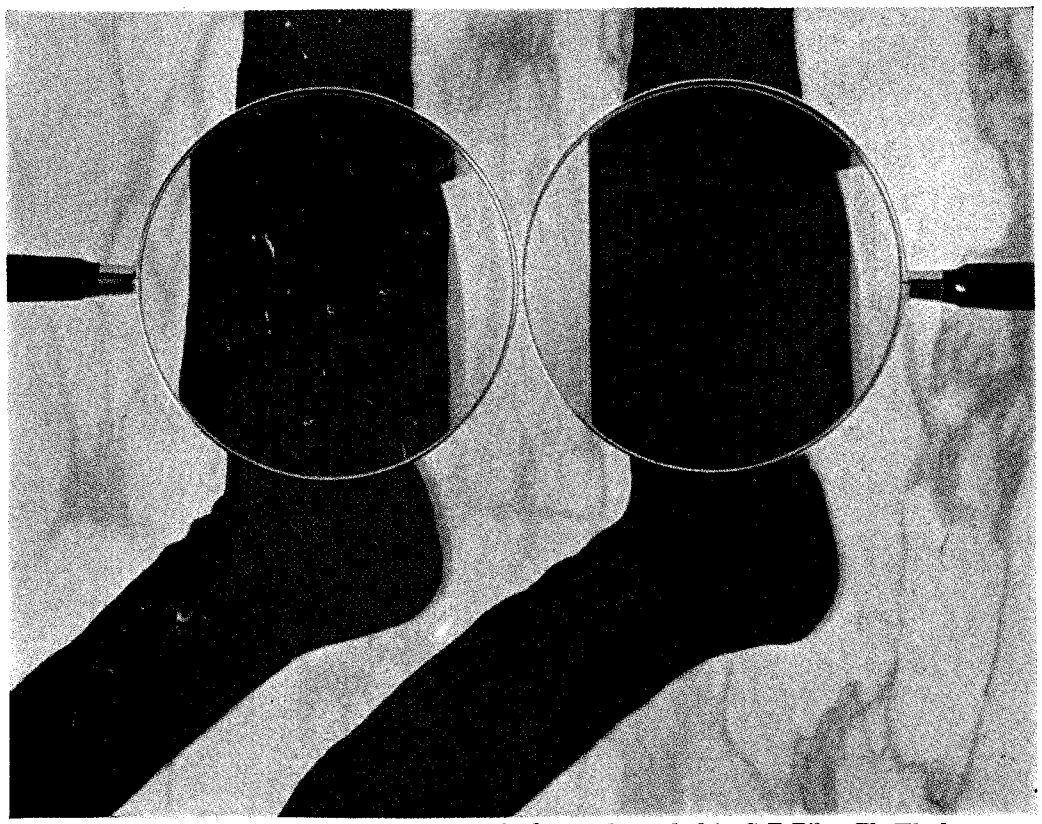
Cleans and recleans wash water to give you cleaner clothes

Look—lint is caught in the filter—not on your clothes! Sand and soap scum are removed automatically!

As you wash, General Electric's marvelous Filter-Flo Washing System circulates and filters a full tub of water at the rate of 6 gallons a minute. Before lint can settle on clothes, it is caught in the filter which lets cleansed sudsy water flow back into the washbasket. The filter is easily removed for cleaning.

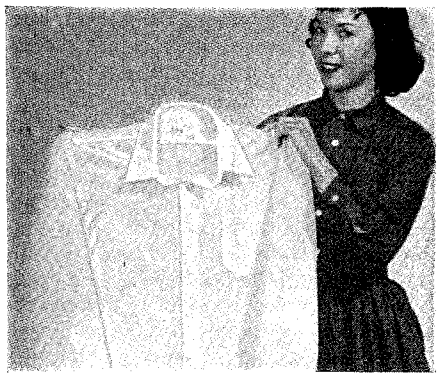
Here's picture proof that your clothes wash clean and bright. Note the socks at the right. The first sock was dulled by hard-to-brush-off lint fuzz after 7 washings in an ordinary washer. The second sock, washed 7 times in the General Electric Filter-Flo Washer in an identical washload, showed *practically no lint!*

Now with 3 ways to save hot water—Just push the Water Saver selector . . . it lets you save up to 20 gallons of water on small loads. Choice of Warm or Cold Water Rinses saves you more hot water. And models with the new Automatic Suds Return System let you set aside hot sudsy *filtered* water for a second wash, if you wish. Detergent and hot water go further. Truly economical!



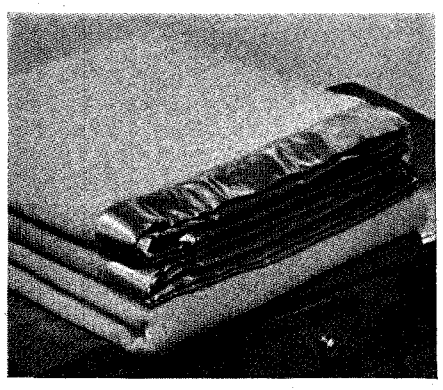
Sock at left washed in ordinary washer *Sock at right washed in G-E Filter-Flo Washer*

Now—choose from 2 wash speeds, 2 spin speeds . . . to give all types of fabrics "exactly right" washing care!



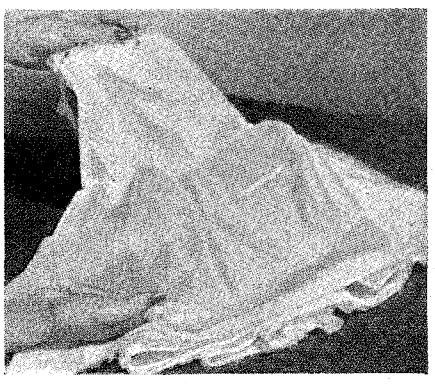
Wash nylon without wrinkles

Normal Wash Speed—Slow Spin Speed. Set the washer to suit the fabric! For nylon shirts, Dacron blouses . . . *Normal* Washing Action is thorough, designed to get collars and cuffs clean. A gentle *Slow* Spin prevents setting in wrinkles.



Wash blankets without "felting"

Slow Wash Speed—Normal Spin Speed. Set Washing Action on *Slow* to provide just the right gentle care for blankets. Prevents twisting that can cause felting. *Normal* Spin leaves blankets fluffy-soft. Good for stuffed toys, too.



Wash "fragiles" without frays

Slow Wash Speed—Slow Spin Speed. Fine silks, baby knits, lacy lingerie—washables like these can be safely laundered in the General Electric Washer. Set both wash and spin speeds for that gentle "hand washing" care.

Wash work clothes without creased-in dirt

Normal Wash Speed—Normal Spin Speed. All the "family" fabrics come out all-over clean with dependable Activator Washing Action at *Normal* Speed. *Normal* Spin leaves clothes damp-dry, many ready to iron.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(*Continued from Page 91*) Maverick' or they'll put the finger right on me."

I got hold of the records of Hidalgo County, confirmed and published the Shivers land-deal profit—though I couldn't get any Texas newspapers to use it at that time. Either they didn't believe me or they were too much in Shivers' corner.

But from then on, I have forsworn the buttering-up technique—most of the time.

One of the most valued possessions of any newspaperman is his word, especially his word that he will not violate a confidence. I have sometimes gone to extreme lengths to protect news sources, even to the extent of talking to them in a moving automobile or in some out-of-the-way park where no microphones can be hidden. I figure that my phone is tapped by so many different intelligence agencies that I tell people I sell commercials on my phone. My staff and I have even devised code names to identify certain persons when we talk over the phone.

The code name for Gen. Omar Bradley, when he was chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was "The Tentmaker." The code name for Oscar Chapman, when Secretary of the Interior, was "The Chef," taken from another famous Oscar—of the Waldorf.

These men have now retired from Washington life and I don't mind revealing their code names—which they, incidentally, never heard of. I do not want to reveal any code names in the present administration, for obvious reasons. I mention the matter now only to illustrate the extent to which I have gone to protect sources. Even in making notes in my own office, I have used code names, for fear my desk might be rifled.

Pearson, who has been called "more names by more Presidents of the U.S. than any other newspaperman in history," with his wife, Luvie, at their farm in Maryland.

Despite all my precautions, I fear that I was responsible for a serious injustice being done to two Government servants. One was John Service, a State Department Foreign Service officer, who was fired on the charge of being a poor security risk because he had talked to newspapermen and others.

One of those newspapermen, I suspect, was I; for on at least one occasion I went to Service's apartment and talked with him about Patrick J. Hurley, with whom he had served when Hurley was United States Ambassador to China. Later I learned that microphones had been planted in Service's apartment.

The second man who I suspect suffered because of me was Theron Lamar Caudle, Assistant Attorney General under Truman, in charge of the Tax Division.

I had been writing a series of columns on tax scandals and had gone to see Caudle on numerous occasions to find out the status of certain cases and get his explanation as to why they had not been prosecuted. After a good many months of talking to Caudle, I had concluded that, although he was not always efficient, he was honest. Although he has since been criminally prosecuted in St. Louis, I still think so. I knew he had stood up against powerful political pressure to fix cases. So when the Ways and Means Committee started an investigation of tax fixing, I invited Caudle to my home for lunch. He is probably the most inept witness in the world, and I hoped to suggest ways by which he would be a little less inept.

About one hour after lunch, Caudle was fired on the personal order of President Truman. Sometime later I heard that the reason for the dismissal was that Caudle had had lunch with me. Truman at that time hated me intensely.

Those are some of the problems of being an S.O.B. I might add that another problem is that some of those I have handled roughly sometimes come back to haunt me. John Maragon, whom I helped send to jail after exposing him for influence peddling under the shadow of Gen. Harry Vaughan, came around to see me the day he got out of jail to help him find a job.

Henry Grunewald, whom I exposed for helping Pan American World Airways and Sen. Owen Brewster, of Maine, in connection with tapping the telephone of Howard Hughes, and who went to jail for contempt of the Senate, now consults me on his legal problems. Compared to certain big shots involved, Grunewald has suffered enough.

And although I spent about ten years throwing verbal harpoons into President Peron, of Argentina, it happened that when he went into exile and his ambassador in Washington followed suit, the ambassador's wife came to live for some weeks in our house.

While I may be an S.O.B., I hope I am not a heel.

Editors' Note—This is the first of four articles. The second will appear next week.

He Collects Noises (Continued from Page 45)

out between cars, it was because lighter equipment had been added; he had to learn what new subway effects would be required. But if he attracts unwelcome attention or is threatened with interruption, Michelson employs a simple but effective trick. He pretends to be taking notes. To the big-city mind, that somehow explains anything.

When he is not recording sound, selling sound effects, dubbing them into the film of forthcoming television shows or using them in shows of his own creation, the operator of New York's hardest-working ears likes to spend a quiet evening at home, listening to sound effects.

He tries to listen simultaneously to television and radio, managing this, almost, by striding back and forth between television in the living room and radio in the kitchen. Sounds he supplied will be coming in on both, which make Michelson as happy as a terrier with cats up two trees.

A few sounds still are produced manually. Among them is the sound of someone getting hit on the head. For this one, indispensable in mirroring the high state of twentieth-century civilization, nothing is so lifelike, it is held, as belting a head of cabbage with a hammer handle. But 90 per cent of today's sound effects are on recordings.

Any evening, Michelson will hear sounds which gave him a battle, sounds which were a cinch, sounds obtained at a certain amount of peril, and one—the reverberating bong of a Chinese gong—associated with his start in creative sound-effects work. It was a tricky introduction to a pleasantly tricky business.

Michelson was then in his late twenties and dealt primarily in transcribed radio shows. But he also handled sound-effects records made by the pioneer in this field, Harry Gennett, Jr., and filling special orders himself was the logical next step. One day a radio executive summoned Michelson to his throne room.

"For a new mystery show," he said, "I want you to find or create something absolutely distinctive in sound, as an introduction." As Michelson tried to think of something suitably sinister, say an E-minor wind rattling rotten shutters, the great man solved it himself. "Got it!" he cried. "The sound of an aeolian harp."

It was a remarkably bad idea. An aeolian harp is a box fitted with strings on which the wind plays murmurous little melodies. Only cooing doves or a few bars of Rock-a-bye, Baby could do less to suggest mystery. But for customer good will, Michelson had to come through.

Aeolian harps went out of favor about the time of gold toothpicks, and finding one took six days. The sound was just as innocent and ethereal as feared. And now that he had it, cooler heads had taken over the management of the show and rejected the harp out of hand.

It would have been a discouraging debut if luck hadn't decided to show the chancy possibilities. A few days later Michelson dropped in to gab with a former boss who ran an importing shop. Hanging on the wall was a big gong newly arrived from China. Out of curiosity, Michelson hit it a lick. That sound, discovered by idle accident and bearing no conceivable resemblance to the one ordered, was hailed as a brilliant thought and just what the show needed. Used since on mystery shows by the hundreds, it has earned money for Michelson for eighteen years.

In the days since that first coup, Michelson has built up the leading emporium of sound effects. The needs of television and radio are as limitless as the human imagination. To meet them Michelson has a library of some 10,000 canned sounds. They range from the most commonplace sounds of home and office to such fairly special items as the striking of an antique Whittington clock and the sound of a man chopping up a piano. That one is used in scenes where a joint is being raided.

"Ten thousand sounds" doesn't begin to suggest the possibilities. They combine into multiple effects of almost infinite variety, such as "footsteps of woman running down wooden steps of steel mill as truck drives up loaded with excited turkeys." They combine into single new sounds. It was with five animal calls, distorted by high speed, that soundmen finally achieved a witch's scream acceptable to Leopold Stokowski, conducting for Omnibus.

A single record may be highly versatile. For a long time nobody had a good "series of explosions" as they sound in real life. Then an ammunition train blew up in Colorado, and a radio station got apparatus to the scene in time to record all the explosions anybody could wish. You have heard this recording not only as exploding ammunition but also as battlefield sounds and, played slower, as a landslide and an earthquake.

Considering the size and versatility of his stock, it might be supposed that Michelson had worked himself out of work. But if one television show asks for an arctic ice slide—which Michelson has—the next may want beauty-parlor sounds. Michelson didn't have those and had to get them.

Any show may need a whole set of sound effects for its own special purposes. For Jackie Gleason's The Honeymooners, Michelson needed dumb-waiter sounds, which he recorded in a restaurant between the breakfast rush and lunch. He needed sounds as heard arising from a manhole, since Art Carney, in the role of Ed Norton, works in the sewers. That was simplicity itself.

An echo chamber, a wooden maze which makes things sound hollow and a little delayed, as if you were yelling down a well, will make anything in Michelson's collection sound subterranean. By re-recording, with echo, he could supply anything from Canadian Wild Geese (in a sewer) to Society Reception (in a sewer).

One common sound was oddly elusive. Michelson had all manner of water effects, from showerbaths to waterfalls. But he didn't have the sound of *no* water, the gulping and gasping made by a faucet when it runs dry.

So he had to concoct it, a four-hour job, using among other things a recording of popcorn popping and another of pistol shots, played at high speed to raise the sound far above normal pitch. While working he had the exasperation of knowing that there must be 10,000 faucets out of order in metropolitan New York, if only he knew where to find one of them. Next morning he did find one—in his own apartment—when he tried to shave; the boiler was down for repairs.

Because recorded sound is used so adroitly, we don't realize how greatly sound effects enhance credibility, how much they (*Continued on Page 96*)

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All the tantalizing goodness of old-time candied apples . . . completely recaptured in this brand new Sealtest taste treat.

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(*Continued from Page 94*) expand the scope of action. The live cast may number only four or five. But the story, if you stop to think of it, may involve thousands—and they'll seem real.

"Why, there must be three thousand people out there," says the noble young reform candidate. "Maybe they do want honest government after all." That adoring throng is supplied in any desired size from a large choice of crowd effects. The soundmen may be using a baseball crowd, editing out the hits.

When the villain flees, they'll get him out of town by any means from racing camel to turbo-jet. And in the peace after the storm, when hero and heroine relax on the front porch, the soundmen will supply the night sounds. If you wonder why the crickets are so abnormally loud, that's to show you how very peaceful things are.

It is only when something goes amiss that the real contribution of sound effects shows up. Now and then there is a notable fluff. The climax of one tender radio story came when the lovers walked arm in arm into their secret woodland bower. But instead of bird song, what smote the ears of the loving pair was the howl of police sirens. Fifty of Michelson's "twittering bird" records had been mislabeled, and this was one of them.

It fell to Bob Mott, a CBS soundman, to provide sound for a terrible train-wreck scene. Resolved to make the customers' blood run cold, he let loose four train-wreck recordings at once. The result was a tremendous grinding crash which told of cars strewn around like toys, mighty locomotives groaning their last. It was shattering, except that as the dreadful din subsided, the playing arm on one of the consoles jumped to another "cut" in the record, another train effect. And now from the smoking rubble came a clear call. It was the voice of the conductor, matter-of-fact and a little impatient, bawling, "All abo-o-oard!"

The great virtue of modern sound effects is that they are taken from life, which adds verisimilitude and the pleasure of recognition. But authenticity is as authenticity does. With microphones on long fishing poles, Michelson and Harry Gennett, Jr., went after the mighty voice of Niagara Falls. All they got was a roar, sounding very much like Record No. 1122-A, Coal Going Down Chute. Niagara, they concluded, doesn't sound watery. Finding a creek, they dubbed in the sound of running water. The mixture was well received, though a later Niagara outsells it. That one was made beside a California irrigation ditch, which sounds the way Niagara is expected to sound.

Men in Michelson's distinctively modern business sometimes are called "sound hunters." Actually, however, the better they are, the less they have to hunt. An almost unconscious habit of making mental notes lets Michelson fill difficult-sounding orders pretty nimbly. Producers of a stage play on Broadway asked for "the beating of wings as birds fly around in an attic—and they've got to sound wild." That was because the sound was supposed to drive a girl mad.

Where to find wings beating like unmanageable thoughts? On 44th Street, Michelson figured, where he had noted that a flock of pigeons hung out. He laid out peanuts, then charged menacingly. The birds flew away in well-feigned agitation, returning as often as needed. The result was applauded by everyone except guests in the Algonquin Hotel, across the street. They could condone a little bird scaring, but not at seven o'clock on a Sunday morning.

Zoologists may go into the wilds to record wolf howls. Michelson, operating almost always on rush orders, has to do things faster. His best wolf howls were recorded with the help of a bigger pack than ever assembles in the Yukon. They were found near Kane, Pennsylvania, where somebody was running a wolf farm.

In this business, you're either resourceful or you're cooked. Michelson has learned a lot of short cuts. Elephants trumpet in mighty rage, but will also oblige for a loaf of bread. Coyotes howl in response to recorded police sirens. To make a burro bray, Michelson charters two of them, has one fed, the other ignored. The unfed one brays, and Michelson can get back to the office.

The peculiar knowledge of how ordinary things would sound though they never are heard solves many a problem. A mystery show asked for "the sound of thousands of ants, devouring the body of a murder victim and thus concealing the crime." Michelson produced a light, avid crunching which was just the ticket. He made it from records on hand which had nothing to do with ants. They were recordings of Automobile in Continuous Skid, but played at half speed.

Ingenuity solves a lot of problems, but some effects can be captured only at the cost of considerable wear and tear on the nervous system. Lying beside railroad tracks, for instance, to record speeding streamliners, is a job more stimulating than Michelson could wish. And he still winces when speaking of the time the Navy stationed him on the proving ground at Dahlgren, Virginia, to record the sound of 16-inch shells whining overhead. Nevertheless, Michelson got the effect so well that the job had unexpected consequences.

"In North Africa," an American naval officer told Michelson after the war, "when Rommel seemed about to push the British into the Nile, some English schemer cooked up a hoax. Floats were fitted out with loud-speakers and copies of those gunfire recordings. Under cover of fog they were towed close inshore and the sound of big guns rolled in over the water. On reports that a strong naval force had begun bombardment, the Germans weakened their southern flank to reinforce up north. That let the British launch the counterattack which eventually ended in the German rout."

On highly special, time-consuming jobs, one sound effect may cost a show $100 to $250. But ordinary records of standard sounds sell for a straight two dollars a copy—a little higher, $2.25, for sounds imported from England, such as air-raid effects, London traffic or nightingales.

"If Michelson hasn't got it, it isn't any good," says a network sound chief. To merit those fair words Michelson must have the sounds of our times in great detail, for any story, any setting, down to such things as the sound of an extension ladder extending. But the reliable breadwinners are commonplace sounds used every day—autos in all maneuvers, trains, planes, barnyard sounds, police sirens, birds, footsteps. The best seller of all and probably grand champion of sound effects is old Record No. 1008-B. That is the sound of Automobile, Continuously Running.

The combination of motor, exhaust and other sounds had to be precisely right, but old 1008-B repaid the effort. You have heard that car at every speed in every locale from Sauk City to Singapore. Networks carry whole stacks of the record and use the sound day and night. The car itself would be something of an antique. Harry Gennett made the recording eighteen years ago.

Michelson is a native New Yorker, a product of Columbia University, where he managed (*Continued on Page 101*)

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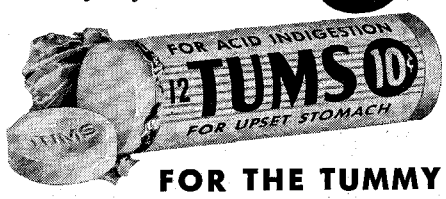

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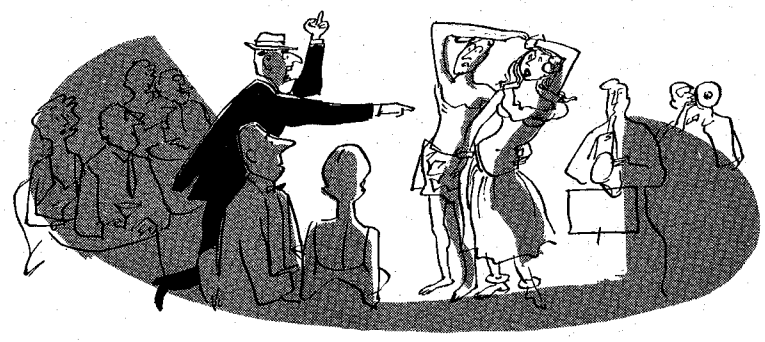

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Gloria and Eddie, night-club entertainers, performed a scantily clad dance called Satan and the Princess. When Sam, owner of the Flaming Orchid Club, saw their act, and especially Gloria, he signed them up for six months at $250 a week. He was well pleased with them until one night when he noticed that the minute their dance was done, they rushed out of his place. Following, he discovered that they went to a rival club across the street and did a hula-hula there. Sam, enraged, fired them. They sued for the balance of their pay for six months, alleging breach of contract.

"Nothing in our contract said we must work exclusively for Sam," they argued. "We gave our nightly show at his place, as agreed. What we did afterward was none of his business."

"What they did afterward was to go help a competitor," Sam protested. "A dance team is no good unless it's exclusive. And it went without saying, when I signed them up, that they were to dance for me exclusively."

If you were the judge, would you make Sam pay?

... ...

Sam did not have to pay. The court agreed with his stand. It added, somewhat tongue-in-cheek: "It must have been shocking to the aesthetic sensibilities of his patrons to see the alluring princess free herself from Satan's embrace and the two of them rush across the street and there engage in a hula dance."

Based upon a 1950 Louisiana decision.

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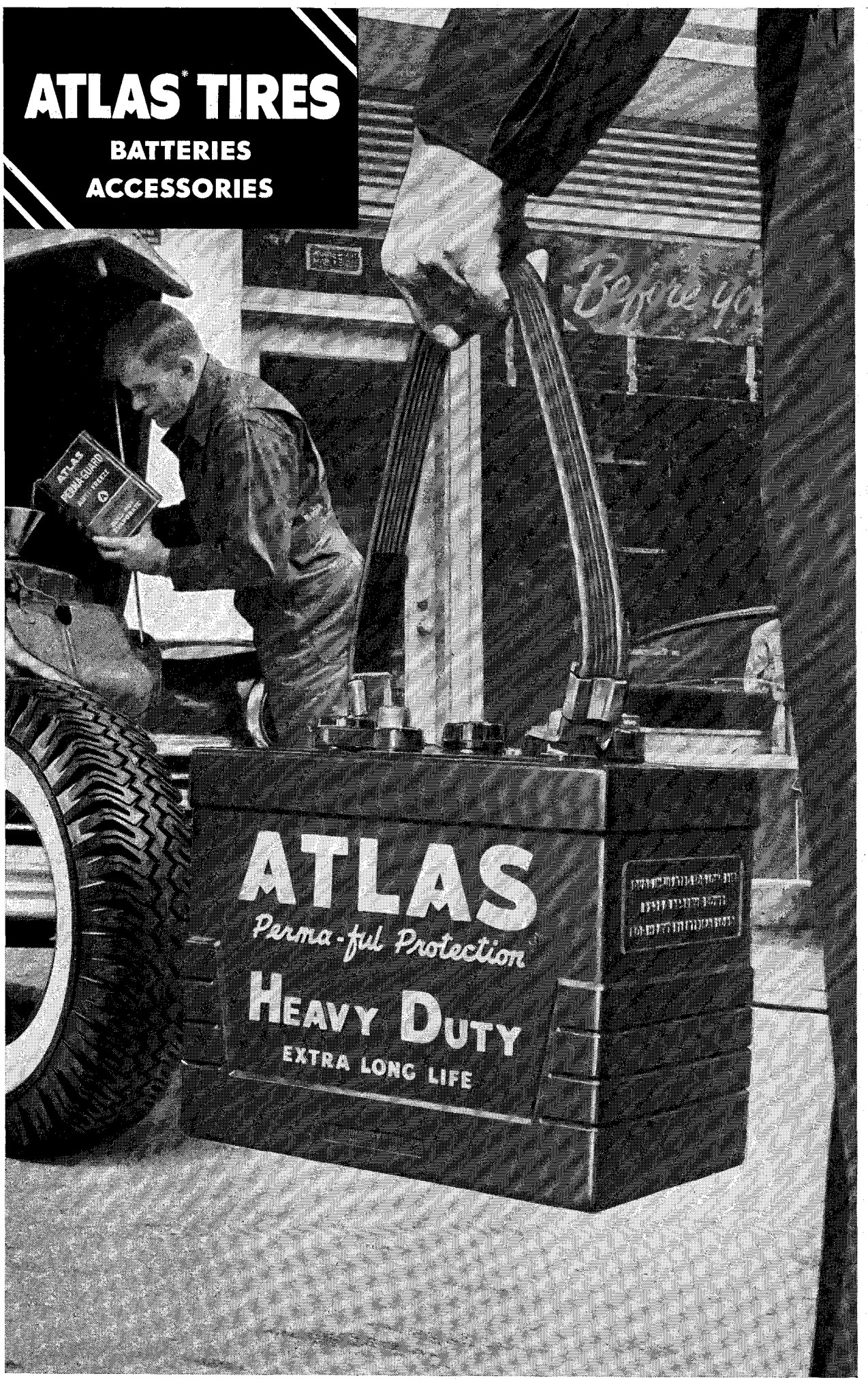

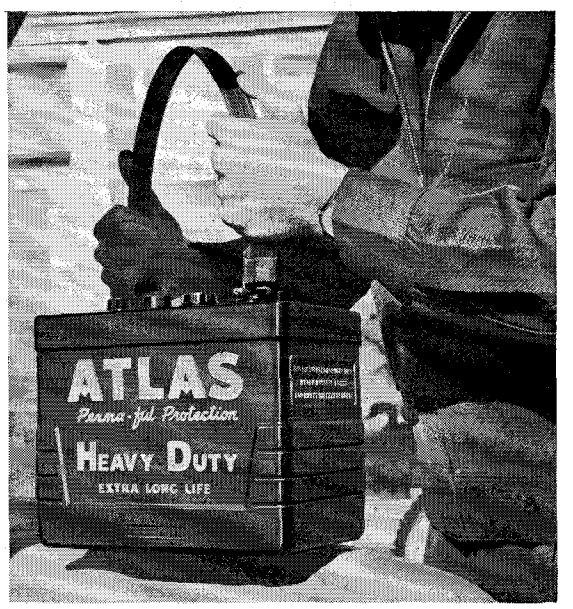

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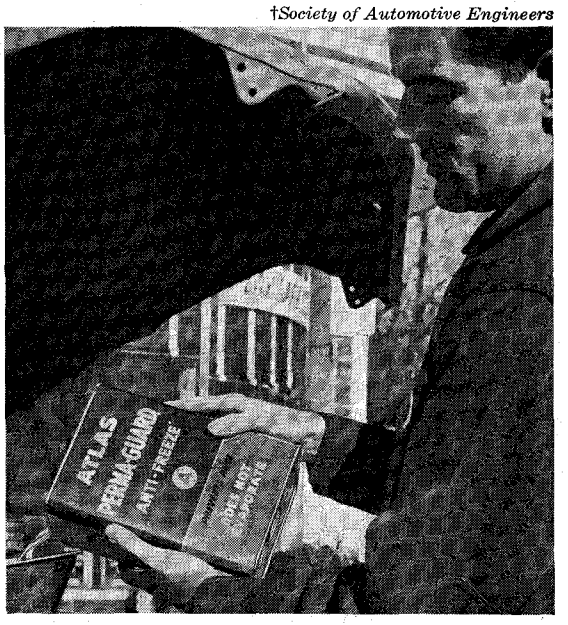

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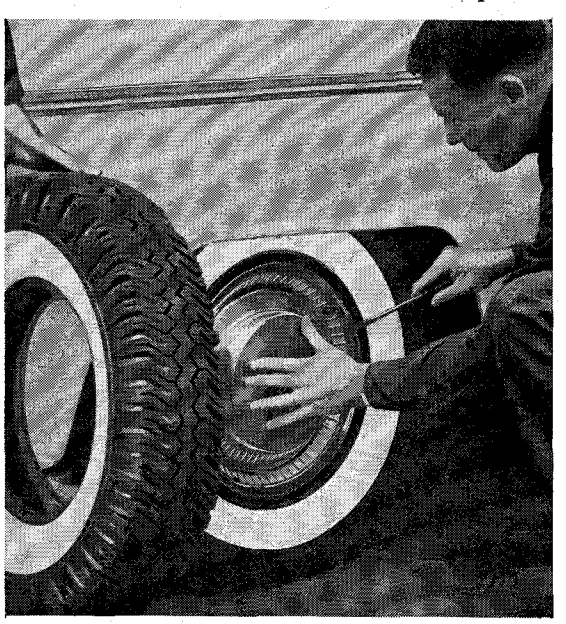

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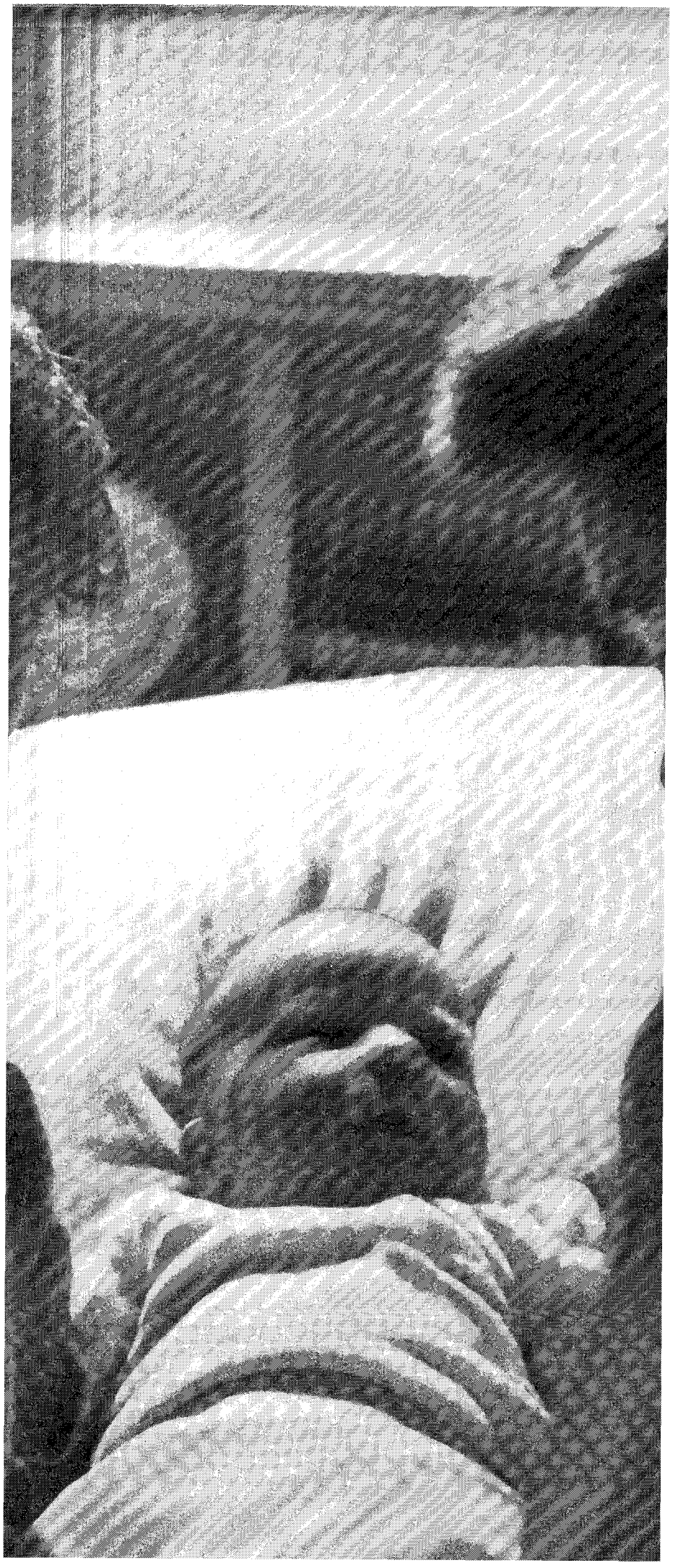

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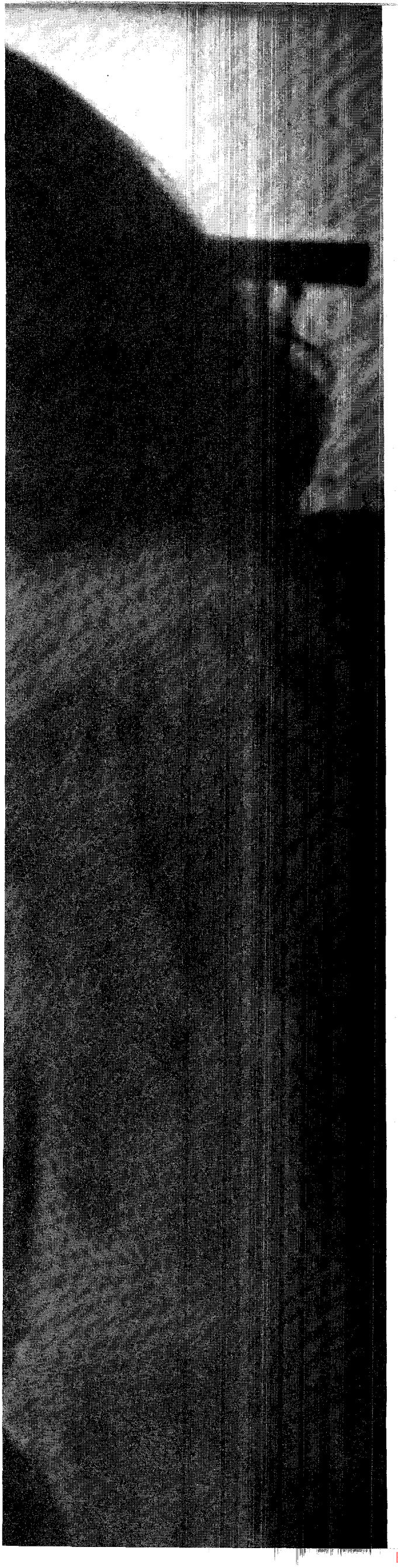

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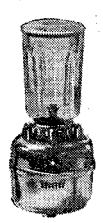

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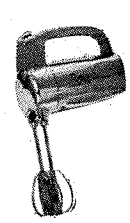

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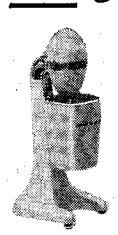
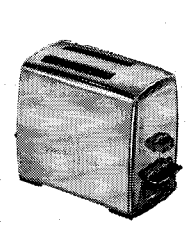


Home Drink Mixer—Makes real soda-fountain drinks, tasty fruit drinks. **$22.50** white; **$27.50** chrome.



New Automatic Toaster—Gives you toast at its best, and the only 5-year guarantee! **$19.95.**

- **Lustrous beauty** that lesser gifts can't match
- **Ends hit-or-miss mixing**—combination of new beaters and Bowl Control action *beats everything*
- **New Mixguide** puts 10 tested speeds under the thumb
- **Mixer slides off stand** for easiest portability

HAMILTON BEACH

HAMILTON BEACH CO., Div. of Scovill Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.

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(*Continued from Page 96*) the baseball team. In the terms applied to sound-effects records he is durable, break-resistant and realistic-sounding; at forty-seven his dark hair is receding, but not to a fade-out. He had only a listener's interest in radio until an Australian client of his father's exporting house asked in 1934 for transcribed American radio shows.

Michelson thought there might be an American market for the same thing. He was dead right and has since distributed some 125 shows, of which The Shadow may be the best known; for a time, that went out on 450 American stations and was exported in three languages.

Michelson got into sound effects because station-manager friends—he deals with 450 television and 2000 radio stations—complained that they needed more sounds on records. Harry Gennett, Jr., of the old Gennett Phonograph Company, had made records of certain stock background sound effects—train sounds, the patter of rain, burning-building noises—so that silent movies could at least pretend to compete with the talkies. He expanded this effort, with Michelson as distributor.

Their long alliance has been exceptionally happy; they complement each other. Michelson is gregarious; a trade paper called him "the friendliest man in the industry." Gennett, who pioneered in recording sound effects from life, has a retiring disposition and insists on living in Richmond, Indiana, where he was born, rather than in New York or Hollywood.

To some in the business this is baffling behavior, and they think of Gennett as a recluse. As a matter of fact, Richmond is an excellent operating base and a good source of sound. The world's best-known rooster, which opened Information, Please and is heard on many early-morning shows, is a Richmond bird. To capture that vaunting voice, Gennett had to go no further than the edge of town.

Michelson branched out into distributing live shows and created one of his own, Mutual's Chick Carter, Boy Detective. He lavished sound effects on that. "Sometimes," he says dreamily, "we had more soundmen than actors." A set of "capsule mysteries" he put together for television recently also makes generous use of sound effects, though Michelson doesn't build plots around them, as some of his mystery-writing friends used to do. Finding that Michelson had a recording, Owl, Snapping Beak, and another, Bacon Frying, they would have their villain pursued by a phantom owl and fall to sizzling death athwart high-tension lines.

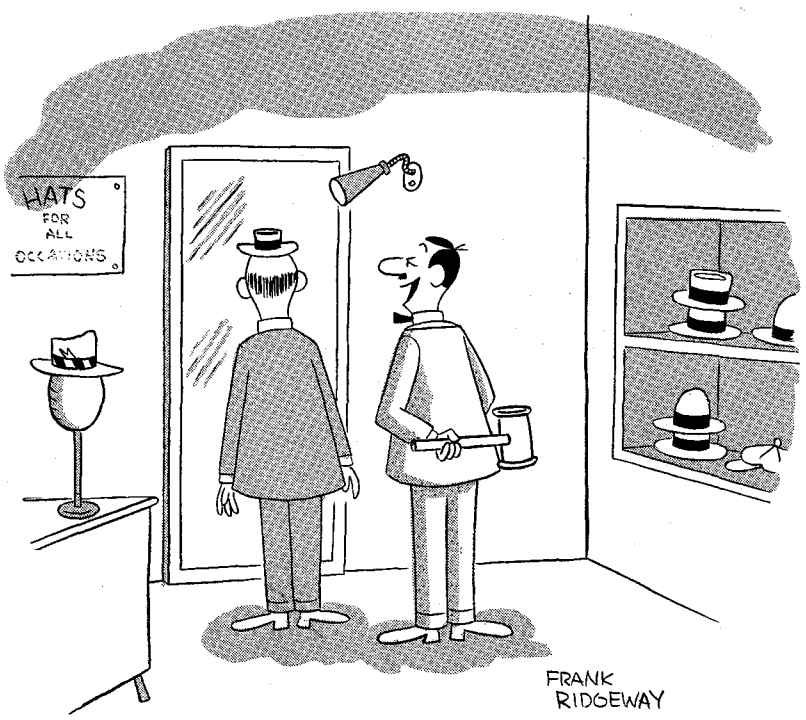
It's a business lively with surprises, and the use of canned sound grows steadily. Michelson recently equipped the exhibits in New York's Museum of Natural History with animal sounds. He even makes recordings for the hard of hearing, who are thus helped to identify things. Comedians have become large users of serious sound effects. Ernie Kovacs, for example, likes to have invisible horsemen galloping across his stage.

Michelson's sound effects are professional equipment, and he doesn't cultivate the home market, but he was glad to supply a Midwestern lawyer with the sound of the foghorn in San Pedro, California, where the attorney spent his boyhood. "It's as good as a picture on the wall," says Michelson. The attorney is blind.

Occasionally, Michelson hears from citizens who want to give noisy neighbors a taste of their own medicine. If their cause is just, he may recommend Record No. 1136, 7860 or 7831. They are, respectively, Two Wolves Howling, Snarl of a Sumatran Tiger, and Eight Horses Galloping.

Michelson himself uses only one of his 10,000 sounds at home. That's a recording of waves and a creaking ship; it puts him to sleep better than any sleeping pill. If he lived in the country, like his friend Dr. Orestes Caldwell, a sonic engineer, he would probably adopt Caldwell's watchdog system. When Caldwell hears suspicious noises out by the hennery, he looses a pack of ferocious hounds. They are savage sounding, but canned, which saves on the dog-meat bill.

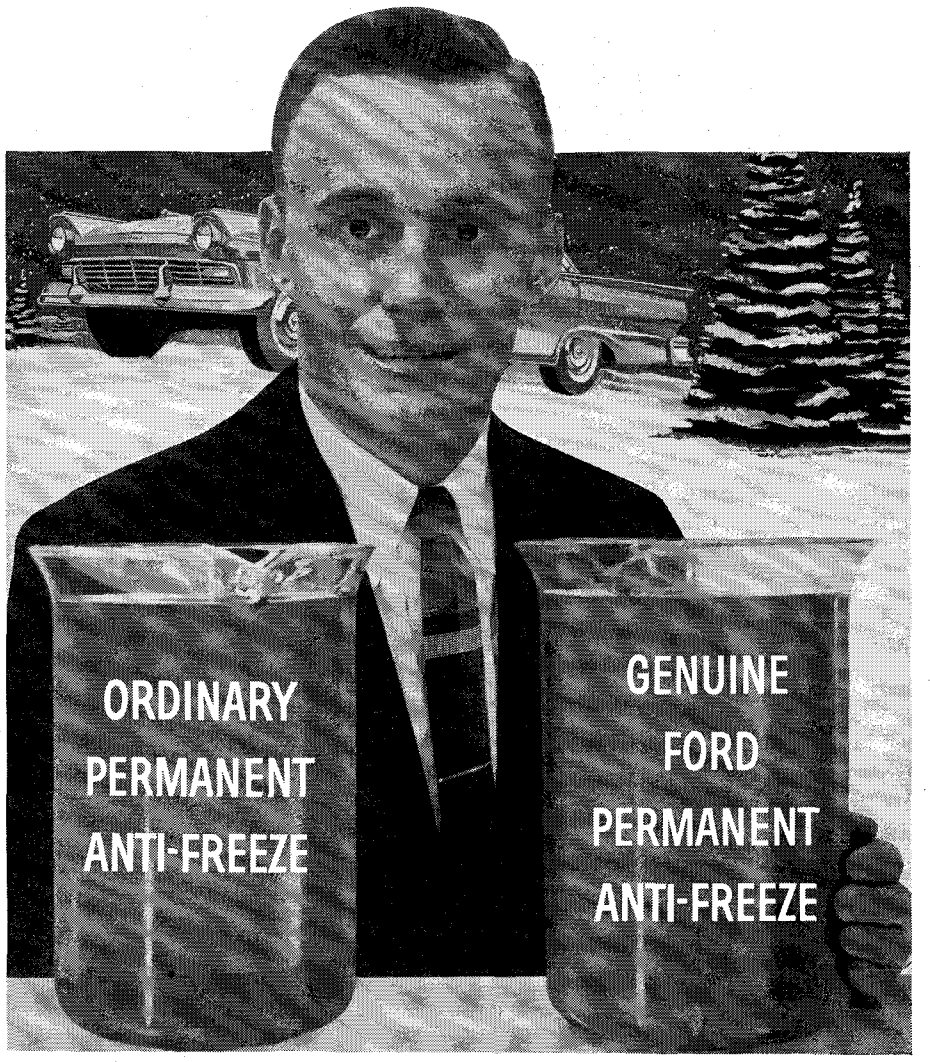
On the whole, Michelson finds his business a lot of fun. But into each life, as he would say—in moments of absorption he describes real things by their sound-effects numbers—some 7854 must fall. You can't win all the time. An airline wanted an exclamation point in sound for its commercials. Michelson provided the effect known in music as a glissando, and expected praise. "You would undo years of effort," he was told coldly, "to convince people that air travel is safe." It was a pretty effect, but Michelson had made an unfortunate choice of musical instrument—the harp. THE END



"Nonsense, sir, of course it will fit."

For your Ford...always specify the

"HOMOGENIZED" PERMANENT ANTI-FREEZE



"Like cream in homogenized milk, the rust inhibitors and defoaming agents in Ford Permanent Anti-Freeze are *evenly* distributed," says Gilbert Stafford, Ford's Cooling System Engineer. "These elements can't separate or settle (as in many other anti-freezes). So you can be sure *every drop* of Ford Anti-Freeze is full of protection!"

All Genuine Ford Parts are made right to safeguard your Ford!

When your Ford needs a replacement—be it a spark plug, oil filter or fan belt, etc.—it pays to insist on Genuine Ford Parts. That way you know you're getting the part that's made right, to fit right, to last longer.

Genuine Ford Parts are made to rigid Ford specifications—set by the men who first built your car. In addition, every Ford part has to pass rigid track tests and lab tests *before* being approved for manufacture. Next time ask the man for Genuine Ford Parts.

Keep your Ford all Ford

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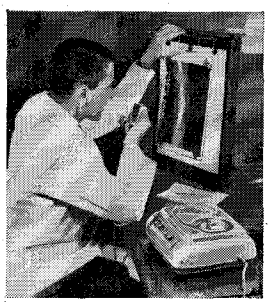
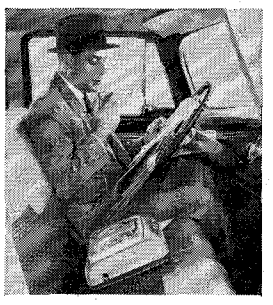
Talk Your Way to

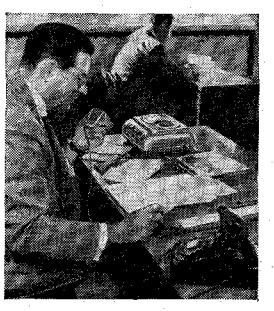
with DeJUR GRUNDIG Stenorette



PHYSICIAN: "Now I save my office time for patients—not paperwork. With Stenorette, I can dictate case histories, diagnoses, reports, at any hour —wherever I happen to be."

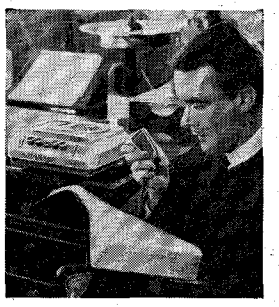


SALESMAN: "I've changed travel time from lost time to profitable time. My office travels with me — by train, plane, or car. I dictate call-reports and mail tapes home."



EXECUTIVE: "While I dictate, my secretary is catching up on her typing and filing. I change what I want—re-write as much as I please. The typist is always sure of what I want."

EDUCATOR: "I've solved the problem of administrative detail with my Stenorette. Now a desk full of correspondence gets cleared up like magic."

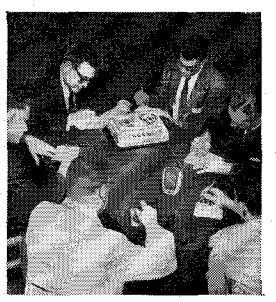


MINISTER: "Office routine never gets in the way of my pastoral duties. I rush less—accomplish more each day—because my Stenorette is always ready when I am."

OFFICE MANAGER: "I was able to outfit our large office with eighty brand new dictating-transcribing machines for less than half the cost of any old-style dictating system."

Best for your job . . . your office . . . your budget

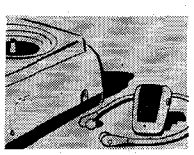
SECRETARY: "Stenorette gets me out of the office *on time!* No more after-hours dictation for me. And I go home fresh because Stenorette has the clearest tone of any machine."



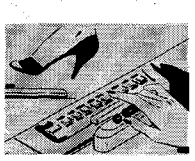
BIG MEETING SOON? Set your Stenorette for "Conference", and put your microphone on the table. Every word, every voice—loud or soft—plays back evenly and clearly.

ATTORNEY: "No matter how long the brief, no matter how complicated the correspondence, Stenorette keeps up with me. I get facts down while they're fresh in my mind."

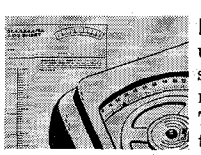
Stenorette Costs You So Much Less . . . Gives You So Much More:



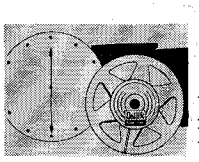
DICTATE and TRANSCRIBE with ONE MACHINE. A single STENORETTE does the whole job! Plug in the microphone and dictate. Plug in the earphones and it's ready for transcribing. So light that any secretary can carry it with ease. So simple that anyone can use it.



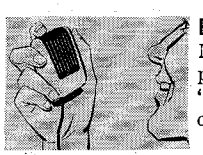
CHOICE of TRANSCRIBING ACCESSORIES. Typist can control playback either with her hands (typewriter bar) or with her feet (pedals under desk). For listening, she may choose a double or single ear-piece.



FOOLPROOF INDEXING SYSTEM. Write order of urgency and other instructions on the log sheet which matches the Progress Dial numbers on the face of your STENORETTE. Typist knows exactly where to start listening, where to enter corrections.



USE the SAME TAPE OVER and OVER... INDEFINITELY. STENORETTE is as economical to *use* as it is to buy. Dictate for 30 full minutes . . . transcribe . . . start again with the same tape if you wish.



ERASE ERRORS without TOUCHING the MA Make changes relaxed in your chair press the remote-control button o "mike"—and record the correct words over the mistake.

NO SERVICING PROBLEMS. DEJUR's natio network of dealers, trained servic and electronic technicians is always o for immediate servicing . . . anywhere United States and Canada.

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a Shorter Day!

the dictating-transcribing miracle

half the price of other major dictating machines

$169.50*

*Transcribing accessories extra, plus Federal Excise Tax

DeJUR Brings You A Fully-Equipped Dictating Machine That You Can Afford

HOW OFTEN have you seen a *price* in an ad for a *complete dictating machine?* Probably never. Other manufacturers, realizing that their prices are so high, often suggest that you *rent* their machines. But not STENORETTE. It sells for less than half the price of other comparable machines. That's why every office – every business, large or small – can *own* one or a hundred STENORETTES. When you consider that a STENORETTE *costs less than an office typewriter*, you can see why 200,000 STENORETTES are in use today.

All the Features of Units That Cost Twice as Much

Despite its amazingly low price, the STENORETTE is a *complete* dictating and transcribing machine – not just a "recorder". Think of it! You dictate onto magnetic tape – the finest medium for recording the human voice – and *erase automatically* by just re-recording over the words to be corrected. You can dictate continuously for 30 minutes! You never have to worry about the expensive re-surfacing that's needed for old-fashioned belts, disks, and cylinders.

Easiest For You... Easiest For Your Secretary

Dictate... transcribe... correct... start again after an interruption... repeat a word or an entire message... STENORETTE does it all at a flick of your finger. It takes no more desk-space than your briefcase. STENORETTE *is really portable!* (Weight – 11 pounds, 10 ounces).

TRY OUT A STENORETTE YOURSELF TOMORROW at the nearest DeJUR business equipment dealer's... or send for the free, illustrated book that gives full details without obligation.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BROCHURE

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Please send me your brochure on how to achieve greater office efficiency with Stenorette dictating-transcribing machine.

Name_____

Address_____

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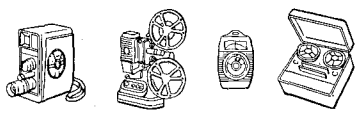
☐ *Please include name of nearest STENORETTE dealer.*

u're always sure with



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Istanbul (Continued from Page 28)

is full of the shining white bones of those who thought it was the whole answer. Conquered, this city has an insidious way of conquering its conquerors. And it can overwhelm the tourist.

More than in great Rome itself, and more than in Athens or Jerusalem—its only rivals in world influence—a visitor can get lost in the bizarre history of Istanbul—almost as quickly as he can get lost in its many dead-end, cat-infested and sullen streets. Istanbul is full of many things of historic interest, dull if strung together, exciting if picked out like items on an exotic menu. And there are a few threads of continuity to help lead the stranger through the labyrinth.

First comes the permanent Greek influence. The original colonists were Greeks from the mainland of Hellas. But here they were soon softened by indolent winds blowing out of Persia and by profitable trade winds from the Black Sea. Masters or mastered, the Greek sons of Ulysses have always been in business here. When Greek meets Greek today in Istanbul they start a shipping company.

Then in 330 A.D. a strange event took place, even for this city which specializes in "customary miracles." That tough Roman soldier, Constantine, came up with the absurd idea of transplanting the capital of the Roman Empire from the Tiber to the Bosporus. He called the town New Rome, but the world soon came to call it Constantinople. (Manhole covers in Istanbul today still have the proud S.P.Q.R. initials—property of "the Senate and People of Rome.") The fact that Constantine was to become the first of the baptized Roman emperors also helped produce the first great schism in the young Christian Church—the Pope in Rome, the Patriarch in Constantinople.

The Eastern Roman Empire founded by Constantine, known today as the Byzantine Empire, managed to last for more than 1000 teetering years, and its bizarre brilliance left forever its mark on this city. The Byzantines were specialists in pillar saints, theological virtuosity, alchemy, refined forms of torture, mosaics, forgery, practical and dirty jokes. All over town one can still discover mementos of their love of symbols, puns and mental gimmicks.

Then in 1453 A.D. came the conquering Turks, to turn all the Christian churches into mosques and build the Seraglio on the first and most prominent of Constantinople's seven hills. But the Turks, too, were enervated and conquered by the spirit of the place, that blend of magnificence and madness. This city has conquered all its conquerors, save one. Mustapha Kemal, when he mounted the Turkish National Revolution in 1923, was able, through the treaty of Lausanne, to drive the Western occupying powers—Britain, France, Italy and Greece—out of Constantinople. But he then turned around and moved the capital of modern Turkey out of treacherous Constantinople, east to Ankara, in the Anatolian hills.

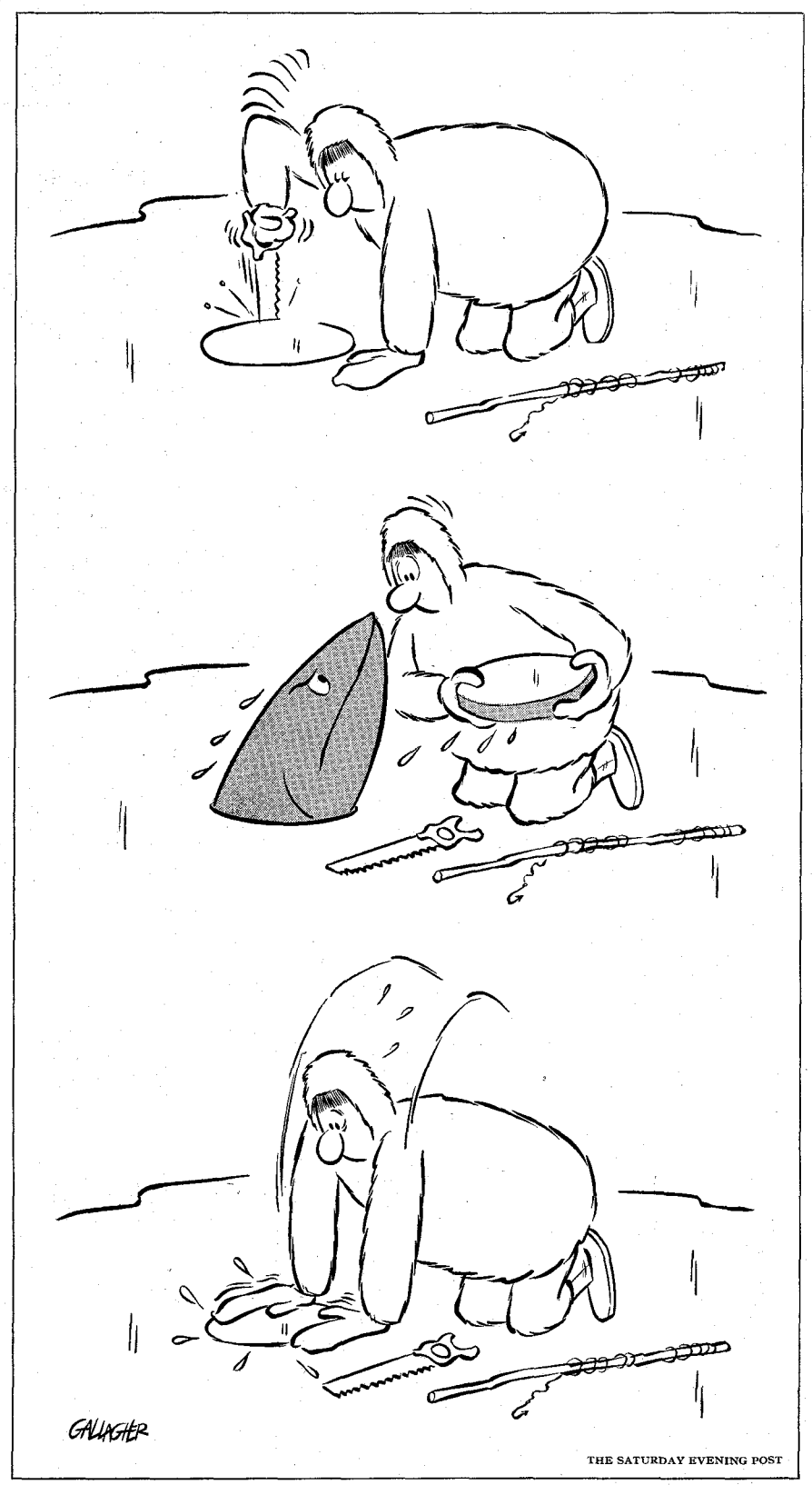
By that symbolic act, a city that had been the capital of two great empires, and whose Great Church—St. Sophia, or Divine Wisdom—had seen the celebrations of three world religions, became the capital of nowhere. St. Sophia is today a hollow and depressing museum, where no choirs sing.

This hollowness is very much a part of today's Istanbul, a great shell of a city listening to its own echoes. Nostalgic old hands—who even today prefer to talk of "Constantinople"—still exist about town in international clubs with a seedy Balkan elegance. Pushed, they will admit that this city's reputation for cosmopolitan high jinks died a gay death in the turbulent years just after World War I, when the last of the sultans quivered in his palace, waiting to be rescued by the inevitable British destroyer, and the officers of the Western Powers danced in the dying embassies to the swaying tune of Dardanella. A curious echo of that occupation can be heard today in Turkish cabarets, usually sung by a White Russian *chanteuse* who has known better days in Rotterdam or Marseilles. It is in a peculiar free lingo, fractured French and pidgin English, typical Istanbulese:

Après la guerre fini,
English soldier parti.
Oh, the Turks in their towers
Can stay there for hours,
Après la guerre fini!

After World War II there came a new order of things under the moon. In 1946, Harry Truman sent the battlewagon U.S.S. Missouri to drop anchor off the rococo palaces of the sultans and the padishahs, and 10,000 Turks lined the seawalls to greet our Navy's gray diplomat. Since then, frequent visits of the American 6th Fleet in the Mediterranean have become routine, but it is still a spectacle to watch giant carriers execute their fancy Operation Pinwheel in the tricky nine currents and "scimitar tides" of the narrow Bosporus. By stationing jets fore and aft, port and starboard, and racing the engines, a carrier like the Coral Sea can come about on its own axis and in its own breeze—a maneuver to delight the heart of any true Byzantine.

There is in Istanbul today a minor memento of that first courtesy call of the Missouri, a bar drink called the Screwdriver. In this city of a million memories, one of the exasperations a stranger encounters lies in the fact that there are usually two or more versions of any given yarn. During several visits to Istanbul I have tried to research this fresh legend as diligently as possible, and hope now to have it nailed down. In the year 1946, and in the bar of the Park Hotel, an American naval officer found he could not take the local raki, a milky concoction that tastes and reacts like jet fluid—a menace to true navigation. So into an iced highball glass half-full of fresh orange juice he poured a generous shot of vodka, sweetened with a dash of Cointreau liqueur. Thus a new and smooth hot-weather drink was born, called the Screwdriver because this sailor was looking for a new twist.



In the European quarter of Istanbul, on a hill overlooking the Bosporus, there is today a glittering new monument to the American presence in Turkey and the presence of Turkey in the alliance called Atlantic. To accommodate a greatly increased flow of Western visitors, the Turkish Government—aware that their metropolis was long on mosques and mosaics, but short on modern caravanserais—engaged hotelman Conrad Hilton to build a sumptuous, ultramodern and earthquake-proof luxury hotel. Here on the very edge of Europe, he was told to make it the swankest and best hotel in Europe. And he did.

The Istanbul Hilton is in white honeycomb design, with 300 rooms, each room with teakwood grille balconies. The hotel also has patio bazaars, swimming pools and cabañas, a reflecting pool, a roof garden for dancing ("Gimme a little kiss, will ya, huh?" crooned in Turkish), and a starry-domed topside bar in mock imitation of a Byzantine cupola. Some of its touches are wildly flamboyant, like the golden canopy entrance, supposed to be in the shape of a flying carpet, but which looks more like a potato chip caught in a high wind. The over-all air of exuberance has led some local scoffers to call the joint "Conrad's Seraglio." But it is a triumph of plumbing in a city that still uses open cisterns, and the only really ritzy nighttime rendezvous for playboys of the Eastern world.

Nor is the presence here of this flashy Yankee emporium really a discordant note, as certain European esthetes can be overheard murmuring. Uproarious discord—and in architecture above all—is just what makes Istanbul such a raucous symphony. This is a garish metropolis crammed with the priceless junk and plunder of a score of cultures—Apollos, sphinxes, obelisks, Roman baths, Gothic columns, motels—history's greatest pawnshop. Conrad Hilton's architects built where, for more than 1000 years, reigned the madcap Byzantine Emperors, and for almost another 500 the harum-scarum Turkish sultans. The motto of both these gaudy regimes—in this capital where caviar was pounded into sauce, and death warrants were signed in purple ink—was that nothing succeeds like excess.

But Istanbul's first claim to fame is its exciting location and grand approaches. Most tourist arrivals and departures from Istanbul today are by air, the planes coming in to Yesilköy airport sometimes having to circle to avoid flocks of migrating storks. But while flying into Istanbul has the advantage of saving much time, it is a sacrilege against the spirit of the place. The rail route, the movie-thrilled Orient Express which leaves Paris twice a week, winds down through the Balkans and arrives four, and sometimes five, days later at its Turkish terminal. The trip is interesting but too grueling, and the same can be said for overland driving.

But the sea voyage—a night and a day's steam out of Athens or Salonica—is a slow and majestic approach—across the Aegean and through the Isles of Greece, nosing into the Dardanelles, with Gallipoli to port and the Plains of Troy to starboard. Then you cruise through the mackerel-crowded Sea of Marmara, past Useless Island—where the city once deported all the (*Continued on Page 106*)

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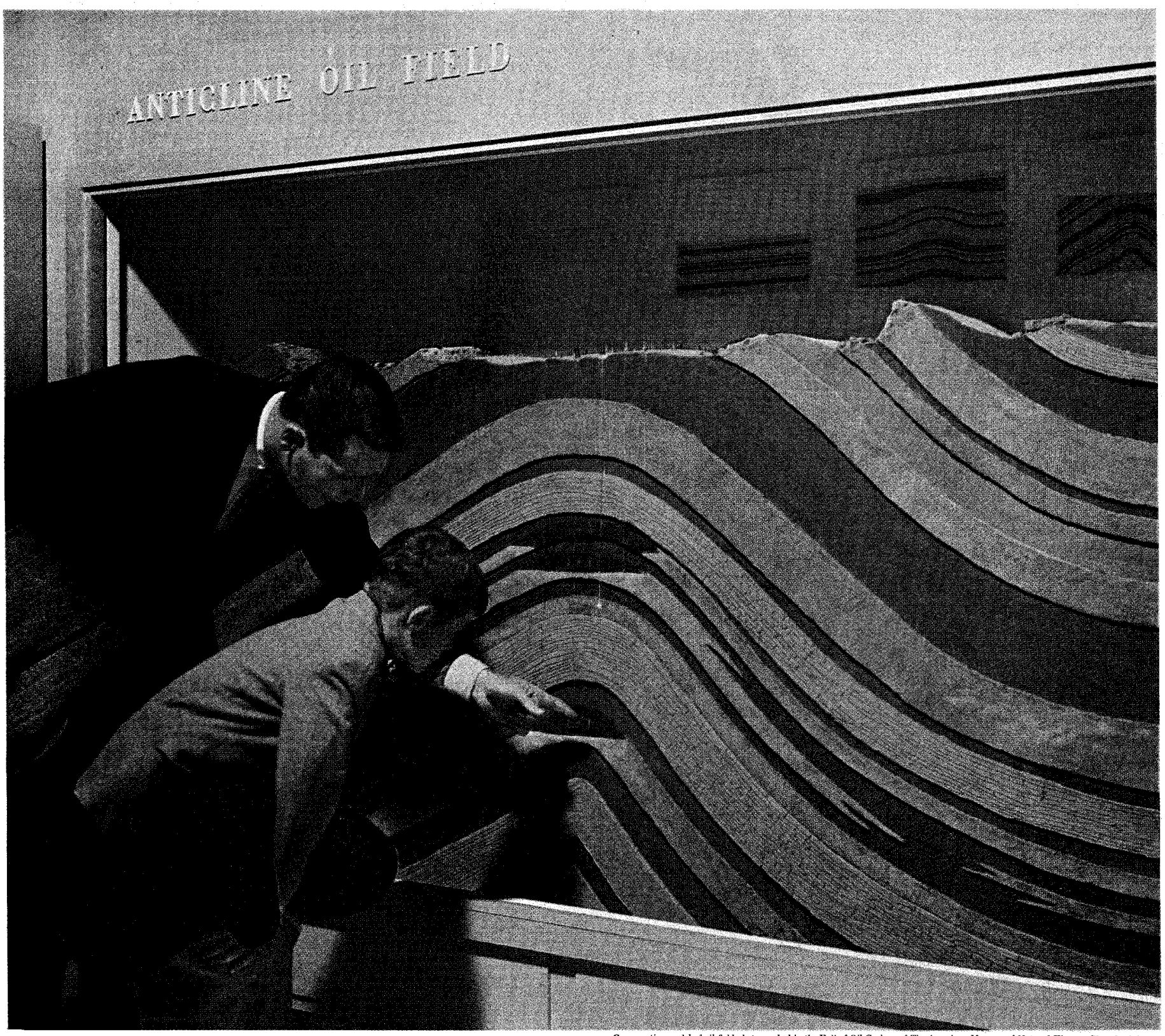

Cross-section model of oil field photographed in the Hall of Oil Geology of The American Museum of Natural History. Photo by Colhoun.

More power to the next generation!

"The nation behaves well if it treats the natural resources as assets which it must turn over to the next generation increased and not impaired in value. Conservation means development as much as it does protection."
—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

America depends on gasoline and oil for power, mobility, speed, strength. As the demand for power increases, so does the need for making the most of our nation's vital petroleum resources.

Chemistry provides solid answers to this problem. For example, chemical products developed by American Cyanamid are helping to discover new oil pools for addition to the country's reserves. New, improved Cyanamid cracking and reforming catalysts make it possible for refiners to obtain more and better grades of gasoline, oils and other petroleum products from every barrel of crude oil. And out of Cyanamid research come chemical additives that make lubricants do more work with greater efficiency!

In such ways does Cyanamid chemistry help to make fuller and more economical use of the country's basic natural resources.

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BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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(*Continued from Page 104*) Istanbul dogs to starve. Skirting Prinkipo Island as the waters narrow, the cruise ship finally drops anchor where the Bosporus begins, and the splendid city shimmers high above the long, deep harbor of the Golden Horn.

This is a superb moment. An excitement comes over the tourist—something he will never quite recapture once he has walked the streets of the city. Like most Eastern cities, Istanbul is best seen across water or in reflected light. At this moment of first discovery a sea voyager has before him a memorable panorama—the bustling harbor with its sails of many colors; a proud blue sky line pierced by a host of pencil-thin minarets; the white marble palaces of the Byzantines toppling down toward the Marmara; and the mushroom dome of St. Sophia facing the Blue Mosque of Islam.

From the rail of the cruise ship anchored out between Europe and Asia, Istanbul seems to surpass all the eulogies of her court poets—the Great City, the City of Joy and the Abode of Felicity. But once the newcomer gets ashore, he finds a wretched and tawdry town that is a mockery of that first image of beauty. Up and down dismal gutter streets that lead nowhere, past honky-tonk joints and drab shops and rat-infested vacant lots, the new arrival searches, in vain, for those monuments of loveliness the guidebook promised—the palaces, domes and spires so visible from the sea. It is the moment for strategic retreat to the hotel.

A little skull work in the guidebook reveals all the monuments are here all right, diabolically hidden by the planless, sprawling, vegetative growth of modern Istanbul. Resist, however, the urge to hire a guide, most of whom are police spies and all of whom are operators. Instead, retreat to the bar and listen to the *Stamboul* tales of the international set—Americans, British, French, Germans, Scandinavians—who have either been here a good while or been through this town before. They have discovered the true clue to Istanbul—this place is cluttered with so much cultural junk that it bulges like a magpie's nest, and it would take half a lifetime to see it all. Some of their casual "don't do's" are worth noting: "If you must browse about the bazaars, stick to something simple like a meerschaum pipe; real meerschaum here is cheaper than fake meerschaum. . . . If you've seen the Blue Mosque, you've seen them all, and the best Turkish mosque is in Adrianople anyway. . . . Never ask an Istanbullu if he is a Turk. If he is, he will tell you instantly. If he isn't, why insult him?"

It is wise to latch onto a true Turkophile around chowtime, for in the right restaurants Istanbul food is excellent and truly Turkish. Fish and lobster from the teeming waters that encircle the city, and such specialties as Circassian chicken, Shish-Kebab (broiled meat on a skewer) and Böreks (cheese pancakes) abound. The Turks have a proverb that "the hungry bear will not dance," and not the least of the charms of Istanbul's cuisine are the whimsical menu titles with the strong hint that these tasty delicacies have a harem ancestry. There is roast lamb wrapped in mashed eggplant, called Hünkar Begendi (His Majesty Liked It); Wedding Soup (with meat, egg sauce and lemon); The Fainting Iman (eggplant, onions and tomato); A Lady's Thigh (fried meat ball); and two desserts called Twisted Turban and Vizier's Finger.

The visitor is not long in Istanbul before he detects the charged atmosphere of racial animosity. The city today—population 1,200,000—is, of course, Turkish, and the majority are true Turks, but they are an uneasy majority. Everything that happens to the hayseed in New York happens to a Turkish country boy arriving in Istanbul. And it happens quicker, before he has finished his first bowl of tripe soup. Even Turks born and bred in Istanbul spend a good part of their lives insisting the pea is under the wrong shell. The banking, commerce, shipping, the bazaars, all the transactions and manipulations that here go under the name of "Bosporescence" are directly or indirectly, in the hands of Levantines, some of the world's sharpest people in the art of turning a fast buck. These Levantines are and have always been the commercial elite of this true cosmopolis.

Thus racial tension, with all its ugly religious, political and economic overtones, and in which the infidel is always the other fellow, pervades the sultry atmosphere here. In the past it has inspired frightful massacres, and only last year it exploded in a two-day nationalist orgy of riot, arson and plunder in the great commercial street, the Pera, and other business quarters. In a small bookshop in this very street I bought an official handbook sponsored by the Turkish Government, published just a few months before the Turkish mobs went berserk: "Istanbul is a unique model city for the rest of the world in the wonderful way of its different nationalities and sects, and how they respect each other's customs and holidays as a town of peace." A sad irony today, and yet a true reflection at least of the ideal proclaimed by Kemal Atatürk, "the Father of the Turks," and what he had in mind when he changed the name Constantinople to Istanbul.

The Istanbul of today is caught in one of those peculiar eddies of history, no longer Greek and not truly Turkish. The Istanbullu walks about like a casual stroller in some vast, open-air museum. One can stand in any of the busy public places, any spot where large workaday crowds go about their small workaday problems, and watch them march past in the familiar uniform of the Western world—snap-brim hats, knotted neckties,

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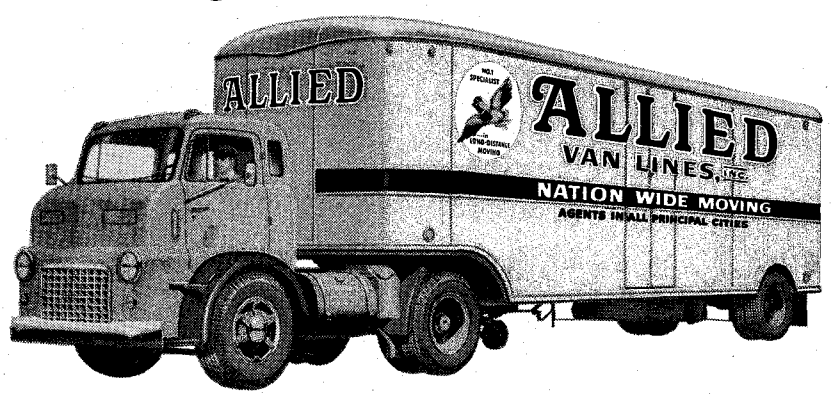

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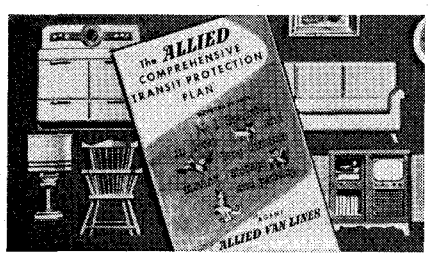

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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suits off the hook and plain low-cut shoes, gals in pull-over sweaters, skirts and pumps. It is no fashion parade, but without too much imagination-stretching, this could be Hamburg, Germany; Marseilles, France; or Fall River, Massachusetts.

And yet what we are watching—humdrum to us—is the triumph of a remarkable revolution, an amazing event of only yesterday. We come to several statues of Atatürk, clad and carved in a Tuxedo or full evening dress, a bit ludicrous at first, but a striking symbol of the man and his revolutionary work. This Father of the modern Turks—one of the three or four authentic political geniuses of our century—found his people in the crumbling insane asylum of the Ottoman Empire, Constantinople. He tossed out the sultans and the three-tailed pashas, took the masked marvels out of the harems, deported the eunuchs, put veilless Turkish girls behind typewriters with Western-style keyboards, banned the wearing of the turban and the fez and the curlicue slipper. He changed the alphabet, the calendar, the law code and the constitution.

This Westernizing revolution was and is a most admirable thing, but with the result that all the color tintypes out of old tourist albums have faded today to plain black and white. Street scenes in Istanbul today reflect little of the mysterious East—no white-turbaned *ulema* scholars, no whirling dervishes, no keepers of the parrots, no pourers of poisoned coffee. But here and there one still spots *hamals*—porters carrying heavy loads pickaback—public letter writers armed with German typewriters, and old men sitting on their heels in the prescribed and inimitable Turkish manner.

Much more exciting is the turbulent activity, from dawn till after dusk, on the crowded and famous waters that all but surround the city—Soviet and Bulgarian freighters moving down the swift-flowing Bosporus, and great ocean liners and luxury cruise ships coming up the more placid Sea of Marmara. Whole buglike fleets of smaller craft dart in and out of the Golden Horn, and weave about the gray warships of the NATO nations. There are yachts and skiffs, large hooting ferries, and peculiar barges called *mavunas*, still rowed like galleys. Most colorful are the *caïques*—a kind of dory that has curved gunwales inscribed with mysterious scrolls of the sun, the moon and dancing dolphins.

If there is no classic unity to Istanbul, there is one truly memorable spot which both explains this city's diversity and is a kind of resting place for the eye and the mind—a single panorama after too many puzzling mosaics. It is the first and most famous hill, sloping toward the Marmara, a quiet place today, and of great natural beauty, yet surely the most remarkable single hill in the world. On this hill stand the remains of the ancient Greek Acropolis, the Forum and the Hippodrome, built by the Romans, and some twenty palaces of the Byzantines, running right down to the sea. Still intact are the Church of St. Sophia, the Blue Mosque of Sultan Ahmed, the Sublime Porte and the Seraglio. All on this rambling hill, where today the Turkish authorities have installed a museum of antiquities. Every day I have been in Istanbul I have spent some hours walking about this hill, where there is always something old and something new, and where at any moment one of the patient diggers may come up with the left arm of a buried Aphrodite, a coin of Constantine or a chunk of broken sundial perhaps.

Here, in a grassy plot above what was once the ancient Hippodrome one notes the amazing survival of a bronze serpentine column, a memorial struck by the Spartans and Athenians after their defeat of the Persians at Plataea in 479 B.C. Then comes an obelisk, very similar to its mates that stand today in Paris, London and New York's Central Park. Carved on the large base of this obelisk are two gray, rain-worn Byzantine bas-reliefs, exciting in that they reconstruct, in full

... ...

The Gullible Budget

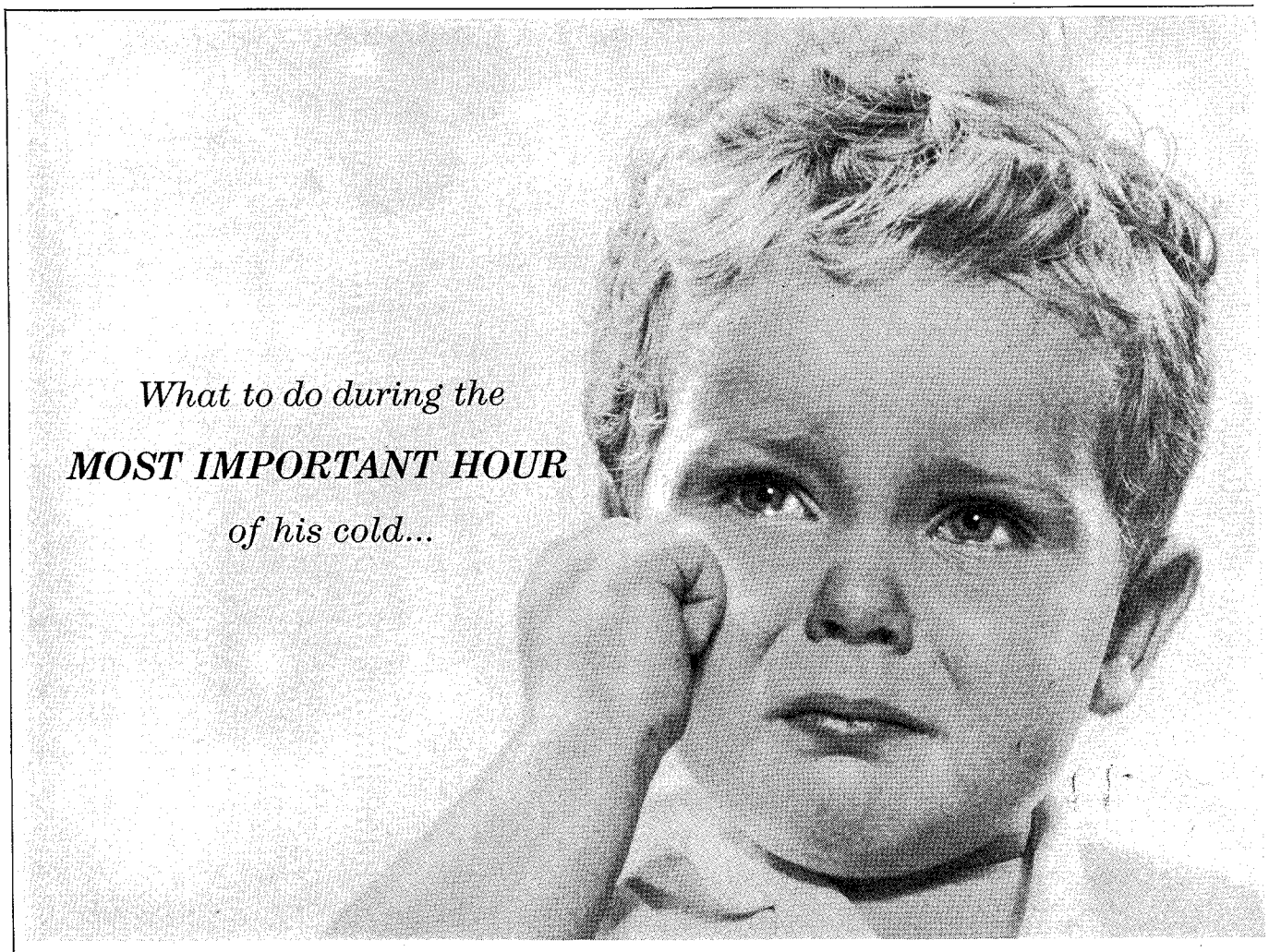
By IRENE MAGEE

I have a little budget
That sits upon a page,
And tries to make a healthy
thing
Out of my feeble wage.

A penny here, a dollar there,
It says with trusting smile,
And you will be a
millionaire
In just a little while.

It's really tried so very hard,
Through long lean years it's
slaved;
I've not the heart to tell it
now—
I've spent what it has saved.

... ...



Give him the one first day relief proved by 41 million mothers

Mother, how satisfying it is to know you can give your child safe, sure relief from suffering in the most important hour of his cold! The hour you first discover he feels a cold coming on.

Everything you do for him at that critical hour is especially important. That's the hour to use dependable Vicks VapoRub®. Rub it on his chest, throat and back and see that he rests. By relieving his suffering at the very beginning you can help him throw off the cold.

Eases Your Mind As Well As His Suffering

Anxiety and worry will leave you when you see how your child relaxes as VapoRub brings its warming comfort. It works so fast, two ways at once:

- Works on chest to loosen muscular tightness.
- Works in the nose, throat and large bronchial tubes with medicated vapors that relieve congestion, ease coughing, make breathing easier.

Surprisingly soon, your child will start feeling like his happy self again.

Another treatment with VapoRub at bedtime will add to his comfort, bring relief hour after hour, while he sleeps peacefully. Often, by morning, the worst suffering of his cold is over.

As more than 41 million mothers have learned, nothing works like VapoRub . . . when used at the most important hour of his cold . . . to bring comforting first-day relief from suffering.

RELIEVES WHERE COLDS CAUSE MOST SUFFERING

Just rub it on chest, throat and back

Relieves stuffiness—makes breathing easy

Relieves coughs, chest-cold congestion

Works Wonderfully In Steam, Too

For croupy coughs or heavy chest colds, use VapoRub in a vaporizer or bowl of steaming water, as directed. Every breath of medicated vapors relieves that choked-up feeling, helps clear stuffed breathing passages, brings comfort.

The World's Most Trusted Colds-Medication

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detail, precisely the scenes that once transpired in this Hippodrome in its spectacular heyday. Here is the Emperor Theodosius, surrounded by all the gay court of Byzantium. He and his empress wife are seated in the *kathisma*, the imperial box, watching the four-horse chariot races.

In the mind's eye one can reconstruct the rest of the Hippodrome scene, the epicenter of turbulent Constantinople, where the court met the populace on the great game days. There were twenty-four races, and the emperor had to change his costume for each race. Crowds of more than 100,000—artisans, silk weavers, goldsmiths, mosaic craftsmen, jewelers, soldiers, sailors and shopkeepers—divided into two fanatic and murderous factions—the Blues and the Greens. More than once they succeeded in murdering the emperor here in the Hippodrome. In the year 532 A.D. 40,000 revolters were slain in a riot that was put down by the general, Belisarius, and marked by the Gate of the Corpses.

The palace that gave on the Hippodrome itself was linked by a series of secret imperial passages to several other palaces, only the foundations of which can be seen today. But one such passage led to the Church of St. Sophia—miraculously still standing in a city much given to earthquakes, natural and political. This "Great Church" of Eastern Christendom was built in the remarkably short time of ten years. It was ordered in 532 A.D. by Justinian, the same emperor who made the great codification of the Roman Law, one of which laws he violated by marrying Theodora, the harlot daughter of the lion tamer at the Constantinople Zoo. Still hoping to work his way to heaven, he had his monogram and that of his wife carved into the delicate, lacelike acanthus capitals of the tall columns inside St. Sophia.

This Christian Church played a central role in the whole millennium of Byzantine spectacle. Here took place the coronations and royal marriages, all the ceremonies of religious feast days. Here preached Saint John the Golden-Mouthed, until he was banished for denouncing the imperial excesses visible today in startling and colorful mosaics. As time went on, this church rocked with riotous debate—Iconoclasts versus Iconodules, Monophysites versus the Arians, the Three-Fingered versus the Two-Fingered Benediction. Until, one fine day, Turkish Sultan Mohammed II rode in on his white charger, and his Janissaries tied together all the lords and ladies of Byzantium and all the wrangling bishops and archdeacons, by their purple sashes, leading them off to death or slavery.

On the night the city was falling, May 28, 1453, a pathetic band of imperial soldiers tried to hold the walls, while waspish monks in St. Sophia held a furious debate on the sex of angels. Sultan Mohammed II—who knew little about the sex of angels, but a lot about artillery—gave the already smoldering capital over to a three-day sack. Finally, even he was appalled by the tawdry death of the great city, all the shattered symbols of too much magnificence.

Lamenting that "the spider performs his task of curtain-man in the palace of the emperors," the first of the Osmanlis in Constantinople built his Conqueror's Mosque on another distant hill. But slowly the fatal magnetism of the first hill exercised its awful attraction on his successors in the sultanate. The Blue Mosque was built to rival St. Sophia, the Hippodrome became a Turkish cavalry ground, the walled Seraglio was built on the promontory, and the whole dizzy cycle began again.

One is struck by how much we in the Western world regard as Moslem or Turkish really comes from this fatal rendezvous in Byzantium. The ablution fountain and the mushroom dome of the mosque, were copied from St. Sophia. The harem grew out of the Gynaeceum of the empresses, and the eunuchs, or "officers without beards," were of Greek inspiration. The form of government—tyranny tempered by assassination and palace revolution—all that was made in Constantinople. But whereas all things Byzantine seem even today to have been touched with a certain pawky brilliance, the Sublime Porte and the Seraglio are monuments to a heavy and spiritless boredom. For the Seraglio, despite the come-on of seeing what was once the greatest harem of them all, is without doubt one of the really crashing disappointments in the whole town. The visitor wanders through the Sublime Porte, imposing and gloomy enough, and then stumbles through a disorganized conglomerate of kiosks, mosques, libraries, fountains, tulip gardens and an executioner's fountain. Even the harem itself, with its chintzy lounges, shallow swimming pool and sultry drapes, is a less impressive quarter than the great kitchen, a hint that the most exciting activity in this monstrous establishment, next to murder, was overeating. One suspects it must have been boredom—sheer boredom—that undermined polygamy as an institution. Here one begins to fathom why one sultan slashed his wrists with dull scissors, a second bundled all his beauties into sacks and tossed them into the Bosporus and a third sat in a corner of the Seraglio with a bow and arrow, and shot four of his unwary subjects.

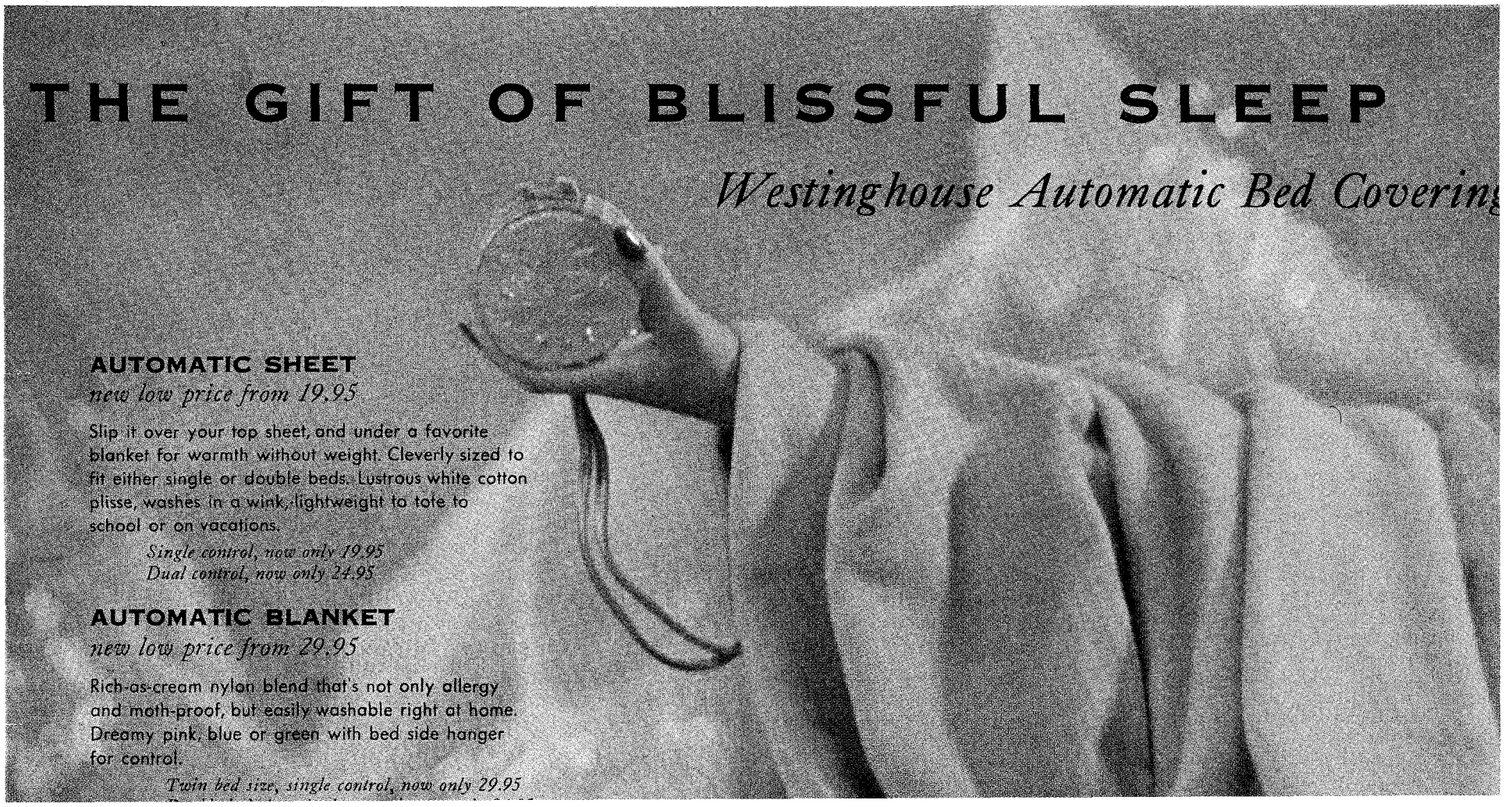
Finally one wanders down from this famous hill toward the triangle spot where the Bosporus meets the Golden Horn and both flow into the Marmara. And right before our eyes is one of the oddest spectacles in this strange city, where even the natural can be eerie. Flying low and swiftly over the blue waters, in great flocks and never pausing, are myriads of relentless and mysterious birds. They are a rare variety of shearwater, resembling somewhat a cross between a kingfisher and a small gull or tern. Nobody in Istanbul has ever been able to tell me where these wave skimmers nest, how they feed or why they fly with such determined passion, night and day, summer and winter, fair weather and foul.

These phantom birds have been here, winging down the Bosporus into the Marmara and back again to the Black Sea, for countless centuries, and about them there are many legends. Once Greek priests read their flight as omens. There is a romantic story of how they are carrying messages to a Byzantine princess exiled in a lighthouse, from her lover who has fallen fighting beyond the Black Sea. The Turks believe they are the souls of the Moslem faithful who found a watery grave, and the Greeks say they are souls of Christian galley slaves tossed into the Bosporus.

Watching them, one is mesmerized by this incessant, eternal flight. Perhaps indeed these are the souls of all those who met untimely death in this city of magnificence and murder—emperors drawn and quartered, revolters slaughtered, heretics burned in golden bulls, saints martyred with rams' horns thrust down their throats, strangled sultans and suffocated sultanas, garroted viziers, sacked harem beauties, all the heads chopped off in the Castle of the Seven Towers, dropping through a deep well into the silent sea. . . .

No wonder there are so many terrified birds, no wonder they fly so relentlessly.

THE END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My Life in Two Worlds (Continued from Page 41)

Those were odd things for a Japanese to think, but our family was not a typical Japanese family. Both my parents are Japanese, and I was born in Tokyo, where I have lived my whole life, except for four years at college in the States. But I was raised to be almost as much an American at heart as a Japanese. The reason for this unusual situation goes back to the lives my two grandfathers led, and so, in a way, I have to start with them.

In 1868 Japan underwent a great revolution, usually called the Meiji Restoration, which brought to an end several hundred years of feudal rule and set Japan on the road to becoming the great industrial and military power she has been in recent decades.

At the time of the Restoration, my paternal grandfather, Masayoshi Matsukata, was a quite humble samurai of seventeen in the service of the Lord of Satsuma, one of the two great fiefs that took the lead in the transformation of Japan. Since he was known to some of the chief revolutionaries, he was able to rise rapidly to positions of importance in the new government, and he eventually reached the very top. He was twice prime minister of Japan, and he is generally credited with having set the Japanese Government on its feet financially. He was also promoted through the various ranks of the nobility and eventually was made a marquis and, posthumously, a prince. In his later years, until he died in 1924, he was ranked as one of the *Genro*, or Elder Statesmen, an unofficial group of former prime ministers who actually were the power behind the governments in office.

My Matsukata grandfather was a man of broad views, and he felt that his many sons must have the same wide outlook if they were to be of use to their country. Hence one went to Harvard, where he was a classmate and friend of Franklin D. Roosevelt; another went to Annapolis; my father attended Yale for a while; others went to England, France and Germany.

"If you love your child, let him travel" was a proverb he believed in, and he even dared to preach it to Empress Sadako, the mother of the present emperor, when the latter was still crown prince. The empress was horrified, as were most other Japanese, but grandfather persisted, saying that he would personally be responsible for the prince's safety. The empress finally gave in, and the prince's resulting trip abroad was one reason why, as emperor, he has had such liberal and democratic views.

My maternal grandfather, Ryoichiro Arai, was born in a quiet, silk-producing village which was little affected by the Restoration. He found life there dull and, when hardly more than a boy, decided to go to America to sell the silk his village produced.

Crossing the Pacific, and then America by the transcontinental railway, which had been completed only a few years earlier, he found his way to New York. After years of hard work and many bitter disappointments, he finally became the first great importer of Japanese silk to America. Silk at the time was Japan's only important export, and the foreign exchange my one grandfather helped bring in through his silk trade made possible the great changes my other grandfather was carrying out in Japan.

Grandfather Arai bought a house in Connecticut on Long Island Sound, where he and his wife brought up their son and daughter. His business brought him back to Japan at least once a year, and sometimes twice. He used to tell me proudly, "I've crossed the Pacific nearly a hundred times," and he would add, with a twinkle in his eye, "Each time I've eaten my way right down the menu!"

Because my mother was born in the United States, she was an American citizen despite her Japanese ancestry, and she received a completely American education. The only Japanese she heard was at home and on the frequent trips to Japan.

Grandfather Arai was a hospitable man, and he kept open house for the many homesick Japanese in the area. Some years ago, I came across a picture taken of a group at grandfather's house. One of the young men shown in the picture was my father, who was then at Yale. I knew that my parents' marriage had been arranged by a go-between, in the Japanese style. But this picture showed that they had at least met before they were married.

As a bride, my mother became a member of the large House of Matsukata. The patriarch, my grandfather, by then was regarded as a sort of "founding father" of modern Japan. In accordance with old Japanese custom, his sons, though grown and with children of their own, were still submissive members of the family, and they all stood in complete awe of him.

My mother, although she discarded her American clothing for the Japanese kimono, found it difficult to conform to the very strict Japanese codes of conduct. Even my father, who is a gentle and kind man, could not fully understand her problem because Japanese at that time took it for granted that daughters, sisters and wives would meekly obey their menfolk.

After my older sister, Naka, and I were born, my mother decided to have us brought up at least partially in the American way—she wanted us to be individuals and think for ourselves. Grandfather Matsukata believed in a liberal education for boys, but not for girls, and it took a great deal of courage for my mother to stick to her decision. But mother, armed with her strong Christian faith, was not to be moved. She was determined that we should be brought up to speak both English and Japanese and to know American traditions as well as the Japanese.

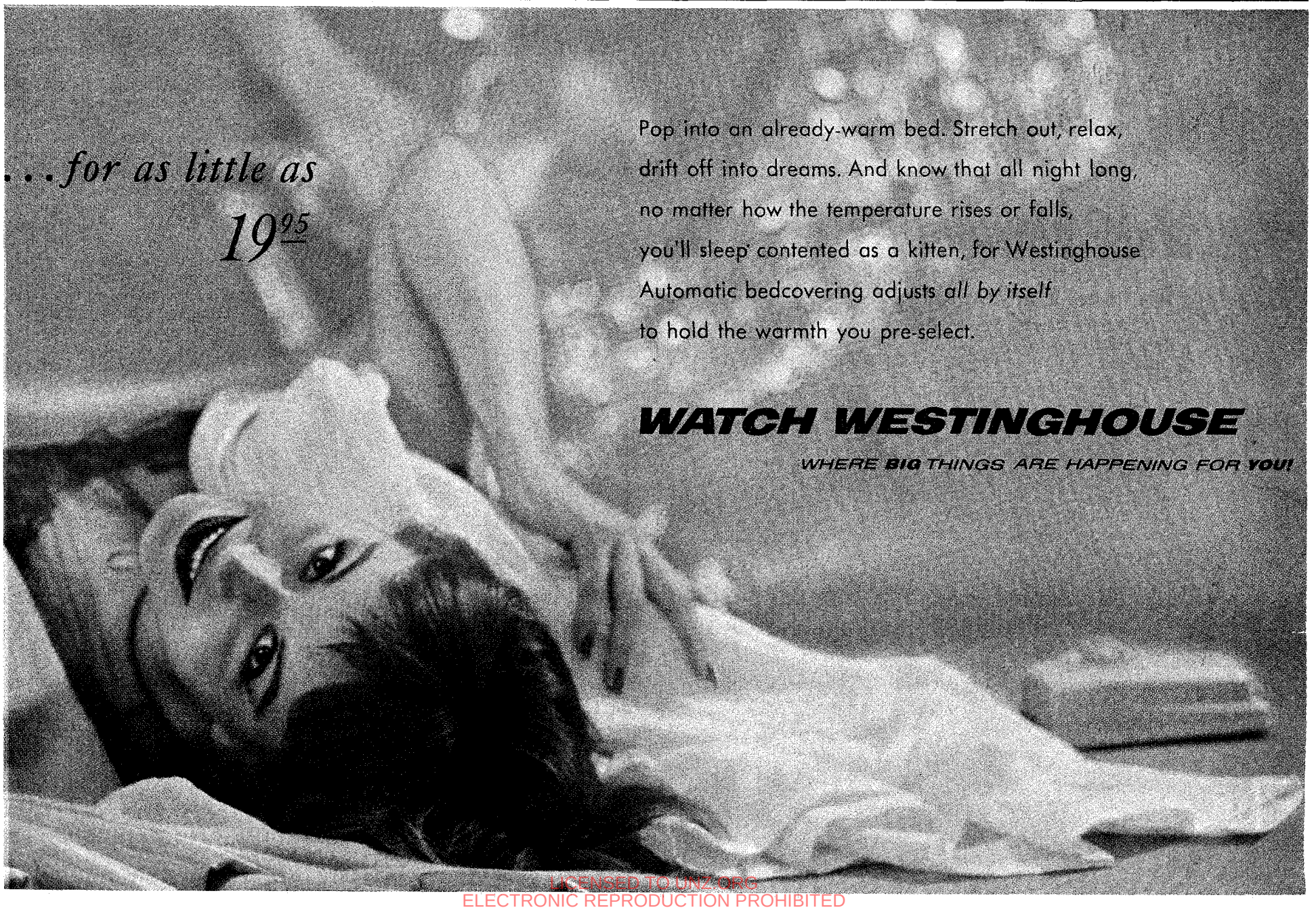
Her first move was to employ an English governess. We were living then in a big, twenty-room house, and the governess had a room next to the nursery and was in complete charge of us—"us" including in time my brother, Mako, and three younger sisters, Tane, Miye and Mari.

Our first governess was gaunt and tall—so tall, in fact, that my brother and little Miye would dangle in the air from her arms when she took them walking. Sometimes she spanked us with the back of a brush. This horrified our relatives,

Reminder From the Recipient

A birthday gift,
I am here to state,
Though it may be tardy
Is never too late.

By Philip Lazarus


. . . for as little as
19.95
Pop into an already-warm bed. Stretch out, relax,
drift off into dreams. And know that all night long,
no matter how the temperature rises or falls,
you'll sleep contented as a kitten, for Westinghouse
Automatic bedcovering adjusts all by itself
to hold the warmth you pre-select.
WATCH WESTINGHOUSE
WHERE BIG THINGS ARE HAPPENING FOR YOU!

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since Japanese children are hardly ever punished.

We had a whole series of governesses, as they usually came out from England on two-year contracts. One of them obviously didn't have much respect for Orientals. I remember her pulling my sister, Tane, down from a window desk and screaming at her, "Don't be a heathen! Be a Christian and get off of there!"

As soon as it became warm, we would be sent off to our summer home on the beach at Kamakura thirty miles from Tokyo. It was here, shortly after my eighth birthday, that the great Tokyo earthquake of September 1, 1923, hit us.

It was just noon and I had been sent to a friend's house to retrieve a schoolbook that I had purposely forgotten there. I was taking a short cut between two tall stone walls when suddenly I heard a rumbling noise. I found myself reeling from side to side and the walls were swaying above me. I made a dash for the main street and, just as I reached it, the walls collapsed into each other.

Out in the main street I was thrown to the ground. A delivery boy and his bicycle were sprawled in front of me and the apples and eggs from his basket were rolling down the street. An old fisherman, who had run out into the street from his bath, was calling frantically to his wife to bring him his pants. As I got to my feet again, I saw a big crevasse open up in the street and people falling into the hole. A blond Occidental woman was yelling hysterically to her husband to pull her out.

After the tremors subsided a bit, I tried to run home, but found my way blocked by fallen houses, so I had to go around by the beach. My father spotted me from a distance and rushed out to grab me, saying, "Hurry, we've no time to lose!"

As we climbed the steps from the beach to the yard I looked back and saw that the sea had become one massive tidal wave. As we dashed out our front gate, it crashed on the beach and came hissing after us. It swirled up around our legs, but didn't manage to drag us back with it into the sea. Many of our neighbors, who hadn't fled in time, were not so lucky.

Over two thirds of Tokyo was destroyed by the earthquake and the fire that followed it, but fortunately our home escaped with only a few cracked walls. It became a refuge for several of our Japanese and foreign friends. Among these was our English tutor, Miss Florence Boynton, an American from San Francisco. She expected to be with us only temporarily, but her stay stretched out for seventeen years, and she became a real member of our family. More than our governesses, it was her teaching us that shaped the future course of our lives. And it was through her guidance that my mother became one of the leaders in establishing the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Japan.

We attended both Japanese and American schools at different times. But, for all of us, the struggle to memorize the several thousand Chinese characters that are used in the writing of Japanese was a frustrating experience compared to learning the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet. I went for the most part to the American School in Japan.

Eventually all six of us went to the States to college. By this time our relatives had given us up completely. In particular, they felt that we five girls were hopeless. They knew that sending girls to college, especially abroad, would make them misfits in Japanese life. They guessed, and quite rightly, that we could never become good Japanese wives who would unhesitatingly conform to the wishes of husbands and parents-in-law.

During my four years at Principia College in Elsah, Illinois, my life, of course, was purely American. These were exciting and happy years for me. Christmases and summer vacations were spent with my grandparents in Connecticut. As a freshman and sophomore, I studied hard and made the honor roll. My last two years I broadened my curriculum to include more sports and social life, of which there was plenty in a coed college, and my studies suffered.

I returned home immediately after graduation, full of enthusiasm and with a definite purpose in life. While at college I had seen the importance of better understanding between the United States and Japan, and, with my dual background, I felt that I had a real contribution to make.

I landed in Yokohama in July, 1937, on the day Japanese troops attacked Chinese soldiers at Marco Polo Bridge outside Peking and started what was to prove to be eight long years of disastrous war for Japan. It was a very sad day for me, and my dreams of contributing to better understanding between my two countries soon went glimmering.

It was a difficult time for my parents too. We did not approve of the way the army was seizing power within Japan and starting wars of aggression abroad. We could see no reason for the war with China, much less for the worsening relations with the United States. We were patriotic Japanese, but we couldn't sympathize with what our country was doing.

During these years I had no social life. The few Japanese college boys I had known in the States were embarrassed to take me out on dates because it just wasn't done in Japan at that time. I began to realize how much my Western background and education had cut me off from ordinary Japanese society. I was not interested in amassing pretty kimonos or spending years learning the tea ceremony and flower arrangement in preparation for a marriage with a man chosen for me by somebody else.

I didn't mind this self-imposed isolation, for I found plenty to keep me occupied. While in the States I had discovered that I knew very little about Japan, and now I wanted to spend some time learning more about it. I devoted myself for the next four years to studying Japanese history and art with a solemn-faced tutor, nicknamed Buddha by my sisters, and my life became almost as thoroughly Japanese as it had been American while I was at college.

The news of Pearl Harbor came as a complete shock to us, since we had hoped and believed to the end that the peace faction would win out in the government over the army. My four sisters and brother were all in the States at the time, and only I was at home with my parents. Having five members of our family in an enemy country would normally be cause for real anxiety, but it wasn't in our case. We knew that they would be safe there—safer perhaps than we would be at home.

Because of our known pro-American feelings, the neighborhood police made it a practice of annoying us. Each time it was the same routine. The police would look through our family register and would ask when the absent members would return to Japan, though they knew full well that there were no ships to bring them back. We began to dread hearing the doorbell, for fear it would be the police again. This and the acute food shortage in Tokyo induced us to evacuate to our summer home in Kamakura.

We were determined not to buy food on the black market, as most people were doing. I had never so much as grown a flower before, but I felt that it was my duty now to help grow the food the family needed. We had some property in Kamakura, some of which had been a beautiful old garden. I cut down the trees against my mother's protests, dug out the ornamental rocks and broke up the hardened soil with a long Japanese hoe. I watched the farmers nearby and also read some books on agriculture.

At first the farmers thought that I was just a rich city girl who would soon give up, but, when they saw that I didn't even shrink from carrying around the malodorous buckets of night soil, which is used in Japan as fertilizer, they began to help me. I grew wheat, potatoes, pumpkins and other vegetables. I also raised chickens, and we were fortunate enough to find a goat, so we had eggs and milk to supplement our otherwise simple fare.

My father knew something about agriculture because before the war he had been the president of a large sugar company and used to spend two thirds of each year commuting between the beet-sugar area of Hokkaido in the extreme north

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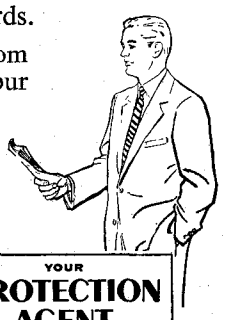

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and the sugar-cane fields of Formosa far to the south. Even though he did not sympathize with the war effort of the militarists, he did want to do his share to increase the supply of food for the little people who needed it so badly.

As soon as we moved to Kamakura, my father became a disciple of Mr. Maruyama, who was known as the Sweet Potato King of Japan. The old gentleman told us, "I have spent my life learning from the sweet potato how it wanted to grow." He had obviously succeeded, for he was able to increase production three to five times.

In time my father became adviser to the Agricultural Promotion Department of Kamakura and went around on a bicycle, teaching the peasants and amateur farmers the new methods of growing sweet potatoes. I became his assistant, and this exempted me from being conscripted to work in a factory. In a couple of months I became a full-fledged teacher, and the farmers who had formerly taught me how to grow vegetables now learned from me how to grow sweet potatoes.

Manual labor exhausted me, and during these years I was much too weary to open a book. Reading seemed useless anyway, because there appeared to be no future for me. I even stopped looking at the newspapers, for what was the use in reading lies put out by the military? I was glad to concentrate on farming and began to feel the farmer's love of the soil and the pleasure in seeing my crops grow day by day. The hard work helped keep my mind off the war and made me sleep well at night. If it hadn't been for my farming I might have become a total nervous wreck.

In April, 1945, the navy commanded us to evacuate our house so that it could be used by troops guarding against an American landing. It was reported that our forces were luring the Americans to Japan proper, where they would be dealt a death blow. "Victory will be ours in August!" was the slogan, and people believed it.

My father luckily found two rooms for us in a farmhouse in the remote mountain village that Grandfather Arai had left more than seventy years earlier. My parents and I slept in the same room on the matted floor. The first night I was awakened shortly after falling asleep. Turning on the lights, I saw that I was bitten all over and the blanket was studded with fleas on their way toward me. But my parents hadn't a single bite. The next night I asked to be placed between them, but the fleas, emerging from the floor mats, bypassed them and converged on me again. My nights became a nightmare.

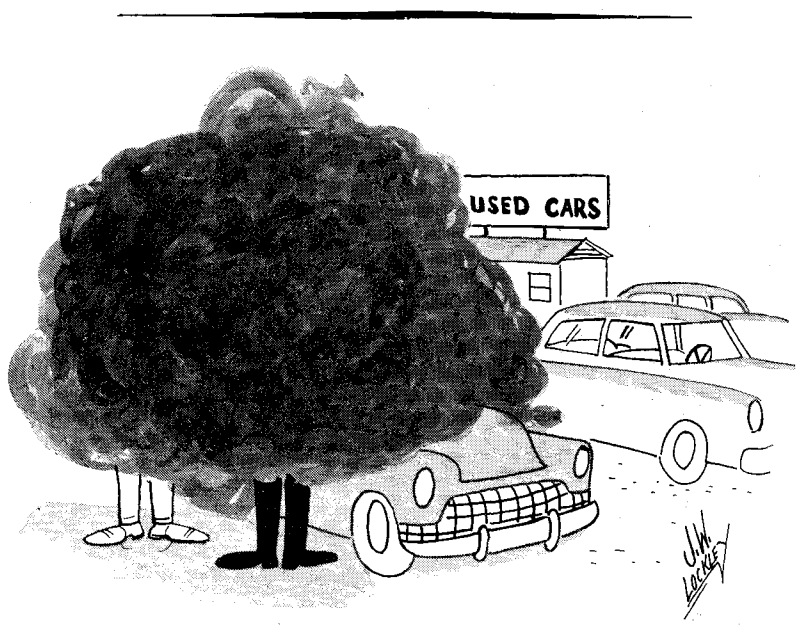
The old farmer with whom we were staying only laughed when he heard my sad story, and said, "The fleas have been waiting for some new young blood!" Eventually we solved the problem by moving. An old silk storehouse with thick clay walls stood on the property where my grandfather had been born, and it proved to be quite livable. It gave us more privacy and the fleas didn't pursue me there.

Hunger, of course, did pursue us everywhere we went, and I started to farm again. Because grandfather's old house had been destroyed and the property was lying unused, I removed the foundation stones and planted my crops on the spot where he had once lived. My father and I also taught the new methods of growing sweet potatoes to the local farmers.

One day in early August we had our sole visitor from Tokyo, an old friend who was lady in waiting to the empress. She gave us news that the newspapers never mentioned. Best of all, she indicated that the war was coming to an end soon and that the emperor was doing his best to bring this about. But she also told us that he was a virtual prisoner of the army, which had him keep his bags packed in readiness to flee at any moment to an underground headquarters in the mountains for a last-ditch stand against the invaders.

A few days later we heard that "strange new bombs" had wiped out Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and then came the news that the postman brought. The end of the war and the American occupation of Japan changed my life abruptly and drastically. From a purely Japanese life, I was suddenly plunged once more into a life which, while still in Tokyo, was largely American.

After the Americans landed, a message came to us that a professor I had known at Principia College was looking for us and wished us to come to Tokyo. My father and I decided to go immediately. The last hour of the train trip was through a burnt-out wilderness that had once been Tokyo. That evening we went to look for our house, but there were no longer any familiar landmarks by which to find our way. Each road through the shapeless ruins looked like all the others, and we almost gave up in despair. When we finally did reach the spot where our house had once stood, we found nothing but the stone steps leading up to the front door and the remains of two pianos, the kitchen stove and some electric fans.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How do you like it otherwise?"

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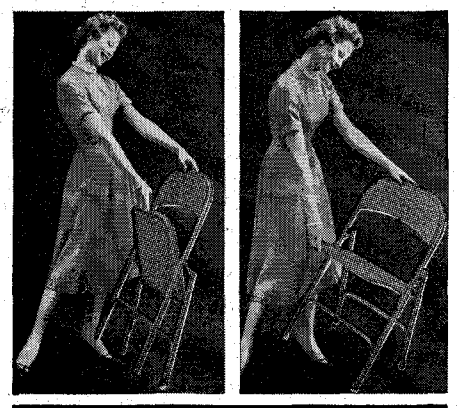

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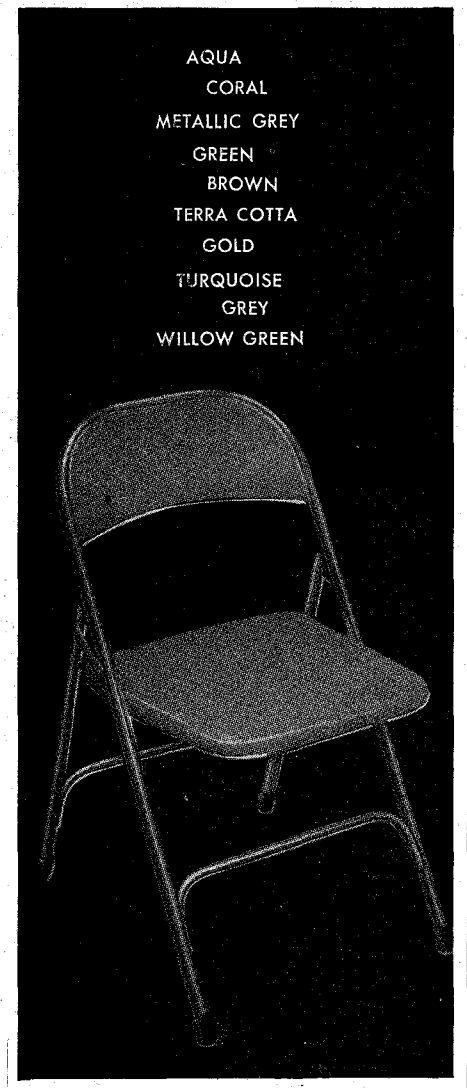

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Grateful that the house was our only war casualty, we began the search for the professor the next day. We found at the American officers' billet that he was in Yokohama, but we unexpectedly ran into the correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor, who was also looking for us. He gave us the happy news that my brother and sisters were all well, and he wired a message to them that evening that we three had come through the war safely.

When we went to Yokohama and met the professor, he immediately asked me to be his assistant, since he was a lieutenant in the Counter Intelligence Corps and was in desperate need of an interpreter to question Japanese suspects. The nature of the job made me nervous. What if I had to interrogate a friend of the family? I asked for time to think it over and when, in the meantime, the correspondent asked me to work for him, I took his offer instead.

I didn't realize it at the time, but this decision determined the course of my life for the next ten years. I took the job not because of any past interest in journalism but because it seemed to me that in this kind of work I could return to my original objective of helping Americans and Japanese to understand each other.

The position also gave me a unique spot from which to view the occupation period. Few Japanese or Americans were as fortunate as I in knowing what was really going on on both sides—in the occupation headquarters and among the Japanese. In any case, I was glad I didn't take the Army job. Many of my friends who did were embarrassed by their work and irritated by the discrimination against them on the part of the American authorities.

My work with the Monitor correspondent was one of several similar jobs I held during the next five years. I worked for other American correspondents, editors and columnists, a scholar-correspondent from England and a Swedish woman reporter. I would introduce them to good contacts, interpret for them, translate items from the Japanese press and spend endless hours explaining Japanese customs and attitudes. During this time nothing was published under my by-line, but I had the satisfaction of seeing my hand in copyrighted stories in influential newspapers and in special articles on Japan in some of America's best magazines.

Naturally, my friends during this time were mostly foreign correspondents and their families. A large press corps had converged on Tokyo from all over the Pacific, and the Foreign Correspondents' Club, organized in the fall of 1945, became the center of its life. For many years under the occupation, this was the only place where Americans could invite Japanese to sit down and have as much as a cup of coffee with them.

The correspondents and their families lived in comfortable homes, requisitioned often from my Japanese friends. In the early postwar years, when we Japanese were living on very little food and without heat, it was a great treat for me to be invited to these warm, cozy homes for dinner. Although I received a great deal from my American friends, I had the satisfaction of knowing that because of me they had come to understand Japan a little more.

As the occupation became more routine and the center of news shifted from Tokyo to other parts of Asia, my friends, one by one, started leaving. I began to dread the heart-rending moments of parting. I found after a while that I was consciously keeping myself from becoming too close to people, just to soften the inevitable pain of farewells.

During the Korean war the correspondent for The Saturday Evening Post, Bill Worden, asked me to be his office manager. I held this pleasant and interesting job for five years, until I resigned when I married last spring.

Before I left my position with The Post I had the satisfaction of becoming in a sense a fledgling correspondent in two different ways. I was allowed to contribute my own articles to this magazine, and in the two I wrote in 1955, I had the feeling of contributing even more directly than before to better understanding between Japan and America. About the same time I was elected secretary of the Foreign Correspondents' Club of Tokyo—the first Japanese and the first woman to become an officer of that organization.

Being in the role of an interpreter between East and West, and in a way belonging to both civilizations, has been most gratifying and has made me feel useful. But at times, I have felt like a spider dangling in mid-air, caught between two webs, but belonging to neither. It wasn't always easy shuttling back and forth between two completely different sets of friends, who themselves never came together, mainly because of the language barrier. And my friends, both Japanese and American, were even more bothered than I that my double background seemed to narrow to the vanishing point the possibility of my finding a husband with whom I could be fully happy.

It was, therefore, a great surprise to all my friends when they read in their papers last Christmas of my engagement to Prof. Edwin O. Reischauer, of Harvard University. The surprise was not only theirs. We were a little surprised ourselves because it had been only two weeks since we had started seeing much of each other.

Ed was born in Japan, and his parents were missionaries who were pioneers in education. His father established one of the first women's colleges in Japan, and his mother introduced oral education of the deaf, founding a school that became the model for a hundred others. Ed and I at one time were in the American School in Japan together, and I used to watch him playing on the high-school basketball team when I was still in grade school.

Our paths didn't cross for over twenty years. Ed graduated from Oberlin College in 1931, and went to Harvard for two years of graduate study, specializing in the Far East. Then he studied at the Sorbonne in Paris for two years, in Tokyo at the Imperial University for another year, and then went on to Kyoto University, finishing his foreign studies in Peking in 1936. One of this country's leading experts on Japan, he was called to Washington to serve in Army intelligence during the war. Not long ago he was appointed director of the Harvard Yenching Institute, which carries on research both at Harvard and in the Far East. Last year he came to spend a year in Japan on leave from Harvard. A widower, he had with him his three children—Anne, sixteen; Bob, fourteen, and Joan, eleven.

When Ed and I met, it seemed as if we had known each other for a long time. We both drew on similar backgrounds, and, because he speaks Japanese, my association with him no longer separated me from my Japanese friends. We were at home in both societies, and being with him seemed to pull the two halves of my life together for the first time. It was no wonder that it took us little time to discover that we could be very happy together.

My marriage to Ed meant that I had to leave Japan—my parents, Tane, the sister closest to me in age, my many Japanese and American friends, and the little house I had just built and loved very much. But there was not the usual sadness of such leave-takings. Arriving in the States, I feel I have come from one home to another, from one motherland to my other motherland.

The children added much to our marriage. At first there were several obstacles for me to hurdle, such as learning the teen-age jargon, which was a foreign language to me, and to accustom myself to the fact that five people in a house make more noise than one. But all three children had become real Japanophiles during the six months they had already been in Japan, and I felt a genuine welcome when I became a member of the family. But total acceptance by them is still at stake. Since I had no opportunity in Tokyo to cook for them, they harbor grave doubts about my cooking prowess. I still have to prove myself as we begin housekeeping in America.

My brother and three of my sisters, all American citizens now, are in the States. So also are all my college friends, as well as many I made in Tokyo. Ed's house in Belmont, Massachusetts, near Harvard, awaited our return. Best of all, because of the nature of Ed's work, I can continue to try to build bridges of understanding between our two countries, and from time to time we shall be going back for visits to Japan. THE END

"Careful, folks, there's a loose board there somewhere."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Ike, Mamie and the Neighbors

(Continued from Page 33)

Gettysburg College. His father is head of the college's department of German. Niels has a part-time job at Gettysburg's A. & P., on Baltimore Street. There, one morning, Niels had his back turned to the butcher counter. He worked at a slicing machine, cutting Lebanon bologna, a cold cut as native to Pennsylvania picnic tables as scrapple to its frying pans. Niels sensed that someone was at the counter. He turned around and a waiting woman gave him a quick smile.

Recalling that moment in a butcher's day, Niels recounted: "I asked, 'What may I do for you, mam,' and she said, 'Do you have any fresh tongue?' 'Yes, indeed,' I said, and I took a tongue from the case. 'Forty-five cents a pound.' 'It looks like a nice tongue,' she said. 'Would you be good enough to weigh it?' I put it on the scale and said, 'It comes to two pounds and six ounces, heavy—a dollar and eight cents.' 'That's fine,' she said, 'I will take it.'

"I wrapped the tongue, and I handed the package across the counter, and I looked at her again, and it suddenly dawned on me. *Gosh*, I thought, *I've been waiting on Mrs. Eisenhower*. She just thanked me and gave me a big smile, and I thought to myself she certainly looked a lot younger than her pictures."

It is in meetings such as these with Clarence Smith and Niels Sundermeyer that the Eisenhowers have taken and passed the test of Adams County. They have been under even closer examination by their fellow townsmen of Cumberland Township.

Cumberland Township is in the rolling foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It is forty square miles of farmland almost surrounding Gettysburg and running near the Mason-and-Dixon's Line, on the south. Rock Creek and Marsh Creek help bound it. Willoughby Run winds through it. The streams are fished and the fields and copses hunted. The red soil is fertile, but not prolific. It demands skill and labor. Those who till it give it both.

For the most part they are descendants of the early settlers who began arriving in 1733. Their blood line is Irish, Scotch-Irish, English, German and Swiss. In 1886 a local head count fixed them at 460 taxpayers and listed among their possessions 464 horses and mules, 529 cows and meat cattle, 190 carriages, 11 gold watches and one silver watch. Today the population is 2350 and the watches are not counted.

Registered Republican voters outnumber Democrats almost two to one. The G.O.P. carries national and state elections in the township—it gave Eisenhower 592 votes and Stevenson 192 in 1952—but it is nip and tuck when neighbors choose among neighbors for their township government. Democrats dominate the township board of supervisors; Republicans control the school board.

That is the township to whose residents the President, speaking on the occasion of Mrs. Eisenhower's first birthday in their midst, said, "You are the people who are going to be our neighbors, God willing."

And these are the neighbors, the people who, when speaking of the Eisenhowers, "down Barlow way on the Water Works Road," have more reason than most Americans to call them Ike and Mamie.

Allen S. Redding is a retired farmer of sixty-nine and a lifelong Democrat. He and his wife reared six children on the farm "down Barlow way." They first met Ike when he was president of Columbia University. He called at their farm one Saturday afternoon in October, 1950. The place had then been up for sale for two years.

The Eisenhowers were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George E. Allen. Allen, former confidant of President Truman and owner of a farm near Gettysburg, brought the Eisenhowers to the Redding place.

Redding recalls Eisenhower, the painter, admiring the sunset view from the farm, whose fields lie under the Battle of Gettysburg's Seminary Ridge. He recalls Eisenhower, the administrator, inspecting the farm buildings, peppering him with a multitude of questions as they walked together. He remembers the astute curiosity, the warmth of manner. Redding concluded that here was a man.

Eisenhower bought the Redding place through another friend, Arthur S. Nevins, a retired brigadier general. He planned to have it redone for occupancy by 1951, but meanwhile he was appointed Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe. Before joining her husband abroad, Mrs. Eisenhower dropped in on the Reddings, then still living on the farm.

"She just took off her coat and made herself at home," said Mrs. Redding, "and visited with us as though it were the most natural thing in the world."

When the Eisenhowers took possession of the farm, the President told the Reddings that he wanted them to feel free to visit their family homestead whenever they wished.

"We have not yet accepted the invitation to the farm," said Mrs. Redding the other day. "We know that the President and his wife are busy people with many guests. But some week after the election when we know they are comparatively free, we intend to make a call."

"I am still a registered Democrat," said her husband, "but I was for Ike in 1952 and I'm for Ike in 1956. He's done a good job. I'm for his re-election."

Charles R. Snider is the assessor of the township, whose metropolises are Round Top (population, 25), Barlow (pop. 30) and Greenmount (pop. 40). As imposer of its head tax, he is "Charley the head-hunter."

The way smiling Charley figures is the measure of how much taxes his neighbors pay, and people are not always happy to see Charley striding their fields or standing in front of their homes, calculating. Charley is a Republican. He holds that a man's party has nothing to do with the measurement of his landed wealth. That's measured by the eye and experience.

Preparing for his biggest job, the reassessment of the expanded Eisenhower farm and remodeled farmhouse, Charley announced, "I'll be fair. I'll treat Ike just like any other taxpayer."

And nobody says he didn't. He went to the farm, looked it over and raised the assessment from $6500 to $18,600. What is more, now that the Eisenhowers were residents, he clapped a fifteen-dollar head tax on each of them and on each of the three servants.

The man who collects what Snider levies is township tax collector Walter T. Mehring, sixty-seven, a retired farmer.

"I like the way the Eisenhowers pay their taxes," said collector Mehring. What he means is that they always pay promptly enough to take advantage of the two per cent discount which is in effect through July thirty-first of each year. This year they paid in June.

The township rate is forty-one mills, one of the lowest in the county. The total farm assessment covers $6250 for the property in the Eisenhowers' names as tenants in entireties, and $12,350 for four tracts remaining in the name of General Nevins. Nevins pays and discounts the $537.11 tax bill on the four tracts. The Eisenhowers' real-estate-and-occupation tax bill this year was $288.75. By taking advantage of the discount, they saved $5.77. Mehring received a check for $282.98. It was signed by Mrs. Eisenhower, as are all checks in payment of local bills, indicating that she has a tight hold on household finances.

Mrs. Roxie Mehring keeps telling her husband he ought to have a photograph made of one of the Eisenhower checks.

"I sort of feel I will," said Mehring.

Mehring also collects the county's occupation tax. Federal employees—except clerks and stenographers—are assessed $2.00. That is what the President pays. Housewives—except those having outside employment—are rated with freemen—retired—at fifty cents. That is what Mrs. Eisenhower pays.

The Eisenhowers also pay $1.10 dog tax for each of their two male dogs and $2.10 for the female dogs. County treasurer Jacob G. Appler issues the dog licenses and pockets ten cents of each transaction for the extra work it puts him to.

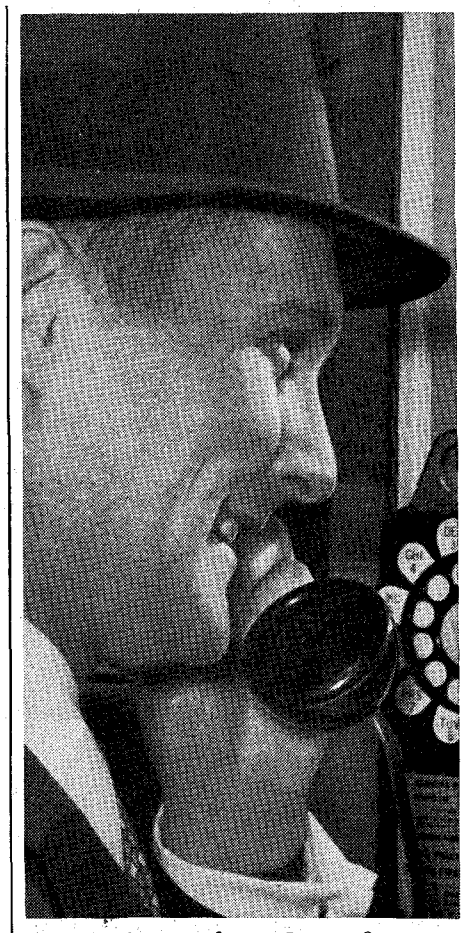
Expenditure of the funds assessed by Snider and collected by Mehring lies with the three-man board of township supervisors. Walter F. Cooley, seventy-eight, is secretary of the board. He is a retired executive of the United States Steel's bridge division. He works the

Tribute to a Carpenter

By Bettie Cassie Liddell

He is a craftsman of the school
that taught
Respect for labor and a job well
done.
His primer was a kit of tools he
bought
In the pride of youth. Work was
his lexicon.
Skilled now and past the age
when men retire,
His time sheets show meticulous
account
Of value rendered. Worthy of
his hire,
Both competence and zest are
paramount.

Sparing of words, he whistles
tunes that keep
Time to the hammer's lively
rat-a-tat;
But silently he wields the plane's
long sweep,
Like one who listens to sweet
music that
Needs nothing more than
rhythm of the wood
To sing the years smoothed out
and going good.



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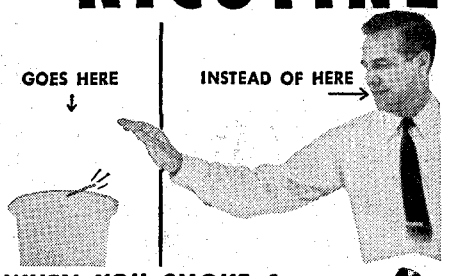

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$200-a-year job to keep his hands busy when they are not in his flower garden. The supervisors get six dollars a meeting. They meet once a month around an oval table and under a gold mantel clock in the Cooley living room. They have never given serious thought to a township building, and when its lack is mentioned, the answer is: "Why spend the money?"

Cumberland Township is winding up the year with a $5000 surplus, which will bring its working fund to $15,000.

"Not a nickel in debt outstanding," said Cooley. "We discount every bill we can, even if only to save a dime. Then," he went on, "you've got to get a day's work for a day's pay. Take road maintenance. It pays a dollar and a quarter an hour for straight labor and a dollar and a half for operation of machinery, such as a scraper. A lot of farmers, including the supervisors, do road work when their chores are light. You've got to be a precise timekeeper."

The strait jacket of the presidency does not permit the President to go out among his neighbors as much as Mrs. Eisenhower. Those who see him most often are the Kecklers.

Hugh Keckler is a young Navy veteran of the war in the South Pacific. He earns $4000 a year at the Mechanicsburg Naval Supply Depot; his wife, Pearl, until recently has been earning about $2000 a year in a Gettysburg silk factory. They have three boys—Barry, ten; Tommy, seven; and Jerry, five.

The Kecklers are the Eisenhowers' nearest neighbors. Their home on Water Works Road has a view of the Eisenhowers', set distantly amid its 468 acres. They see the President's eagle-topped, thirty-foot flagpole, the Stars and Stripes and the presidential flag whipping in the breeze. Sometimes the President is distantly visible in the farmyard, accompanied by one or more of his dogs. Two of them, his English setters, Georgie Allen and Art Nevins, were named in a moment of horseplay after the two men most closely associated with him at the farm. There are also Heidi, a Weimaraner; and Duke, a collie.

The Kecklers live on three acres. Their home is a four-room, one-bath house, covered with artificial-stone siding. They bought it for $5000 in 1950, just before the Eisenhowers bought theirs. Almost every time an automobile draws up in front of the Kecklers' they have to be ready to turn down another offer for their house from someone who wants to live near the President, and therefore finds the Keckler place one of the most desirable pieces of real estate in the country. No matter how handsome the offer, it is rejected. The Kecklers don't want to sell. They like the Eisenhowers as neighbors.

"We wave and say hello when we meet," said Keckler. "Sometimes we stop and exchange the time of day. The President pulls up in his jeep and stops and talks with the boys. The Eisenhowers are everyday folks, the kind you like to meet and get better acquainted with."

The President's farm has fourteen phones; the Kecklers like to say they themselves have ten; that is, there are ten subscribers on their party line. Theirs is a hand-cranked wall telephone installed by the Barlow Telephone Company. The electronic age is coming, however. Barlow recently sold out to the United Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, and dial phones are on the way.

Mr. Eisenhower also became a familiar figure on the golf course of the Gettysburg Country Club in the summer of 1955. Dick Sleichter, the club pro, worked with him on improving his backswing to correct a slice. Donald Smith, the President's caddie, remembers an Eisenhower remark on holing out on the last green:

"Well, the fun's over—back to work."

The Eisenhowers were no strangers to Gettysburg when they bought the farm. They lived there in 1918 when Captain Eisenhower was transferred to nearby Camp Colt.

Recalling that stay, Mrs. Eisenhower said, "We went there as strangers and the townspeople took us in and made us their friends."

It is with that pleasant feeling of being at home again that she, freer than the President, travels the town and country, her only escort a Secret Service man who remains discreetly in the background.

He stood outside under an umbrella the day that Mrs. Eisenhower went into Anna Bierer's Specialty Shop in the Hotel Gettysburg Annex. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Elivera Carlson Doud, and Mrs. Alfred M. Gruenther, wife of NATO's military commander. Mrs. Bierer did not recognize them. But her saleswoman, Mrs. Edith Bushman, did. Mrs. Bierer thought that Mrs. Bushman seemed unusually animated and wondered what could be the matter.

Mrs. Doud tried on and bought three dresses. Mrs. Eisenhower bought a pearl choker for one dollar, and then a pink, quilted dressing gown, remarking, "I really don't need it, but it is so pretty that I cannot resist it."

Mrs. Gruenther also chose a dress and asked, "Will you cash a traveler's check?"

"Well, yes," said Mrs. Bierer, "but where are you from?"

Mrs. Bushman flew to her employer's side. She whispered in Mrs. Bierer's ear. Mrs. Bierer, a plump little woman, was a picture of pretty confusion. She offered Mrs. Eisenhower and the other ladies her apologies.

"Mrs. Eisenhower smiled at me," said Mrs. Bierer, "and told me sweetly, 'It is nothing at all. Please don't give it a second thought.'"

Mrs. Bierer would naturally never fail to recognize Mrs. Eisenhower again, not even if their conversation were only by telephone. She and all others dealing for the first time with the First Lady are struck by the unusual depth of her soft voice.

The G. C. Murphy Company, "The Friendly Store," on Baltimore Street, has the attraction for Mrs. Eisenhower that five-and-dimes have for so many persons picking out ideas and generally buying more things than they have use for. Mrs. Walter Fohl, of Murphy's stationery counter, sold Mrs. Eisenhower a ten-cent board of thumbtacks.

"She didn't ask for special service," said Mrs. Fohl. "She just stood at the counter until her turn came."

Mrs. Eisenhower went back to Murphy's recently, accompanied by Mrs. Leonard Heaton, wife of the surgeon who operated on the President. Mrs. Heaton and her husband were house guests at the farm.

Trailed by the patient Secret Service man, Mrs. Eisenhower wandered through the store, picking up a thirty-seven-cent choker at Miss Viola Shank's counter, pink pearl drop earrings for fifty-seven cents, a bottle of nail polish, studying the jumbo jelly drops and chocolate creams in Mrs. Maybelle Potter's candy section, and buying the bargain of the day, a twenty-nine-cent bag of assorted sour balls.

Another frequent shopping goal, particularly when Mrs. Eisenhower is accompanied by house guests, is the Thomas Brothers store in Biglerville, seven miles north of Gettysburg. The proprietor is Ner C. Thomas, seventy-six—Ner derives from 1st Chronicles, VIII-33: "And Ner begat Kish ——". Thomas is assisted at the store by his daughters, Miss Jean Thomas and Mrs. C. William Harbaugh.

Their store is a two-story treasure house of 4000 items. Rolls of chicken wire stand in the doorway. Scythe handles are stacked within it. It offers everything needed around the farm, as well as high button shoes and other antiquities of the more strenuously dressed past. But it is more than a general store. It is a curio shop as well. It has handicrafts and art objects, souvenirs and bibelots from all around the world—most expensive, imported music boxes at ninety-five dollars.

Every visit is an adventure for Mrs. Eisenhower. She goes from counter to counter, chatting with Miss Thomas or Mrs. Harbaugh, picking up yarn—to crochet covers for hot-water bottles, she explained; diaper panties—for her grandchildren, she said; and stopping every now and then to examine an unusual trinket and maybe remark, "Ike would like this. I'll take it."

"I feel I've known her all my life," said Mrs. Harbaugh. "She makes you feel like a fellow club member."

Mrs. Doud is her frequent companion here. Often, when the President and her daughter are away, Mrs. Doud, spry and secure in her seventy-eight years, vivacious and talkative, shops at the Thomas store alone.

Mrs. Doud recently bought her daughter and son-in-law their wedding-anniversary gift, a footed china candy dish with the score of Mendelssohn's Wedding March marching beneath the glaze.

For the Eisenhower grandchildren, going down to the corner store means going to the luncheonette and souvenir shop run by Ruth Swope and her husband, on the edge of the battlefield, near the farm. Here they may have their ice-cream cone or other treat. Here they may "finger shop," and yearn, and plead until mother or grandmother says, "That will be all today."

The nation's most noted family owes the relaxation from protocol that it finds in Adams County in part at least to the Gettysburg Times, the county's only daily newspaper—circulation 7782. Paul L. Roy is the managing editor; G. Henry Roth, the city editor; and Mary Louise Callahan, the society editor.

The Times, said Roy, recognized that the Eisenhowers would want privacy in their first and only permanent home and "decided to treat them as neighbors," newsworthy when the public nature of their doings made them such—otherwise, neighbors to be let alone.

The Eisenhowers receive no preference in Miss Callahan's Social Happenings. A recent column led with the meeting of the Iris Club to be held that evening at the home of Mrs. Arthur Phiel, on York Street. There were twenty-four items in the column. The eleventh item stated:

"Mrs. Mamie Doud Eisenhower, the White House, Washington, arrived in Gettysburg Wednesday afternoon to spend the weekend at the Eisenhower farm here. Her husband, President Eisenhower, was expected to arrive early Friday afternoon to spend the weekend."

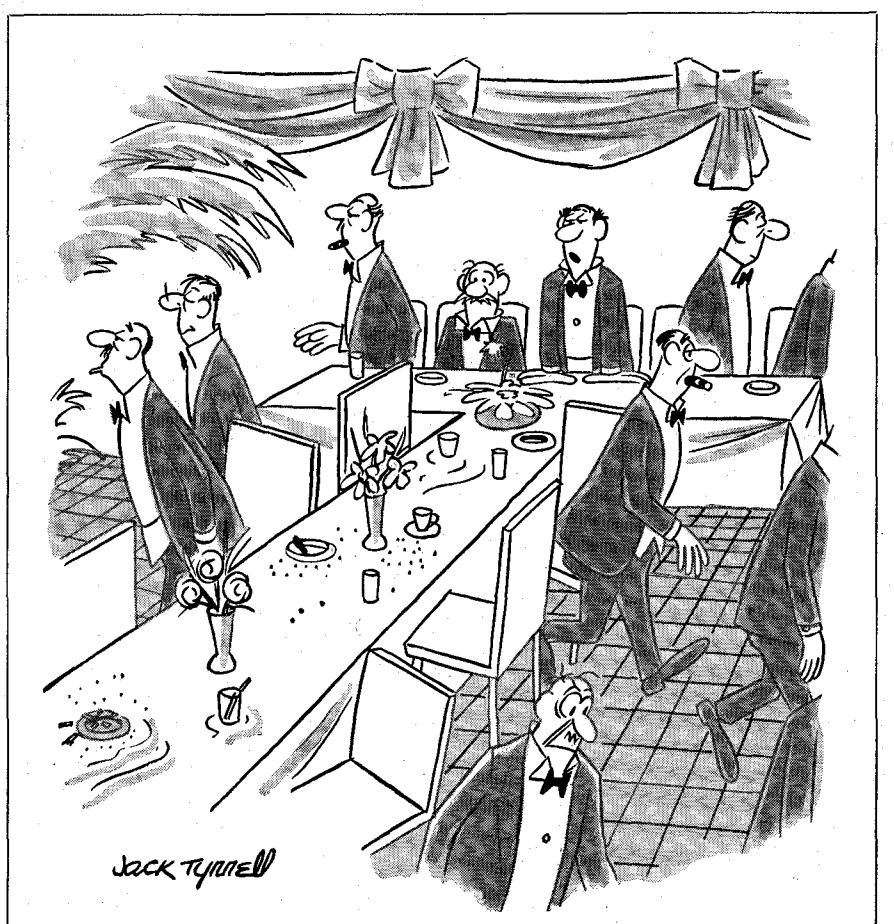
Their fellow townsmen also see to it that the Eisenhowers' Sabbath is unbroken by unseemly intrusion.

Gettysburg is a town of eleven churches. The President and his wife worship at the Gettysburg Presbyterian Church, on Baltimore Street. The church was founded 216 years ago. Its ivy-clad stone building is 114 years old. The Rev. Clyde R. Brown is its pastor.

The Eisenhowers attend 10:45 A.M. service. They occupy the fourth pew on the right-hand side. It is two behind the pew where President Lincoln worshiped on November 19, 1863, the day of his Gettysburg Address.

Mr. Brown and the elders of the church offered Ike the use of Abe's pew. The President said that the offer honored him, but he would prefer that the arrangements continue as they were. The Lincoln pew remains unoccupied.

Catholic guests of the Eisenhowers, such as the Gruenthers, are taken to 10:30 Mass at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, on West High Street. Its name



"—— a man who needs no introduction . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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memorializes a Jesuit mission to the Indians that was established at Conewago, twelve miles east of Gettysburg, in 1700. The parish was founded 130 years ago and its white-masonry church is 103 years old. The Rev. Anthony F. Kane is pastor.

While the Times and its readers do their best to shield the President's privacy, his safety lies in the hands of the Secret Service. The day he becomes a private citizen, however, this duty will be taken over by the peace officers of the township and county.

For a time, leathery-faced Leo Charles Riley, a Democrat, was the township's only law officer. He was constable. He packed a gun, wore a shield and patrolled in a '49 car. His line of communication began and ended with the hand-cranked Barlow phone in his home.

"I can round up a posse on short notice," said Riley. "I can swear in all the deputies I need."

Riley never had occasion to round up a posse, and now it is too late. He was unhorsed in the last election by Fred H. Swisher, a Republican, who beat Riley by ten votes.

Swisher was formerly a policeman at the state capitol in Harrisburg and is as formidable looking as Riley. He is turnkey at the county jail and a paper hanger by trade. Riley is now a court tipstaff. Recently Swisher met him outside the courthouse.

"I am glad to have a man of your experience around, Leo," Swisher said. "I'd like to use you as deputy when I have to."

"Any time at all, Fred," Riley answered.

Swisher is not, however, as Riley was, a one-man law force. The township now has a police chief, although only a part-time one. He is Bernard E. Miller, thirty-eight, and a Republican, who goes to work at four in the morning, driving the rounds of farms and collecting milk for a dairy. He runs over to the Eisenhower farm to give Ivan Feaster, its manager, a hand in exercising Ike's quarter horses—Sporting Miss, a dark chestnut filly; and Doodily-do, a light gray mare. He is a deputy sheriff. He is secretary of the Barlow Telephone Company and he is an election inspector. He is chief of the Barlow Fire Company, of which Ike is an honorary member, and he is also "a pretty good hand at stud poker, in a social way." When chief of police he earns $1.40 an hour. He sleeps, he says, "when sleep gets around to me."

If Swisher, Riley and Miller need backstopping, they could certainly call on Squire John J. Whitman, sixty-five. Squire Whitman is a mild-looking man who putters around the flower beds at the tourist home run by his wife, Carrie. But appearances deceive. Whitman used to be a Detroit cop. He was a murder man. He was deputy chief of detectives in charge of the homicide squad for ten years, and to him the names and faces of the Purple Mob are as familiar as those of Swisher, Riley and Miller.

"There was plenty of gunplay when I was on the squad," said Whitman, "and I should add that it sometimes wound up for keeps."

Whitman isn't packing a gun these days. But he's thinking that maybe he ought to; maybe he ought to get a permit.

Sheriff Dorsey J. Schultz thinks Whitman ought to go armed. Schultz is a big man and muscular, but as chief law officer of the county he has a lot of territory to cover and can't give all his attention to Cumberland Township. He totes his .38 hip slung for a right-hand draw. He wears the kind of semi-Western snap-brim hat favored by ex-President Truman, a full Western string tie and a big-buckled Texas Ranger belt. His size, his commanding manner and his rolling gait are menacing.

But when Sheriff Schultz meets other sheriffs they sometimes rib him.

"When did you see Ike last, Schultzie?" they'll ask.

With that, Sheriff Schultz opens his wallet to a miniature copy of his commission, signed by the governor. He points a thick finger to the bottom and says: "Only a few days ago; that's what my neighbor did for me."

What the ribbers see knocks them for a loop, says Schultz. His commission is also autographed by the President.

The President himself set the township school board back on its heels. Emory A. Fox tells the story. Fox is seventy. He works a seventy-three-acre farm and is the $150-a-year secretary of the board. To listen to him tell it, you must wait for him to milk his cows. You follow him through the chicken house while he pokes an exploring hand beneath the hens. You sit down to a dinner of fried ham, fresh Lima beans, mashed sweet potatoes, apple pie and milk, all from the Fox farm by way of Mrs. Fox's bountiful kitchen. Then Fox relaxes.

There was the old Pitzer schoolhouse, adjoining the Eisenhower property. It and the other one-room schoolhouses in

Give
THE UNITED WAY

the township were closed as the township shifted to bus transportation of pupils to a joint school in Gettysburg. Pitzer was up for sale. The President wanted to add it to his farm. A price of $4200 was set and accepted without quibble. And then some residents began to talk. The gossip was that Ike hadn't paid the township enough for Pitzer.

"The President shut everyone up with his generosity," said Fox. "He came along and voluntarily added eight hundred to the price—money he didn't really have to pay. The sale brought more than we got for any of the other four schools."

Mrs. Fox washed the dishes and set a tea kettle to sizzling on the wood stove. She put out cookies, and shortly board members began assembling for the school year's first monthly meeting. They sat around the Fox kitchen table, covered with oilcloth in a pretty red-and-green strawberry design. Fox opened the kitchen closet and from a shelf corner took down his school records. The agenda for the evening was the approaching need for another school bus and requests from parents for special bus stops for their children.

Participating in the quiet discussion was Glenn R. Sterner. His son, Pfc Kenneth Sterner was a patient in Fitzsimons Army Hospital when President Eisenhower was there. The President learned that a fellow townsman was on the floor below him. Down to Private Sterner came a slice of the President's birthday cake and a get-well card.

Edward Eiker, a furniture-factory worker, is president of the board. Pretty Prudence Martin, wife of Dr. James A. Martin, veterinarian to the Eisenhower livestock, is the treasurer. Doctor Martin, a thirty-six-year-old Air Force veteran, called for his wife when the meeting was over. In addition to the dogs and horses, the President has seventy head of black Angus cattle, sixty hogs and a flock of chickens. A spanish burro and two peacocks wander the grounds.

"The President is exceptionally keen in his knowledge of his livestock," said Doctor Martin, "and inquisitive about everything bearing on their welfare. He walks with me, asking questions as I work."

Lloyd H. Winebrenner, the unsalaried township surveyor, doesn't have to drive a horse and buggy. He does so occasionally because he likes horses. He is an engineer, but his avocation is horse breeding, and the President has reason to know that Winebrenner is a good neighbor too.

Before the President had his stable fully equipped he had guests unaccustomed to the Western saddles that Eisenhower prefers. He asked the loan of four English riding saddles from Winebrenner. Winebrenner was happy to oblige. He got the saddles back that night, with a hearty thank-you note from the President.

Eisenhower drove through a late-spring snowfall last April to cast his first ballot as a Cumberland Township resident. It was the state primary election. The President went to the township's permanent election house, a one-story, white-frame building, a stovepipe poking through its roof, set on cinder blocks on the edge of a cornfield. Mr. Eisenhower walked up three wooden, open steps—the kind you bark your shins on—to get to his ballot. Election officials saw that a board sagged and sprang to the President's aid and made a mental note.

As a result, the President won't know the place when he goes back to vote on November sixth. During the summer, Clarence Smith dropped a two-cent post card to Charley Albright, RD 2, East Berlin. Charley's the maintenance contractor for the county's ten election houses and forty-three bridges. He gets $1.40 an hour and materials. Charley has no telephone and the only way to reach him is to write. He keeps the post cards stuck in the frame of a living-room picture frame which serves as his brain-tickler file system.

"Call me soon as you can," wrote Clarence, and when Charley did call, Clarence told him, "Get after that loose step board at the Cumberland house and do anything else you think the place needs."

Charley nailed the board down good and tight. Then he looked around. The upshot was, said Charley, "I put seven gallons of paint, white and cream, inside and outside, and gray. The gray was for the floors. I put a fiberboard cover on the table and I lined the walls with plywood, up to a height of four and five feet. I put a coat of black on the potbelly stove. I figure it's cost the county a hundred forty-three dollars, but it's a real pretty job. It looks good."

Mrs. Viola Harner is judge of elections and a G.O.P. rooter whose hopes for a big turnout on November sixth are not entirely partisan. In addition to a flat ten dollars a day and $3.50 for making election returns, she is paid two dollars for each 100 votes cast, or fraction thereof after the first 100.

Chester A. Shriver and Mrs. Paul Cole are doing their best to see that Mrs. Harner is not disappointed. Shriver has a G.O.P. committeeman's dream come true. His baliwick includes the President's farm. Mrs. Cole, daughter of ex-constable Riley and wife of a poultry farmer, is his Democratic rival. She is patriotically reconciled to what she does not concede to be the inevitable.

"It makes you feel real proud," she said, "that the President and First Lady are our neighbors. Ike may be on the other side of the political fence, but we are first of all Americans." THE END

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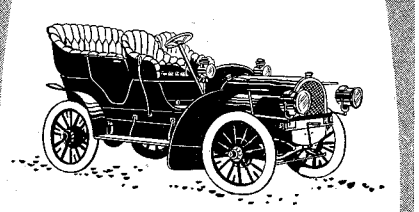

National batteries gain in popularity year after year. The fame of this 1905 Marmon was short lived.

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Oklahoma's Little Round Coach

(Continued from Page 31)

as partners; there's no other term for our relationship. All we do at Oklahoma is as much Gomer's thinking as mine."

Wilkinson discloses that he sometimes yields to Jones' thinking on strategy even when it conflicts sharply with his own. Before the Texas game last year, Gomer urged the use of an old-fashioned trap play as a surprise for the Longhorns. Wilkinson appraised the play as too obvious and turned it down, then reluctantly let himself be overruled when Jones persisted. "So we added the play against my better judgment," Wilkinson says, "and it scored our first touchdown."

Since Wilkinson and Jones teamed up at Oklahoma in 1947, the Sooners have been the winningest team in college football. They lost only eight games during the last nine years. They established a modern record of thirty-one consecutive triumphs between 1948 and 1950, and started on another victory parade in 1953. They matched their own record with this year's opening 36–0 win over North Carolina, then set a new mark by swamping Kansas State, 66–0.

The Gomer Jones touch with linemen has been a conspicuous feature of Oklahoma's success. Jones was an All-American center himself at Ohio State, and he has developed ten All-Americans in his nine seasons at Oklahoma. It is his responsibility to furnish every Sooner team a pair of tough and speedy lines that can be alternated without regard to the game situation. The way these interchangeable units can combine to hammer down beefier opposition was demonstrated to millions in the nationally televised Orange Bowl games of 1954 and 1956.

However, Jones is more than just a good line coach. He is a man of many dimensions, even in his physical girth; his weight keeps fluctuating between 192 and 234 pounds. "The little round man," as players have labeled him, is only five-eight and must diet constantly, although his tastes run to things like two-pound steaks for breakfast.

Friends catalogue him as shy and quiet, but he is a forceful and effective leader of his youthful footballers. He solemnly says that he is ambitious for bigger things, yet he has rejected one head-coaching job after another. Although he prizes individual toughness as the ultimate human asset, he serves as the gentle "father-confessor" to any troubled Oklahoma player. While he places high value upon the well-being of his players, he would never settle for merely "building character" on the football field. Gomer would be miserable if he couldn't win.

There has been little misery for Jones in his long association with Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma. In 1947, their first year, they tied for the Big Seven championship with Kansas. They've taken clear titles every season since. Wilkinson and Jones began this season with a nine-year league record of forty-nine wins, two ties—and no defeats. When other coaches in the conference are asked about their games with Oklahoma, they are apt to make remarks like, "The turning point was the opening whistle," or "Our most serious mistake was showing up at game time."

Nationally, the Oklahomans have been among the top ten teams in the country—according to the Associated Press rating poll—for eight straight years. In 1950 and again in 1955 they were No. 1. They've taken two out of three Sugar Bowl games, in addition to hitting two-for-two in the Orange Bowl.

Although it might be assumed from all this that Gomer Jones seldom has much reason to worry, he takes his football hard. Last year he had to go to the Mayo Clinic for treatment of an ulcer. Outwardly he is calm during a game. He seldom paces up and down or prowls along the side lines. But he concentrates upon defensive strategy with such absorption that he often has to inquire what happened when Oklahoma had the ball, and his expenditure of nervous energy is so great that he has shed as much as ten pounds in the course of an afternoon.

Before a game, Jones eats voraciously, but stays hungry. He becomes short-tempered and may start calling his pretty, brown-eyed wife "Jeannette" instead of "Jennie." She says, "When this happens I know I better watch out." Through it all, Gomer smokes heavily, drinks three cups of coffee per hour and clings faithfully to pet superstitions.

Jones has worn the same gray worsted suit and ropy blue necktie on game days throughout the latest winning stretch. His "lucky" clothing also included a certain floppy, sweat-stained hat until Jennie finally engineered its disappearance. During the earlier thirty-one-game streak, Gomer had a brown gabardine suit he wore to every game. When Oklahoma finally was stopped by Kentucky, 13–7, in the 1952 Sugar Bowl, Jones gave his ancient suit a swift kick in its paper-thin pants and left it in his New Orleans hotel room.

At forty-two, Jones is the eldest of the Sooner coaches, some eighteen months senior to Bud Wilkinson. But despite his age and his bulk, he frequently outruns his players in short challenge races. Agility has been a compulsion with Jones since his boyhood.

His father, David Jones, was superintendent at a hoist factory in Cleveland. The elder Jones was no athlete in the formal sense, but he fancied himself as "fast of foot" and would seize any opportunity for a race. At home and on their fishing trips together, David preached speed to his son. One summer he brought home enough lead for half-inch-thick soles which he attached to Gomer's shoes. His theory was that when the weights were removed, the boy would feel so light-footed he just might take off and fly. It may have helped. At any rate, Gomer today brackets agility with toughness as the prime attributes of an athlete.

Jones has a slightly scarred brow, alert blue eyes, and a stomped-to-heck nose that he vows has never been broken. Deep smile ruts curve around his mouth. He is bullnecked, with shoulders that hunch a trifle forward. His curly dark hair is diminishing and salting itself gray. His stubbily powerful hands move constantly as he talks.

His energy is prodigious. When the Oklahoma training camp opens in late summer, Jones rises daily at 5:30 A.M. He brews coffee and starts on the gallon or so he will consume during the day. Then Wilkinson arrives to talk about team problems. They leave Gomer's house at 6:15, meeting the team on the field a quarter of an hour later. After the two-hour morning practice, Gomer rushes home for breakfast, then back to the athletic offices for a coaches' meeting at 9:45. The coaches confer until eleven, then separate for group discussions with the players.

After a heavy lunch, Jones makes another coaches' conference. This one runs until the 2:30 P.M. squad meeting. By 4:30 the team is again on the field. Jones

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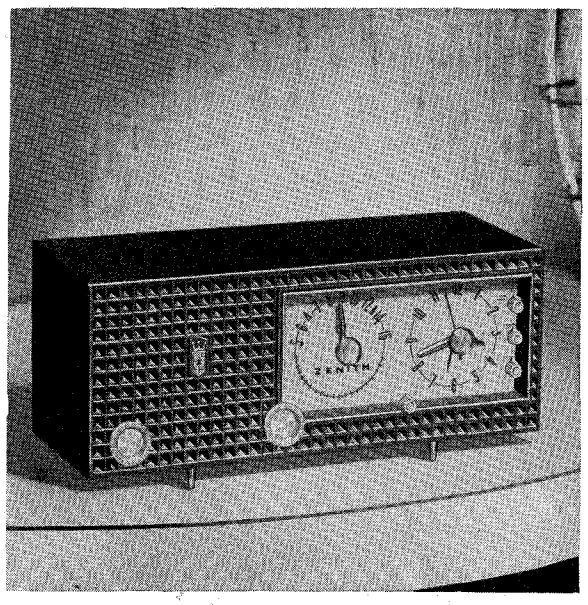

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as a 6:30 dinner with Jennie before currying back for one more coaches' meeting, which will last until 10:30 or later. Often it's midnight when he calls it a day. To Jones, the grind is fun, as well as being "a necessary installment on winning football."

On autumn Sunday mornings, until it comes time to take Jennie to Norman's First Presbyterian Church, Jones is at the Sooner training room for a steam bath with the players. "While he sweats," says trainer Ken Rawlinson, "he tells stories, kids the boys about their game performances and hears about their problems."

Jones regards this closeness with the boys as "the greatest thing about being an assistant. It's something a head coach has to miss." As assistant athletic director, Jones handles the scholarships and passes out the fifteen dollars monthly that the conference allows football players. This regular off-the-field contact helps him to learn each boy's temperament and troubles. His interest in the boys is genuine, and may stem in part from his having lost two children of his own.

"In case you're interested, we're no longer keeping up with the Joneses—we've passed them!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In any event, boys bring Gomer their problems. In an ordinary office day Jones may lend five dollars to a boy who has a legitimate need for it, lecture another about unpaid parking tickets or arrange aptitude tests for a player still undecided on a career. He may run movies privately to show a disappointed former high-school star why he is just a fourth-stringer, or give hours to a senior who intends to coach and is realizing that he has much to learn about the positions he didn't play.

Team members often ask Jones' approval of their marriages. The round man admits to causing the postponement of a few weddings, but he hasn't tried to block them all. Last winter a lad who'd forgotten about Gomer left his bride and the guests waiting while he dashed to the Jones home to consult his coach. Gomer recalls with a grin, "What could I say? The boy was practically on his honeymoon. Anyway, as I told him, it's not the marriage that hurts a football player, but the pursuit of it."

On the field, Jones is an exacting boss. "If he yells at you," according to 1954 All-American Kurt Burris, "it means he figures you'll make a player, and you work harder. But he doesn't yell often."

As a rule Jones shouts out his encouragements and utters his criticisms softly. He demonstrates mistakes to players, and his grotesque mimicking of a poor block can be more scathing than any verbal rebuke. As far as language goes, he is mild. Like Bud Wilkinson, he expresses the belief "Put the boys first, and you win; put winning first, and you lose."

Jones doesn't send his linemen through identical drills day after day. He keeps dreaming up new variations—"You oughtn't to bore the kids," he says. But whatever the drill may be, he demands perfection right down to the last half inch of foot placement. Although most of these practice gimmicks are never used in games, the habit of flawlessness does carry over as insurance against costly mistakes.

Multiplying the number of plays in a game by the number of players involved, and adding in things like quarterback decisions, Jones calculates that each Saturday there are at least 3600 chances for player error. "Generally," he says, "whoever makes the fewest of these mistakes will win. It's not so much the good play that wins. You win on the mistakes you do not make. So we get our kids very mistake-conscious."

Jones is a great booster of Southwestern youth. "We get a different type of kid than Eastern coaches," he declares. "This is young country, where boys grow up with ambition and pride, so that to help them you just need to emphasize self-improvement. Boys from Oklahoma and Texas"—and Oklahoma recruits Texans unashamedly, considering the upper half of the state its legitimate hunting ground—"grow tall and rangy. You seldom see a fat Texas kid, and usually he'll look lighter than he is.

"Southwestern boys are mainly quick and tough. The older boys start the new players right, and misfits just naturally disappear. The kids seem to make each other tougher. If one is down hurt, the others are apt to tell him, 'Hey, you might as well do a few pushups while you're resting.'"

Ordinarily the Sooner lines average a modest 200 pounds, and they don't look even that heavy. A puzzled newspaperman who met the Oklahoma plane on one road trip said, "I never saw so many fine-looking backs, but didn't you bring any linemen?"

To Jones, there is nothing strange about the devastating performances of his "little men." As he puts it, a jeep racing along at sixty will hit you harder than a truck traveling at parking speed. His practice drills aim for this speed advantage and for agility that will keep a player poised to block or tackle at all times.

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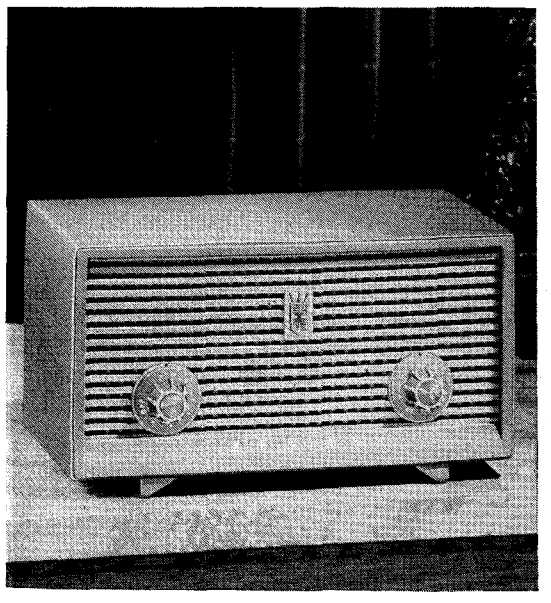

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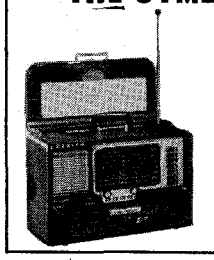

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In the stance Jones teaches, the lineman drives off with his forehead aimed at his opponent's chin. This makes for a perfectly placed block when the target raises his head—as, with good sense, he will. To keep his linemen low, Jones has devised "Gomer's monster," an iron-pipe frame with seven chutes. The ceiling of these chutes is only four feet above the ground. Guards and tackles must break from stance, speed through the chutes, and block as they emerge. A guard remarks that after hours of this drill, "You have the feeling in a game that if you run too high, one of Gomer's pipes will be hanging there in the sky to brain you."

Another special Jones routine calls for each lineman to hit an unweighted blocking sled three times in quick sequence, then roll to the outside, come up running and put blocks on one or more live targets spaced downfield. His Sooners also must learn to dive into a somersault and, at the instant of recovery, drive into a charging player with a good block. To erase any lingering trace of gun-shyness, Gomer also puts his players through slam-bang sessions of face-on blocks.

Such rock-'em-and-sock-'em workouts build tension which Jones eases with jokes. His coaching budget calls for "two or three good laughs a day." The rest of the time he is reminding boys that they must hit first or else be hit; that the head and eyes must be as wise as the feet; that football is a rough game. At times his words almost get away from him, as when he shows a boy what he's doing wrong: "Look here, Tom, you do this, and then this—no, hell, I don't know what you do, but stop doing it!"

Jones has a five-room red-brick house that he and Jennie built four years ago in Norman's prettiest creek-side neighborhood. They live a mere three doors from Bud and Mary Wilkinson, which was a handy accident. The Joneses bought their lot the same day the Wilkinsons bought their home, and neither knew what the other was doing.

Much of Gomer's double garage is filled with power tools, a hobby which helps him relax from his job. "In there I can't think football or I'll saw off a finger," he says. Occasionally Gomer goes fishing with Norman McNabb, a former Oklahoma player, and he has been seen clerking in McNabb's sporting-goods store during rush periods.

As a Kiwanian, a brilliant storyteller and a former church deacon, the round man mingles pleasantly with Norman townspeople. The neighbors say that he is the first to round up a hospital-visiting party, or to put his carpentry shop to work for you, or to drag you out to a wrestling match or swimming meet you don't care to see.

He'll also talk your ear off about his fifty-pound boxer dog, named Princess. "Every coach ought to have a dog," Gomer maintains. "When you come home, the dog doesn't know whether you won or lost."

Another of the round man's prides is his unusual given name; he thinks it offsets the commonplaceness of his last name. It was taken from the Book of Genesis—Gomer was a grandson of Noah. Appropriately, Jones himself was the grandson of one Noah Bowen, a Welshman. Gomer's paternal grandfather was also Welsh, but was born in Scotland. This inconsistency used to disturb Gomer, but he reconciled himself to the family explanation that, "A man can be born in a barn, but that doesn't make him a horse."

Gomer's own birth took place in Cleveland on February 26, 1914. He got his athletic start in church-league basketball and advanced to football at Cleveland's South High. South had powerhouse teams, and Jones was educated early to the fine taste of winning.

After high school he went to Ohio State. It was necessary in that era for him to wait tables at the Pi Kappa Alpha house for board and room. He also earned forty dollars a month as night elevator operator at the state office building. His studies included industrial art, biology and—most importantly—football under Francis Schmidt. As a junior in 1934 he stepped up to a starting job at center, and the next year he made team captain and All-American. He wound up captaining the Eastern stars in the annual East-West college classic. Jones accumulated a score of medals and gold footballs that now dangle from a glittering charm bracelet too heavy for Jennie to wear.

Jones played with Bernie Bierman's 1936 College All-Stars at Chicago, then turned professional with the home-town Cleveland Rams. This first pro season proved to be his last, due to a contract mixup that brought him a five-year suspension. It turned out he should have performed for the Chicago Cardinals, having first signed with them. Gomer thought he had an oral release from them.

"It hurt at the time," Jones says now, "but it was actually a good break. It got me into coaching that much earlier." He spent a year as freshman coach at John Carroll University, then returned to Ohio State in 1938 to serve under Schmidt. On the trip to Columbus he met Jeannette Nichols, an eighth-grade English teacher at Saint Clairsville. She was pitifully uninformed about football then, but Gomer gave her plenty of indoctrination during the three years he worked for the Buckeyes. They were married before he moved to his first head-coaching job in 1941 at Martins Ferry High School in Ohio.

His first team went unbeaten. Leading it was a 250-pound senior tackle named Lou Groza. Gomer still agonizes over the fact that Groza, destined to become the pro game's greatest place-kicker with the Cleveland Browns, missed three straight field goals in Martins Ferry's final 14–14 tie with Toledo's Libby High in the Glass Bowl. Gomer claims no credit for Groza—"He was already plenty good when I got there."

In 1943, Jones entered the Navy's V-5 program on two waivers—the one on defective teeth, the other because of overweight. At that, he was required to starve off forty-two of his 234 pounds, which he did in two terrible months. When he reported in at St. Mary's Pre-Flight on a fall Tuesday, the Navy noted his trim proportions, recalled his Ohio State football reputation and shoved him into Saturday's game. Gomer hadn't played in seven years and was still weak from dieting. He recalls that afternoon as "the thirty-five minutes that nearly killed me."

St. Mary's kept him three years. In the last one he was an assistant to coach Bernie Masterson. In 1946 he went with Masterson to Nebraska. That same year Bud Wilkinson was assistant to Jim Tatum at Oklahoma. When Wilkinson succeeded Tatum the next year, Gomer came to work with Bud.

Jones had met the towering Sooner wizard only twice, but their theories of football coincided ideally. Their alliance has jelled into a partnership that won't dissolve easily. Southern Methodist, Arkansas, Kansas State and Houston have all sounded out Gomer about head-coaching jobs, but he has stuck with Bud. The Houston proposition was said to be worth $25,000 a year—three times Gomer's salary at Oklahoma.

Some observers have speculated that Jones means to stay on at Oklahoma as the certain heir to Wilkinson, should Bud ever change jobs, retire from coaching or run for governor—which he could do with good prospects of winning.

However, Gomer declares, "I'd leave Oklahoma for the right thing—but not to be a head coach just for the sake of being a head coach." He goes on to explain that he would coach only at a school where winning was possible from the standpoint of talent potential, and where he would be responsible to school administrators rather than to alumni. Finally, he would insist on at least a four-year contract, allowing him time to stand or fall on a seasoned team of his own recruitment.

In the meantime, he has security at Oklahoma. The way they feel about him in Soonerland was impressively demonstrated before the Nebraska game in 1954, when admirers presented Jones a Cadillac. Gomer and his wife each had a car already, which led Bud Wilkinson to quip, "Now Gomer is the only coach in the country whose dog has a Cadillac."

A teaching job is waiting for Jones—unofficially—if he ever chooses to quit. But the only occupation outside of football that he has ever expressed a yen for is to be the proprietor of a steak house. His wife is sure he would never be happ away from coaching.

The biggest attraction of his Oklahom job undoubtedly consists of working wit those wonderful Sooner athletes. Jone believes that he sees better football on th Oklahoma practice field than man coaches ever get to watch on gam days.

"The best game I ever saw was in 194 when our second team beat our starter 13–7," he will tell you. "It was about a good last year, when our first two uni played a 6–6 tie." Of this last famil tussle, All-American Bo Bolinger recall "We only tried to kill each other."

There is great professional satisfactio for Jones in the high-quality lines he turn out. Some relatively small men hav looked like giants by the time Gomer go through teaching them how to play u front. Gomer cherishes especially h achievements with boys like Don K Brown, a Texas French-horn player wh was offered only band scholarships b other colleges. Brown became an ou standing Oklahoma tackle at 183 pound

Of course, many people are alway cynical about a success as spectacular a Oklahoma's. One college line coach re cently asked Gomer, "Is it true you wor your boys forty-five minutes a day th year around?" This and other rumor pyramided until they led to a Nationa Collegiate Athletic Association investiga tion on the Sooner campus in the sprin of 1955. The outcome was a two-year pro bation for Oklahoma. However, none o the wilder gossip was substantiated. Th principal violations cited were the practic of giving football men a fifth year o scholarship if they needed it to complet the accumulation of sufficient credits fo their degrees, and the providing of med ical care for the families of marrie players.

Jones takes the position that each o these measures had to do with player we fare rather than with winning footba games. Oklahoma has gone along wit the N.C.A.A. on these points, but bot Bud Wilkinson and Gomer Jones sa their consciences are clear. They feel tha no "professionalism" has been proved a Oklahoma—and they emphatically den that any exists.

Oklahoma wins, according to Jones "because of our great morale. Every ki knows he is receiving no more and no les than the others, and that he's here to im prove himself."

Gomer concedes that the Sooners ge the pick of home-state prep stars, plus bonus of good Texas players, but says "This is just logical. A fine athlete alway wants to play on a winner." He adds tha Oklahoma recruiting is helped by th school's "good academics, an athleti plant that's impressive to kids who com to visit, and our reputation—I hope—fo treating boys fair."

At places like coaching clinics, peopl in the audience sometimes express th opinion that the Oklahoma staff is care fully withholding its true success formula Jones shakes his head at that notion. "I there's any secret," he says, "you'll find i in kids like Doc Hearon."

Hearon, a tackle so durable that h once worked full-time on the evenin shift as an oil-field roughneck whil undergoing twice-daily football practice appeared at Gomer's office a few season back to plead for promotion. He was o the second team. Carefully Jones ex plained that at Oklahoma there is no rea difference between the first and secon units. "Both our lines are Number On lines," he told the young man.

The youth thought it over for a mo ment. "Well," he finally said, "if it's al the same to you, coach, I'll just play o that other first-string line." THE EN

"Some sort of get-out-the-vote campaign, possibly."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Summer Idyll (Continued from Page 26)

considering how Jace felt about the farm, that was as high as he could go.

Jace's gray eyes warmed and Benji stared down at his feet, sick with disgust at himself. One thing, Jace hadn't found him out yet. Suddenly Benji wanted to let go and tell Jace that he had sold himself to the tourists and have Jace forbid him ever to set foot inside the inn again. He stopped himself in time, though. He was committed. Mr. Jessup, the owner of the Indian Maiden, counted on him, and if Benji welshed, his disloyalty would have an added side, and Benji was sure that the flimsy stuff he was made of could never stand a double barrel of guilt. So his tongue was bound; he couldn't tattle on himself.

He started toward the wooded side of Old Baldy, but Jace still stood at the crest of the hill. "That's a pretty sight," Jace said, looking out over the valley that lay like a great green hammock between the hills. At the edge of the valley lay the Davidson farm. It was a good farm and five generations of Davidsons had lived there. Benji remembered the tales his father had told of their Scottish ancestors who had pushed their way as far as these hills and had stayed and built the first rough little cabin on this land because they had found a peace and beauty they could not leave.

"Next year," Jace said, "we'll put up a fence and we'll paint it white." He looked at Benji for approval, and Benji knew that Jace had walked all the way up here just to have a look at the farm spread out, neat and green and growing.

Benji swallowed and nodded. "We'll do that, Jace. I'll paint it myself."

Jace grinned. "Take you some time," he said proudly as his eyes swept the extent of their land. Benji wished desperately that the fence was there now and that he had stayed on his own side of it, as their father always told them to do.

"Let the tourists stay on their side of the fence," was the way their father put it, "and we'll stay on ours." Benji knew suddenly that not only had he betrayed Jace and himself by allowing his link in the chain to give way but he had betrayed his father and all their folks way back. He swallowed and looked at Jace standing there with his black hair blowing in the wind, and he thought that Jace was like the hills. He was solid and rugged, and he was gentle and good too. Surely Benji was a changeling. He didn't belong in this family of strong, proud men.

When Jace started down Old Baldy finally, Benji's feet, hurrying to keep up, took on a queer stumble-and-lurch going, and that was because of the stone-heavy guilt that weighed them down. But there was something more that went with Benji as he felt the fiddle case pushing accusingly against his left side. It was fear, and it came from knowing that he had outraged the fiddle. He had stripped the fiddle of dignity, making it a conspirator against all the men in the family who had played it and sealed their peaceful dreams and their love for the land into the satiny box. The fear was heavier than the stone. It was so heavy that Benji had never met anything to compare it to, and that meant that he was afraid of a fear he couldn't name. If you couldn't get at a thing to rout it out, you were trapped, and that was what Benji was—a queer kind of trapped inside himself.

When they came to the yard gate, their mother stepped out onto the back porch, wiping her hands on her apron. "Well," she called, laughing, "I thought you boys'd run off with the gypsies!"

"Day like this, you almost could!" Jace called back, and Benji knew that the poem that had been with Jace to take him to the top of Old Baldy was with him still. Jace reached out and rumpled Benji's hair. "This one can say what the day's like." Then he turned as though embarrassed at letting the poem show, and went out to the barn.

After supper the three of them sat on the back porch and the evening air was moist and fresh. Their mother's sun-bleached head was bent above the bedspread she was crocheting and her brown fingers darted in and out with the hook like thin little marsh grasses busy on the wind. Jace sat with his feet propped up on the rail. His big shoulders were hunched and Benji thought how tired he must be. Benji wondered how long it would be before he would rise up, charged with industry, and be able to give Jace some real help. Benji's mother said that Benji was growing so fast that the stretching of his bones and muscles sapped his ambition. But now—that Benji was bent on pulling himself to pieces—he knew his mother was wrong. He was plain lazy. Some necessary thing, some strong, tough fiber had been left out of him. Likely the Davidsons had used it all up before they got to Benji.

It was a relief when Jace turned to him and said, "You feel like giving us some music?"

Benji nodded. He felt a great need to give them some music all right. That was the only thing he had to give. There was one thing Benji could do. He could let the music out of the fiddle; the fiddle said all the things inside it for Benji. It heard an ice-bound stream let loose in spring and said it; it heard low-singing, mournful winds soughing through the pines and said it. It was all the music that Benji's grandfather and his grandfather's father before him had put into the box that was just now coming out, full-grown and ripened, from all their dreamings. The fiddle said and Benji heard and it was like a circle, the beginning and end meeting, making it a perfect, complete thing.

Benji went to his room and brought the fiddle. He sat at the far end of the porch under the wistaria vine, and at first the fiddle told the tune of the vine swinging on the gentle evening breeze. A train whistled over beyond Bandy Oaks and Carly Tolliver's foxhound sent up a lament, and the (Continued on Page 121)

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By Hal Chadwick

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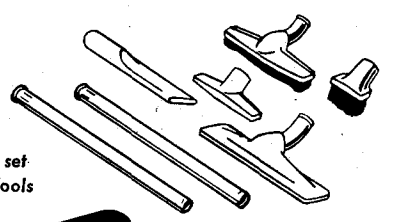

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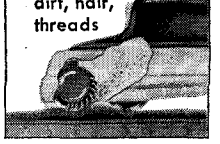

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(*Continued from Page 119*) fiddle said it; it was a cold, gray sound. Then a dash of color came, and it was the wild mustard on Old Baldy, but the color was too bold for the tune, so the fiddle said the color of the girl's hair and it was just right. The yellow threaded through the tune and picked up the misty green of the valley as it had been that afternoon when Benji and Jace had stopped for a rest on the top of the hill—the afternoon that had led to Benji's wrongdoing. They had been clearing the underbrush and had gone to the crest for the cooler air. Jace had been sitting with his back against a log and Benji was on his stomach, looking out over the valley.

"Hello," the fiddle said, as the girl had said; and if an angel had spoken, that was the way she would sound.

Jace and Benji had looked around. What they saw was an angel, of course. She had long golden hair, fastened out of the way of her face by a blue ribbon. The hair bounced down from that and curled and tucked in just below her shoulders. Angels' eyes are always blue and hers were the exact color of the no-color of water and of the no-color of sky; and that indescribable color is the strongest in the universe and Benji was a little dizzy with looking into it. He dropped his eyes. He wasn't sure that angels wore plaid blouses and almost sure that they didn't go about wearing skin-tight blue jeans.

"Were you asleep?" she asked Jace.

"No," Jace said. "Just resting."

"That's nice," she said.

Jace nodded. "Real nice."

"Do you come here often?"

Jace took a deep breath. "Nope," he said. "Not any more."

"That's too bad." She looked out over the valley and spread her arms as though wanting to have it closer. "It's so beautiful and so quiet. I never heard anything so quiet. Why don't you come here often any more?" Then she smiled and said, "My name's Dorrit."

Jace had looked away from her, and Benji knew that he was filled with a dreadful disappointment. She was one of those. First thing they did was start in trying to say in words how things looked and sounded—couldn't be content just to feel, and they told their names, and already she was prying away at a little piece of Jace, worrying at it to see how he was inside—asking why he didn't come here much any more. Benji thought that Jace might ask her, with good reason, how she came to be here on their land so far away from the nearest tourist trail. Jace couldn't do that, of course, because there was no call to be rude to her. When Jace spoke, Benji could tell from his tone that their thoughts had been double-running.

Jace spoke with cautious politeness, "It's mighty quiet, all right."

She looked at him with dreamy eyes and said, "Say that again."

"Why?" Benji wanted to know.

"I like to hear him say it."

"Look, miss," Jace said slowly, "I don't sound any odder to you than you do to us." His mouth thinned out and he went on, "If it's a character you're looking for, I can give you directions. There's old Grandma Puckett who's dug a dress out of a rawhide trunk that one of her relatives wore on a covered-wagon trip—the dress, I mean. You can go down to her house in Cherry Bottom Lane—other side of Bandy Oaks—and she'll serve you up with cider and doughnuts for twenty cents and sashay around in that old dress for you. And there's Tiner Whellup lives the other side of Bandy Oaks who'll tell your fortune and let on that she cures things with newt eyes and frog tongues. There're others over there who've sold themselves out and who'll give you plenty of local color—if that's what you're after." It was a long speech for Jace, and he sat back, looking winded.

A girl with any gumption would get up and leave after that, Benji thought, but not this one. This one sat down on Jace's log and smiled at him as though she hadn't heard a word he said. No pride at all.

When Benji got over the wonder of how she could bend herself in the tight pants, he realized that she was speaking—back worrying at why Jace didn't come here much any more. One thing Benji could say for her—she was mulish with a question. And he could see that his brother was fit to burst.

Jace took a long while to choose a tuft of sour grass to his liking. He thrust the grass between his teeth, chewed awhile, then made a kind of choking sound, and Benji knew that it was the words crowding inside him, and not the grass.

But Jace only said, "I'm too busy."

Benji saw the angel look leave the girl's eyes, a darker impish one taking it. Jace saw it, too, because his face reddened until it was a wonder his ears didn't blaze out.

"Tell you what you do," he said, breathing hard; "you go over to the Big Lake and ask somebody to direct you. Likely by now they've set up a shack off in the woods where you can pay and see a real, genu-wine hillbilly sleeping on the porch with a jug handy to the reach and a couple of hound dogs at his feet, and cobwebs all over."

The ridiculous cartoon picture that Jace had drawn was so funny that Benji whooped out loud, startling a crow that took off from the wild-grape thicket with a raucous squawk and an indignant flapping of wings. When Benji had control of himself, he looked up, but the merriment he expected to see in the girl's eyes was not there.

The girl was giving Jace a funny kind of look and Jace was giving it back to her. They sat there a long while like that, and Benji had the feeling that the hands on all the clocks in the world had stopped. Nothing was ticking but the girl's heart and Jace's. Not even Benji's, because, in that moment, Benji moved out and away from himself, as he had a habit of doing, and looked back at the three of them sitting there like statues on the top of Old Baldy. And looking back like that, detached, he could see that he had been wrong about the girl. She had pride. Her eyes had the soft, sorrowful look of a fawn's. And Jace's eyes, too, were sorrowful, as if he'd taken aim at the fawn inside the girl and had wounded it and couldn't remember why.

Then Jace's jaw set and Benji knew that Jace was pulling himself in, retreating behind the fence. "We'd best go," Jace said.

"I'll be here tomorrow at the same time!" the girl called after them, but Jace didn't turn and he didn't speak all the way home. . . .

Now Benji shifted his position at the far end of the porch and the wistaria vine swung its loose ends against the wiring above his head. The fiddle bow stopped and Benji rested it across his lap. His mother sighed.

"That was nice, Benji," she said. "Lively in places and sad too."

"It was gold colored," Jace said, sounding choked, "and blue." His chair scraped back sharply and he stood up and went into the kitchen, letting the door bang shut behind him.

Benji looked down at the fiddle in horrified awe. Something inside it had struck back at him, gouging at a raw, unhealed wound in Jace. With effort, he lifted the fiddle again, for he had to try to tell the rest of the story; and if Jace heard, maybe he would understand how it had been with Benji. . . (*Continued on Page 123*)

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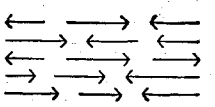

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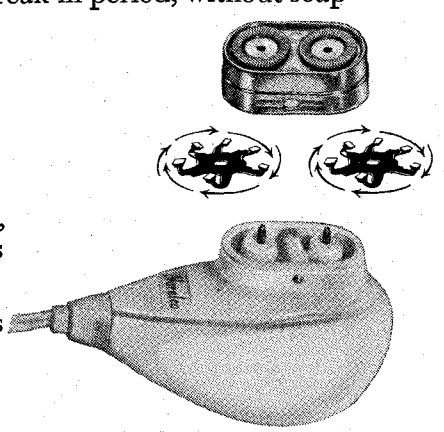

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(*Continued from Page 121*) The day after Jace and Benji met the girl, it was more than Benji could bear to think of her up there waiting for Jace, and waiting and waiting and Jace not coming. A girl with pride would be sorely hurt at inviting herself to a place and no one there to welcome her.

Benji had gone and he had taken his fiddle, and though he was early, she was there before him. She wore a skirt that day, and it was spread out around her on the log, looking like a pink morning-glory; her yellow head was the heart of the flower and later, when Benji had explained that his brother was busy—though Jace wasn't the kind of busy that Benji made out—the fiddle played the rosy tones of the skirt for her and told shyly of the golden heart of the picture.

When Benji put the fiddle down, the girl was crying. Not disturbing-crying, but quiet-crying. She didn't even bother to wipe away the tears. "I don't know much about music," she said finally, "but I've never heard anything like that in my life. Where do you study?"

Benji tried to make her understand where the fiddle studied. It studied in the woods and it studied along the river; it studied the stars and the wild creatures going about their businesses—and these things were its teacher.

"Lots of folks around here play the fiddle, miss," Benji went on, when she still didn't understand, "and they don't have a teacher. It's the fiddles' ears that tell them."

"Do the fiddle's ears tell you?"

Benji didn't know how to explain to her about his grandfather's dreamings and his grandfather's father's dreamings before him that had been sealed into the instrument. "They tell me," he admitted. He tapped the mellowed wood. "The tunes are in here and it's easy enough to loose them."

She asked him if he had ever played for anyone besides his folks and neighbors, and Benji said he hadn't. She asked him if he would come back tomorrow to play for her uncle, and Benji said he would.

The next afternoon Benji saw that Dorrit's uncle had a sharp-pointed face and that his ears were pointy, too, giving him the look of a sassy fox. When he paced up and down with his hands clasped behind his back, not only did the uncle look like a fox but he looked like a foxhound on the scent of a fox. And that was the tune the fiddle played. The fiddle told of a crisp, starry night just as it had seen and heard crisp, starry nights hundreds of times. It told of red foxes and of the baying of spotted hounds on the scent. It said the fear of the foxes and it said the cunning and fun of foxes too. And it dropped at last into a sweet-singing, moaning, sighing.

The man stopped pacing. "That sounded like dogs on a trail, boy."

Benji admitted that that was what it was.

"And after all the excitement," Dorrit asked, "what was that softness at the last?"

"The fox was resting, miss."

"I'm glad he wasn't killed."

Benji was shocked at her ignorance. "The dogs never kill the fox," he told her.

The uncle, Mr. Jessup, who ran the Indian Maiden Inn, asked Benji would he please come over afternoons to play for the guests. Benji said he couldn't do that, and had been embarrassed when he tried to think how to explain about his father's fence and Jace's chain. Dorrit's face was filled with the sad-fawn look, and Benji thought suddenly that he and Jace were using this girl mighty bad, chain or not; so he had said he would go.

Benji and Dorrit had become good friends, and at first it had been pure joy to play for the lighthearted resort folks. Then Benji, weak creature that he was, hadn't been able to refuse all that money Mr. Jessup urged on him. He took it home and put it in a coffee can to hide in the smokehouse, and digging there like a rat to bury the can, he had realized for the first time the terrible wrongness of what he'd done. . . .

Benji came back to the porch and to the now, and the bow slid down over the fiddle strings with a thin little, agonized wail.

"Why, Benji child," his mother said, her voice filled with concern.

Benji wished he could run across the porch and bury his head in her lap as he used to do.

Jace's voice came from the kitchen, "That's the artist in him, ma." He sounded humble and reverent, as he did when he spoke to the preacher. "The music didn't go right. Is that it, Benji?"

Benji bit down hard on his lip. "That's it, Jace," he said. Jace hadn't understood a word the fiddle had just said! And any day now, Benji thought, feeling a tight panic, the tunes might not come at all. Then suddenly, sitting there watching the last shadows of the day on the far hills, Benji could put a name to the fear. His fear was for the fiddle itself. Some evil thing lay curled around the music in the fiddle box, ready to spring and strike away every last single note.

With his heart beating against his ribs like a bird to be uncaged, Benji laid the fiddle in its wrapping of Jace's old flannel shirt, and it was a rite and a promise.

His thoughts twisted and turned like a cornered varmint and came back to the rat digging away to bury the can of money. The money. Benji couldn't tattle on himself right out, but he could use the money to try to make Jace know what was going on.

"Well, now," he said, rising and going into the house, "I think I'll pick me out a new fiddle bow." He went to the shelf above the stove and took down the big catalogue. He turned to the fiddles and was studying the bows when Jace looked over his shoulder. "There's a dandy-fine one," Benji said, jabbing his finger at a twenty-five-dollar price mark.

"Someday we'll get you one like that," Jace said, and Benji groaned inwardly.

He made a big show of drawing out the yellow order sheet and writing down the number. "No call to wait," he said.

"What're you boys doing?" his mother asked, coming into the room.

"Ordered me a fiddle bow." Benji pushed back his chair and went to the sink and pumped himself a drink of water. He turned slowly to face them. "Carly Tolliver's got some new pups with Walker blood. Been thinking I'd get one."

"Why, Benji!" his mother said. "Carly'll want fifty dollars for one of those pups!"

"That's what he's asking," Benji admitted.

His mother laughed and looked at Jace. "More of the artist in him, I 'low, to make him go dreaming like that."

Go on, Jace, and ask me where I'd get money like that, Benji pleaded silently, but Jace's face relaxed presently and the quick flash in his eyes that might have been suspicion faded.

"You're likely right, ma," Jace said, "but maybe we can trade Carly out of one of the pups if Benji's got his heart set on one."

Benji turned away, defeated, and went into his room and began to undress. A fine schemer he was! He'd schemed another worry right onto Jace's shoulders. One thing, he would not go to the inn tomorrow; he would take the afternoon on Old Baldy and think and think how to keep his promise to the fiddle. Then he remembered that he had told Dorrit, when she insisted, that he would be there for certain tomorrow. It was important, she said, for him to come. "Just wait and see."

Though he could name the fear now, the iron jaws of his trap were still there and they set down so fiercely that it was a wonder they didn't show, biting into his bare skin.

The next day, a little after noon, Benji waited, with his fiddle case under his arm, until Jace came in from the truck patch. "Anything more you want me to do, Jace?"

Jace shook his head. "You off again?" and Benji thought the flash of suspicion was back in Jace's eyes.

"Yes," Benji said quickly, hoping to keep it there. "I—I've got business to 'tend to."

Jace stood studying him for a moment, but he didn't speak as Benji turned to go.

"How'd things go today, dear?"

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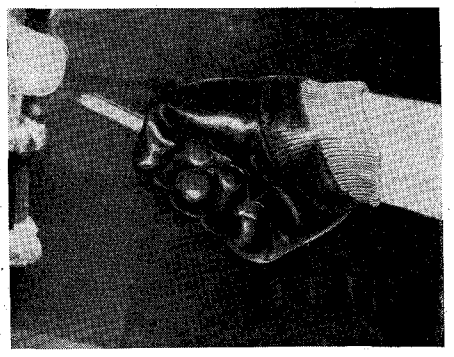

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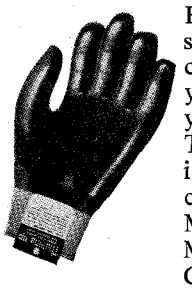

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Crossing Old Baldy, Benji thought how child-foolish he'd been to go at it like this, but he had to try to tell Jace and it was the best he could do.

When he came to the Big Lake, he took the long way round Little Finger Inlet, hoping that Jace had heard his message and would follow and catch him before he got to the inn—and so deliver the fiddle from its terrible danger. Walking beside the water, he thought of the drowned houses and of the school below the surface of the lake; and there were trees down there where baby fishes swam and played among the dead branches. Underneath the lake lay a valley that had once been like Benji's own valley. The river had been dammed to make the lake, and no one had taken time to tear down the farmhouses and cut the trees, so they were still there, waiting for the water to have its way. But while they waited, the chimneys and bell steeple struck back. Only in marked-off places was the water safe for swimming. Then Benji saw clearly why Jace had climbed to the top of Old Baldy to look at their valley; he had to see that the farm was there, safe. And the chimneys and the bell steeple and Jace were alike—a stubbornness made them hold on and a kind of violence made them fight back.

Dorrit was waiting for Benji on the side porch of the inn. As Benji used Old Baldy to cross back into his own world, so he used Dorrit to cross into this one. Benji felt as easy with her as he did with the folks in Bandy Oaks. He delayed on the porch, his eyes searching for Jace, but Jace didn't come and Benji turned and went inside. He took a great deal of time to unwrap the fiddle and to draw the bow back and forth across the rosin nub, but finally there was nothing more to do.

Dorrit, her eyes looking strangely bright and excited, curled up on a great cushioned couch to hear the music. And it was always of her that the fiddle played first. She'd told Benji once that he used her for an exercise and Benji had said it wasn't like that. "It's like the fiddle primes the well with pure gold," he'd managed to blurt out.

So now the fiddle said the angel look of her, and people moved into the big room, as they always did, and, listening, quieted. Today Benji had to draw tighter and tighter, trying to make the circle. Moisture came along his lip and the fiddle was heavy. The spring inside it was winding and winding. Desperately, Benji went back to Jace, then across Old Baldy, then came to the lake. He closed his eyes and there was a last yielding in the spring; it wasn't quite ready to strike because the fiddle told of the lake and of the dead houses and of the bell steeple on the school, and the water rushed faster and faster and it was Benji's own valley it was devouring; it poured in windows, gushed through aisles, drowning —— Sweat ran across Benji's forehead and his hand shook. The bow came down on the strings with a rasping protest.

Benji lowered the fiddle and put it under his arm. He started to run toward the door. "Benji!" Mr. Jessup was calling to him. "Here's a man wants to meet you!"

Benji stopped. "Pleased to meet you," he mumbled automatically, wanting nothing in the world but to get the fiddle away from there.

"Great Scott!" the man said. "It's a boy! He's only a boy!"

Mr. Jessup laughed, and it was an excited, high-strung sound. "He's a musician, Benji ——"

The man stared at Benji so hard that Benji became aware that his hair was unstuck and that he was wearing a faded shirt and patched jeans and had forgotten to bring his shoes again.

"I thought it was a record," the man said. "Though heaven knows where you'd find that kind of music on a record." He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Look, boy, how would you like to come with me to Chicago?"

"I couldn't do that, sir."

"We'll talk it over with your folks." The man's voice was like Mr. Jessup's laugh—excited and high-strung.

Benji shook his head.

"Have you ever flown, boy?"

"Not in an airplane."

"We'll fly. We'll fly to Chicago tomorrow."

Benji dropped his head, embarrassed that the man would hold the airplane out to him as he'd hold candy out to a baby.

Then a low voice spoke. And there was Jace, his face dead-white. "Benji will stay here where he rightly belongs."

The man whirled around. "Where he belongs!" He almost shouted it. "This kid's got a talent! His music's primitive—entirely different!" His face reddened and a vein throbbed at his temple. "He's got something extra to give, so maybe he's a genius, and you say he'll stay here! You can't bury a thing like this in these Godforsaken hills." The voice rose higher. "Who are you, anyway, to say where he belongs?"

"I'm his folks," Jace said, his voice still low and quiet-sounding, but he was knotting his big hands into fists, "and he will stay here."

It was so quiet suddenly that the lapping of the water on the shore sounded in the room. The man looked from Jace to Benji, his face as white as Jace's now. Presently he shrugged and turned to Mr. Jessup. "Maybe you can talk some sense into this damn yokel."

Benji saw Jace's eyes turn the gray of the water-washed rock, and Benji's breath clamped down, almost smothering him. Jace was figuring to tear that man apart. Jace's anger was not at the man and not even at what the man had said about the hills—it was at Benji. The man made a bad sound and Jace took a step toward him. Benji had to stop him. He threw himself at Jace, but Jace pushed him back against a chair as though Benji were no more than a fly.

Then Benji's own anger rose, and it was at himself for his betrayal that had led to this awful moment of helplessness. Thick, hot fury choked in his throat as guilt and shame tore at him. The fiddle was pushing against his chest, crushing to be inside of him, until it seemed to become his own tormented body and, with a little moan, he lifted it up and away, high in front of him. Jace moved again, and the fiddle quivered and came down over the back of the chair, shattering with a sickening crash.

Benji stood there looking down. A thin groan came from his throat. Horrified, he stared at the poor broken fiddle. He had killed it!

Stunned, he stooped and picked up a piece of satiny wood, and tears ran down his cheeks and he didn't care. He didn't even care about Jace standing there, looking all raw and hurting before the roomful of strangers. He didn't care about the man or Mr. Jessup or Dorrit. He only cared about all that music inside the fiddle that was gone forever. He'd killed the fox—and dead foxes don't run and dead fiddles don't play.

He lifted the neck of the fiddle and, with the useless strings dangling, stumbled out of the room and down across the porch and plunged along the path that led to Old Baldy.

He ran and ran, and finally came out onto Glover's Ridge. It was there that Jace caught up with him. "Benji, Benji, listen!"

Benji stopped, but it was a long while before his ears could hear what Jace was saying. "I followed you today, Benji, because I figured you were telling me to ——"

Benji nodded. "I was telling you to—but it doesn't matter now."

"It matters," Jace said gravely, his voice no more than a whisper. "Benji, it's my fault that you broke the fiddle. You had to keep me from hitting that man. I was blind mad and I lost my head."

"No, Jace," Benji said, "you didn't make me break it. There was something bad inside the fiddle that made me kill it. It was pushing against me, and it was like it got inside me and was my own self, and I had to smash it. But—but maybe the fiddle could have been saved, and now the music's gone."

"Gone?" Jace said, his face whiter than it had been in anger. "No, Benji! No, it's not gone. Listen to me, Benji. There wasn't anything bad inside the fiddle. What you thought was in the fiddle was in yourself—and I put it there. You—you were ashamed that you'd been playing because you knew how I felt. And the music wasn't in there. You made the music. That came from inside you." He swallowed painfully. "I've all but killed the music, Benji. I've hemmed you in, trying to make you be like pa and me, but you're different."

Benji nodded. "I'm different from you all right, Jace. I went against my own folks."

"You didn't go against anybody," Jace said, sounding lost and groping. "You did what you had to do. Look, Benji, folks aren't much different down underneath. Some have bigger streaks of selfishness and some are more pigheaded, but they're mostly alike—no matter where they live, I guess. But you're different, Benji, because the whole inside of you is music. That man back there was right. We can't keep the music for ourselves. I know that now."

"The music's gone," Benji told him again emptily. He turned and started for Old Baldy.

"Benji, please listen," Jace pleaded.

Then Dorrit was running toward them. "Benji, Benji, wait!" She caught up with them and shoved a case into Benji's arms. When she could get her breath, she said, "This—belongs to the man at the inn. He used to be a very great musician, Benji. He sent it to you. Open it. Please, open it, Benji!"

Benji stared blankly at the case; then, when he opened it because Dorrit told him to, some of the emptiness inside him filled. He had never seen such a fiddle. His hands moved reverently over the sorrel-colored wood.

"Play it," Dorrit begged.

Benji shook his head.

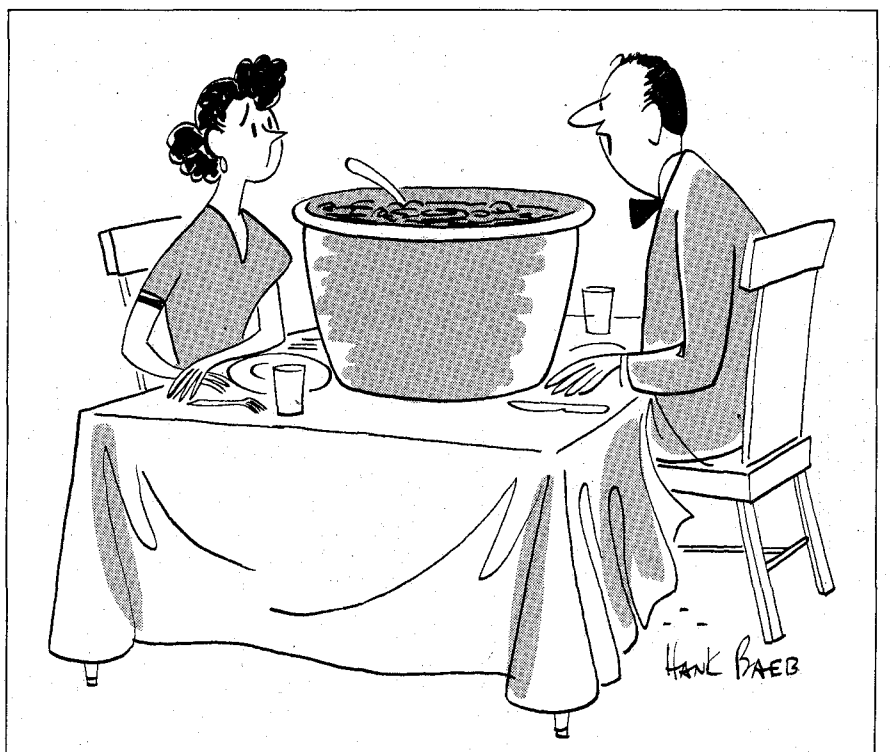
"At least hold it, Benji."

Helpless as always to refuse Dorrit, Benji lifted the instrument and fitted it under his chin. The bow was like a feather in his hand. He shut his eyes and listened. Presently his fingers relaxed and began to move on the strings. Slowly, slowly, he felt the magic of the circle draw closer and closer. The music wasn't gone. Benji could hear it and, hearing it, he had to know that Jace spoke true—the music hadn't come from his own fiddle's box. It had come from Benji as this tune was coming from him now—played on an instrument he'd never seen before. Then the circle closed and, there inside it, he heard that he must not mourn for the Davidson fiddle because, with it, he would have gone on, leaning and crippled, never learning that his grandfather and his grandfather's father before him had put the dreamings that made the music inside Benji himself.

Now that he knew how it was, Benji stopped playing, embarrassed at what he was making the fiddle say. Jace's face was all lit up and he smiled at Benji; then turned to Dorrit. "I'd like to thank you, miss."

Looking into Jace's eyes, Benji thought he saw the fences growing uncertain and wobbly, and he felt that that might be a good kind of music—he didn't know for sure. He took a deep free breath and knew that being out of the trap was a good kind of music, all right.

Then he saw that Jace and Dorrit were standing there looking at each other again as though all the hands on all the clocks had stopped. He thought suddenly that what was going on there between his brother and the girl might be the very best kind of music in the world, but as he lifted the fiddle, resting it under his chin, feeling the perfect fit of the bow in his hand, he doubted it. THE END



"I know it's my mother's recipe—
but she had eight kids!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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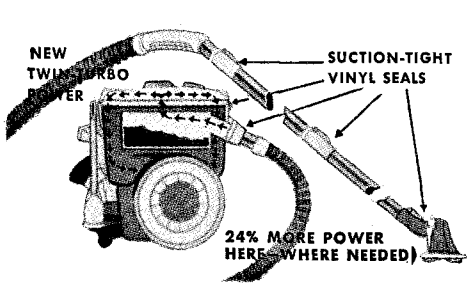

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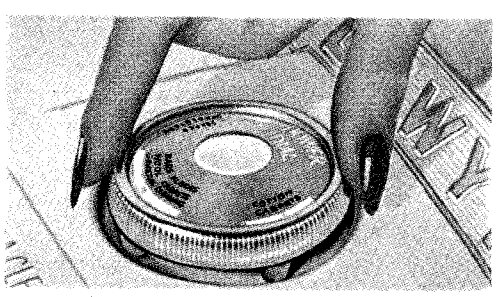

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We Must Shoot More Deer

(Continued from Page 49)

found in Lyman's Run, were a familiar sight to game authorities last spring, not alone in Pennsylvania but all across the northern tier of the United States, throughout our West and up into Canada. State by state, the dismal story unfolded:

Deer, by the untold thousands, starved to death last winter. Millions more entered late spring in critical condition, easy prey to disease and predators, poor risks to produce a healthy fawn crop in June. Most important, vital forest ranges, drastically overbrowsed, were in worse shape than ever before to support those deer that managed to scrabble their way through the winter.

Why weren't emergency steps taken to prevent this when it became apparent that last winter was going to be a long, hard one?

The answer is that emergency steps were taken, but as always, brought little relief. The problem is so deep-rooted and immense that winter feeding and other last-minute measures can't possibly help much. Last winter's harsh conditions served only to exaggerate a deer death march which has now become chronic in this country.

A. Starker Leopold, zoologist at the University of California and recognized as one of the nation's experts on wild-animal populations, estimates that hundreds of thousands of deer are dying each normal winter in North America. After a severe winter, such as 1955–56, Leopold places the year's death toll in the vicinity of 2,000,000 deer—almost all due to lack of nourishing food.

Our deer have been in trouble for a long time. The unhappy fact is that there are today too many deer in the United States. No one connected with the task of managing our big deer herds has enjoyed facing this fact. The conclusion has been reached reluctantly, and after much soul searching, by men like Roger Latham, who previously had devoted their lives to the continued growth of our herds.

Even more painful is their solution to the problem. The one way they have found for us to keep a reasonably large deer population, and keep the animals sound in health and stable in number, requires that we must shoot more deer, now. We must shoot not just a few, but many, many more. This includes not only bucks but does and, in some cases, deer only a few months beyond the fawn stage.

To many, this solution will seem paradoxical if not downright idiotic. If the deer are in trouble, you may reason, and suffering heavy losses from starvation, what they need is more food and more protection, not more shooting. To those who abhor the idea of hunting any animal as noble and beautiful as the deer, it will seem needlessly cruel. Attempts to carry out the solution, therefore, are almost certain to be met with bitterness and fought against in state legislatures. This poses a pressing and touchy challenge to state and Federal game officials.

Ironically, a major stumbling block facing game commissions in their fight for heavier deer harvests was erected by the commissions themselves years ago. At the turn of the century enlightened conservationists, concerned about vanishing deer herds, sold the theory that if man's depredations could be checked the deer would flourish again. When protection began, most herds did show remarkable increases and the public became convinced that any time the deer were in trouble the solution was more protection. The theory seems entirely logical—but it isn't true.

We took the first steps into our present mess half a century ago. Pennsylvania was one of the first states to pass strict protective laws, and later it was one of the first to face heavy deer overpopulation and attempt corrective measures. What happened there is typical of what has happened, to varying degrees and at varying times, in all our big deer states.

In 1900, deer were virtually extinct in Pennsylvania. One could walk for days through the mountains and never even sight the track of a deer. The game commission managed to get a few protective laws outlawing shooting at salt licks, baiting deer, running them down with packs of dogs and other "hunting" techniques. Several years later the first deer refuges were established and small herds were imported from more fortunate states. In 1907, the Buck Law, making it illegal to shoot any but antlered deer in season, was put into effect. The results were immediate and staggering. In 1907, there were, at most, 3000 deer in Pennsylvania. By 1928, there were at least 1,000,000 and probably more.

Everyone—wildlife enthusiasts, hunters, resort owners, the public and the game commission—was enthusiastic about the protective policy. Everyone, that is, except a handful of trained game technicians and biologists, who began to realize that what they were witnessing was not a herd restoration, but a herd revolution.

Hill farmers were among the first to feel the impact. Roving bands of deer, sometimes fifty in number, invaded fields and stripped crops clean. They ravaged orchards and destroyed home gardens. Desperate farmers were given permission to shoot the marauders, and some killed over 100 deer in one growing season in a futile effort to save their crops. Many families actually were driven off the land.

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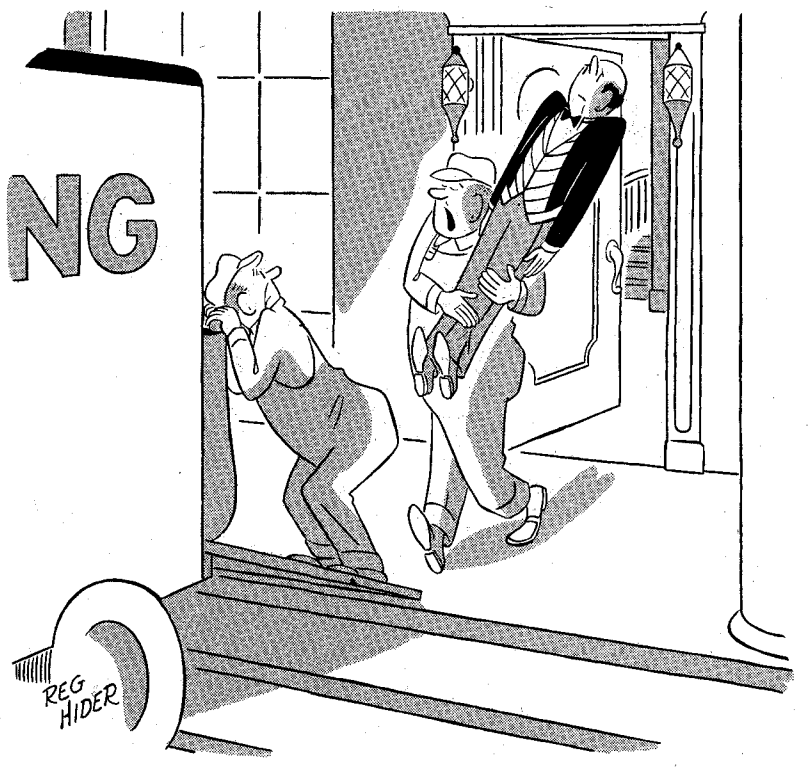

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, that's just about everything."

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Forest conservationists were next. Their pleasure in seeing large numbers of deer using the woodlands evaporated as surveys indicated the deer were causing more damage to forest areas than all other causes, natural or man-made. In 1934, Pennsylvania's Department of Forests and Waters planted 1,600,000 small trees to protect badly eroded woods areas. A year later 1,200,000 of the trees had been devoured, while the rest were so badly overbrowsed and killed back that not one was expected to survive. Similar projects elsewhere in Pennsylvania and much larger ones in other states have since been written off as total failures, due to deer damage.

It was during the 1930's that the first of the serious deer "die-offs" from starvation made its appearance. In the winter of 1935–36 an estimated 50,000 deer starved and most of the remainder of the Pennsylvania herd entered an era of chronic malnutrition.

The symptoms were an invisible shrinking of the herd's birth rate and an all too visible shrinking of the size of the deer. In 1920, the average buck weighed over 180 pounds on the hoof, with many pushing 250 pounds. Only twenty years later the average buck weighed only 127 pounds, and few ever equaled the previous generation's average weight. The size is no better today.

Something obviously had gone haywire with the protective policy. Either there were too many deer—and no one was prepared to face that fact—or there was not enough natural food. So millions of man-hours and dollars were spent bulldozing, burning, cutting and seeding poor deer ranges to turn them into the brushy areas which provide the highest quality and quantity of deer browse.

Hungry, overnumerous deer devoured the new supplies of food, lived well for a few months and in some cases increased reproductive rates, and then outstripped the food supply, starting the inevitable spiral downward—too many deer, too little food, malnutrition and eventual starvation. Pennsylvania then reached two startling conclusions:

1. Even without the Buck Law, the deer, once started on the way, would have staged a remarkable comeback. Protection only hastened the process.

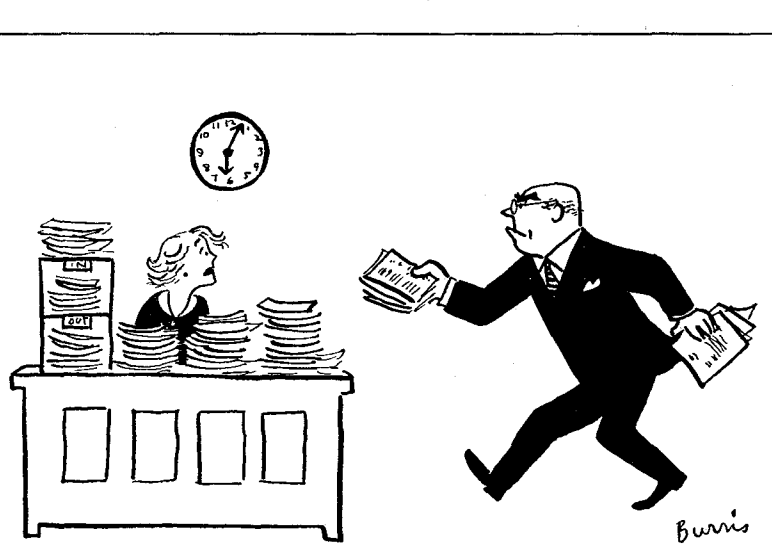
2. Complete protection probably would wipe out the deer faster than a policy which permitted them to be killed at any time and in any manner.

These conclusions, shared in other states, were based on the life and habits of deer herds. The first of two key facts game technicians came to realize was: Deer are their own worst enemies. When left unmolested in favorable surroundings, they rapidly multiply up to a point where they begin outrunning their food supply. From this point, although the herd will continue to grow for a time, the deer are headed for a hapless, unhealthy existence. Soon, up to 50 per cent or more of a herd may die in winter of cold, hunger and disease. In spring, reproduction rates will drop drastically. This is nature's way of policing the deer problems.

Nature's solution is cruel and wasteful. Its timing is always wrong. Before the herd is decimated by hunger, the range will have been destroyed. Many years will pass before it recovers sufficiently to carry a reasonable number of healthy deer. This capacity need never have been lost if the deer population had been controlled in the first place, before it grew out of hand.

The most notorious example of range destruction occurred with the Kaibab, Arizona, herd. Forty years ago, in an attempt to restore the Kaibab Plateau deer, the area was cleared of predators such as mountain lions and bears, and closed to hunters. By 1918, observers noted an incredible growth in the herd, and by 1924 the deer, originally estimated at several thousand, numbered over 100,000. Only seven years later, after several tragic die-offs, the herd had withered to 20,000 and by 1940 fewer than 10,000 stunted, pitiful creatures remained.

Close examination of the Kaibab range by botanists showed that it had a potential carrying capacity of 30,000 deer. Carrying capacity means the maximum number of deer that can be supported on any given area for an indefinite period of time. Had the herd long ago been held at carrying capacity by controlled hunting there would still be 30,000 big, vigorous deer on the Kaibab.



The Perfect Squelch

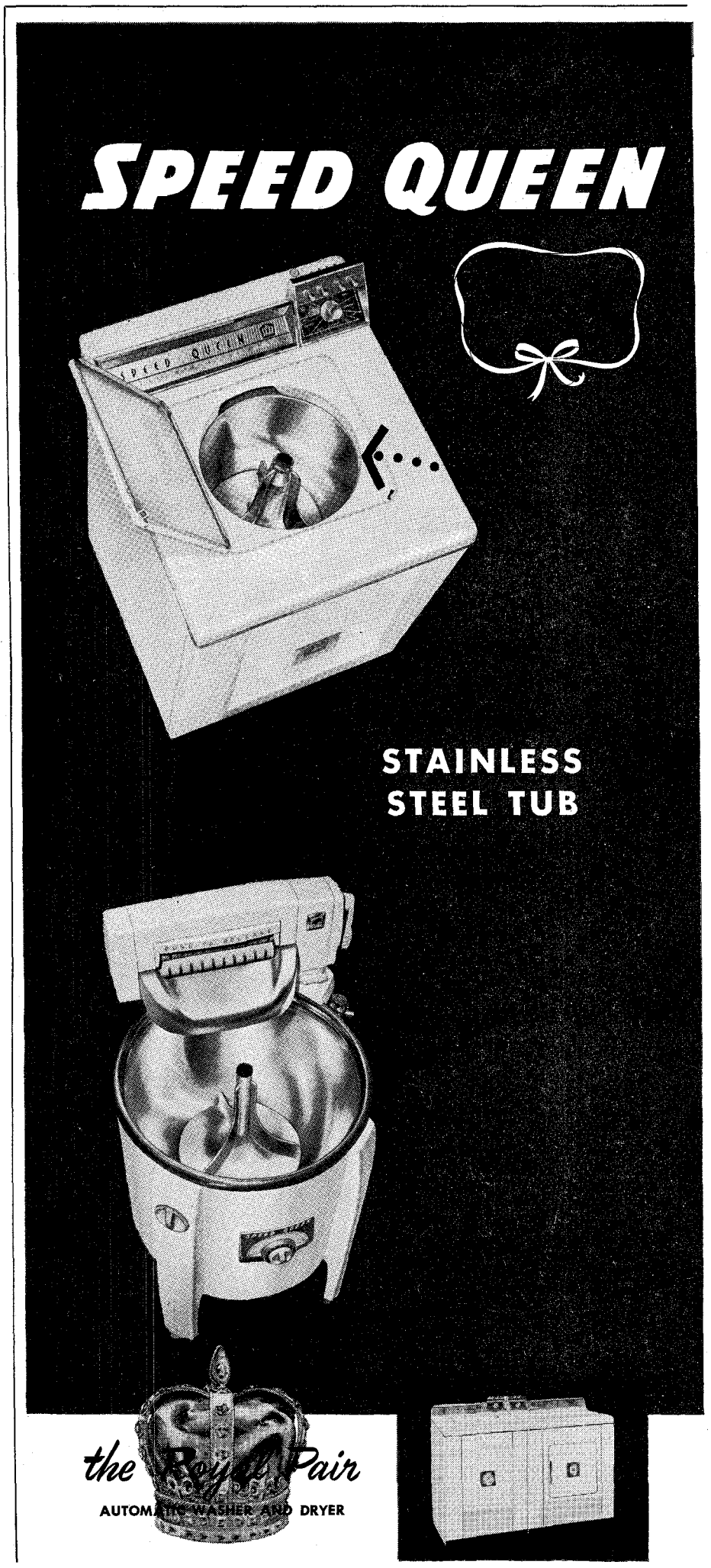
Soon after starting to work for a bustling businessman, Ann found that her job was much like chasing a mechanical rabbit. Her employer kept her desk piled high and constantly grumbled because there were so few working hours in the day.

On the eve of Ann's first holiday he was especially irritable. He tried to push through everything in a hurry at the day's end, meanwhile mourning loudly because the office would be closed next day. Finally, long after the normal closing time, he came to Ann with a thick sheaf of papers.

"If you'll just read these over at home tomorrow and check the figures. Then you might make any corrections and have them ready to push through the next day. Holidays," he added with a snort, "slow us down so."

"Holidays," Ann said coldly, "are supposed to bring us to a complete halt."

Clayton Junior



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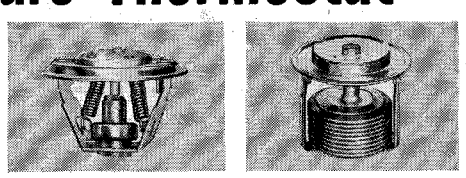

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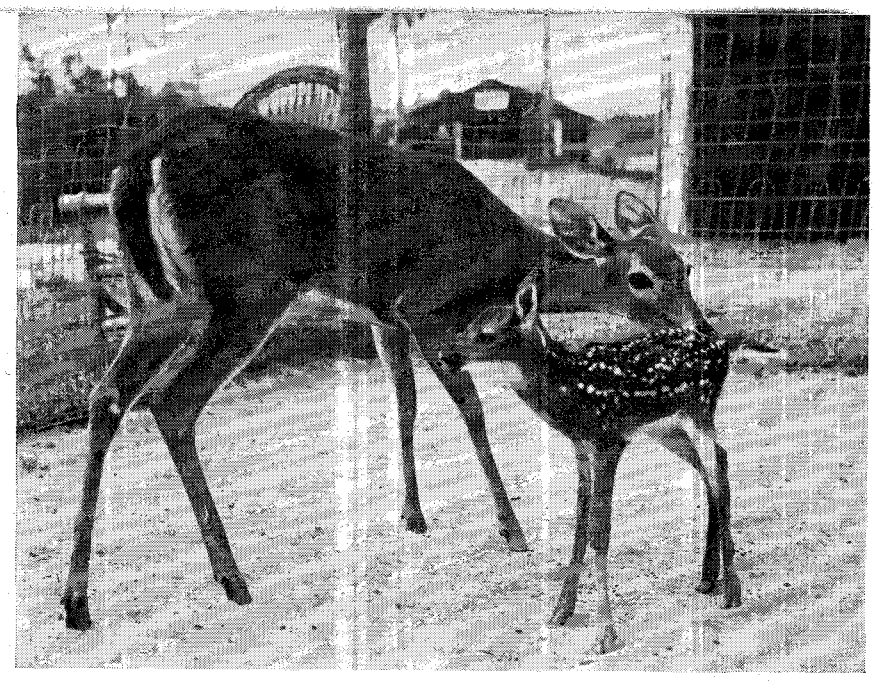

A white-tailed doe looks after her healthy fawn, born in captivity in Georgia's Okefenokee Swamp Park. *Below:* Not so lucky was this free-roaming Michigan deer, whose life in an overbrowsed forest ended in slow starvation.

The proof of this contention lies in the second key fact: Food is the absolute regulator of deer numbers.

It used to be believed that deer population was controlled by a fine balance between the number of births and the number of deaths. If too many deer were killed by predators such as mountain lions or man, births would have to rise or the herd was on its way down. We now know that predators have little or no effect on deer numbers (short of continuous, wholesale slaughter) as long as food is available. J. Burton Lauckhart, chief of Washington State's Game Management Division and an exponent of heavy, controlled harvesting, discovered this on Whidbey Island.

The deer on this sliver of land forty miles long and three miles wide in Puget Sound had almost destroyed the island's valuable strawberry crop. In 1937, under heavy pressure, it was decided the herd must be eradicated. Prior to 1937 about 100 bucks were taken each season on Whidbey. That year the island was opened to all hunters to shoot any deer all season long. Over 400 deer were taken. The island was opened next season in hopes of finishing the extermination job. Again over 400 deer were shot, and each year since then the number has increased. Today Whidbey produces about 600 large, healthy deer a year for hunters. The deer remain because they have ample food and are controlled by heavy harvesting. They no longer are a problem, but an asset to man.

The reason for the immense growth in the Pennsylvania herd—and those of other states as well—at the turn of th century was not so much due to protec tion as to the aftermath of heavy logging Mature forests gave way to brush land and created vast new areas rich in dee browse. With the increase in food cam the increase in deer, as inevitably as frui flies around a ripe melon.

Experiences such as that on Whidbe have not yet convinced the public tha killing many more deer in the fall ca lead to more births in the spring. It jus doesn't appear to make sense. The facts however, are now available from researc in many states.

Biologists know that a whitetail doe i perfect health and on a well-stocke range will produce one fawn or twins a a yearling, and then produce twins, ofte triplets, every year after that. Yet recen field tests on ranges that New York game men rated "good" showed only four ou of ten yearlings bearing young. On poore ranges, there and in other states, it wa almost impossible to find a pregnan yearling.

On excellent range, such as state experimental forests, mature deer produce about 225 fawns for every 100 does. In the wild, on ranges classed good, however, births average only 165 fawns for 100 does, and on poorer ranges the rate sinks as low as 65 births. This waste o potential life is increased by weak and runty fawns that die at birth or fall easy prey to disease and predators.

Deer held at true carrying capacity on excellent range, on the contrary, remain in a state of what the scientists call

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population eruption." Burton Lauckart compares this phenomenon to a oiled spring. Reducing surplus population by harvesting, compresses the spring, nd as long as food is available, the opulation-eruption spring will fight to ncoil.

Any way you look at it, a heavy annual arvest, which means shooting both does nd bucks, will benefit the public, the unters and the deer. Hunters would have dded opportunity for recreation. Milons of extra pounds of venison would go ıto home freezers and meat lockers.)eer size, health and vigor would benefit nd winter die-offs end, since a well-fed eer is impervious to cold weather. Range amage, which worries all game mangers, should be considerably slowed. 'orest damage, the most costly of all roblems caused by too many deer, will e curtailed. Many valuable timber and ulp forests are now unable to reseed ıemselves. Seedlings, sprouts and plantıgs are devoured as soon as they appear. ogged-over and burned areas remain ermanent brushy deserts because no new ee can survive the deer. The potential ɔss in wood products and jobs from hat should be a continuing natural reɔurce has been estimated in the billions. rop damage, which is far more serious ıan most city people realize, would be ıt down, and other wildlife, such as ɔttontail rabbits, hares, ruffed grouse, riven out of the woods by deer, should ɛturn.

The problem of heavy, sustained harɛsts is now squarely in the lap of the ate game commissions. Some are tightly ɔntrolled by state legislatures while othɛs have a comparatively free hand. All ave local and regional peculiarities to ɔntend with.

The game authorities suggest, and the ublic should welcome, an honest reppraisal of the true carrying capacities f our nation's deer ranges as the first ep toward reduction of herd sizes. In states with widely varying conditions, local game-management units may be necessary to advise on specific herd and range problems.

This could mean hunting for only a few days in some areas, while in others it might last for months. On a depleted range where deer numbers are high, perhaps 40 to 50 per cent of a herd might have to be harvested annually for several years. It would certainly mean that laws which prohibit the shooting of does will have to be rewritten.

A state such as California, with a deer population of about 1,100,000, very possibly should harvest at least 400,000 animals annually for years to come. California hunters now take some 75,000 bucks a year, while an estimated 350,000 fawns and yearlings die because there is no place for them in the overcrowded herds.

Some purists argue that this is not going far enough. Considering the present shabby state of our herds and ranges, they argue, deer should be cut down to mere "seed" herds for the future, and held there until forest food can rebuild. In Michigan's badly eaten-out Upper Peninsula, for example, with a population of 400,000 deer, the herd should be cut to a few thousand. When the range comes back, it is argued, only then can a true carrying capacity be estimated. Over the long haul this might mean that the Upper Peninsula could support forever a population of around 200,000 deer instead of the 100,000 or far less it will someday support unless drastic action is taken now.

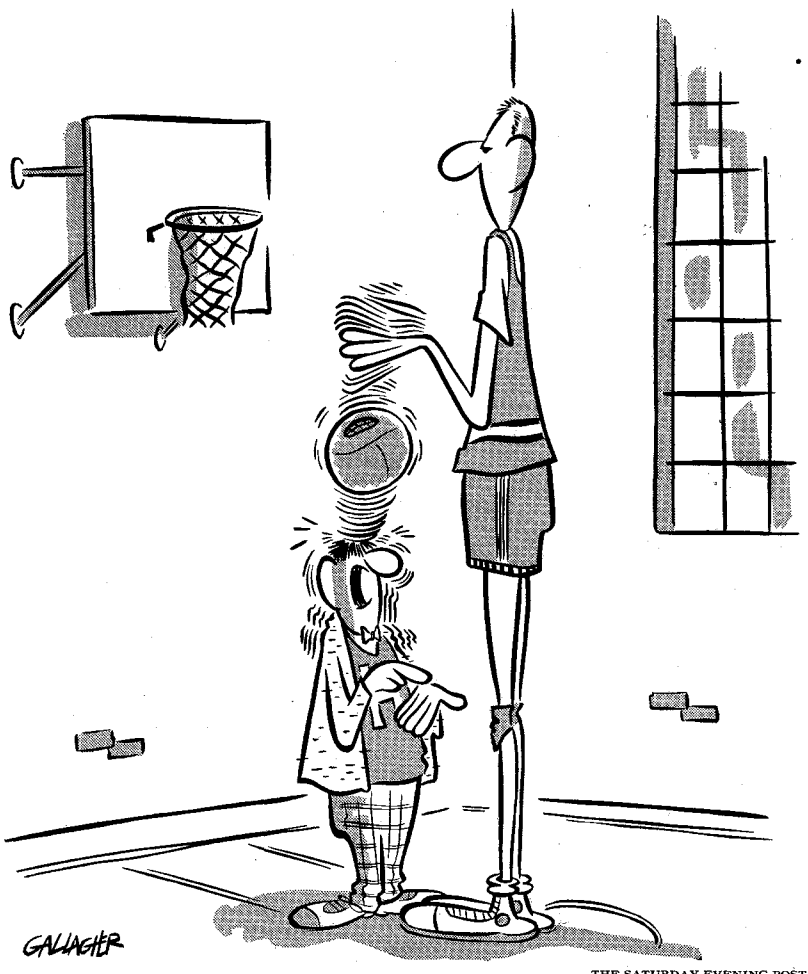
The purists have a point, but it ignores the human equation, as potent a factor in deer management as any in nature. Deer do things to people. To millions they symbolize everything fresh and untrammeled about the wilderness world. The thought of shooting a deer is repulsive to them, and hunters are considered bloody-handed hang-overs from the Stone Age. To other millions, hunting is part of the American heritage—a yearly ritual that pits man's cunning and endurance against that of the wild animal and is considered one of life's genuine and vital experiences.

Both groups want more deer. And both groups, spurred by emotionalism, have fought efforts to reduce deer numbers—despite the evidence which proves that both can have their cake and the hunters can eat it too.

A good answer to skeptics is being offered by Logan Bennett, director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission. Those who refuse to believe our deer are dying are offered guided tours in the late spring into the valleys which are deer death traps. It's not a nice slogan, but the commission knows, and says, "Dead deer make good salesmen."

For those who still doubt that such conditions exist, the best idea might be a spring walk down some Lyman's Run in their own state to see how Nature takes care of her own—in Nature's casual and utterly brutal way in which the females and the children come first.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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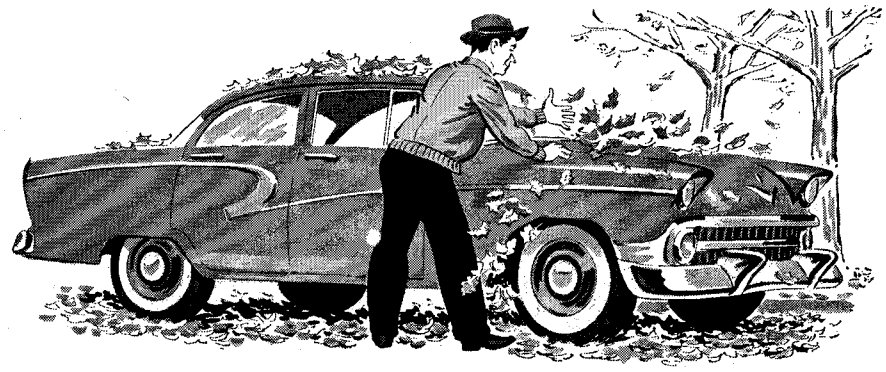

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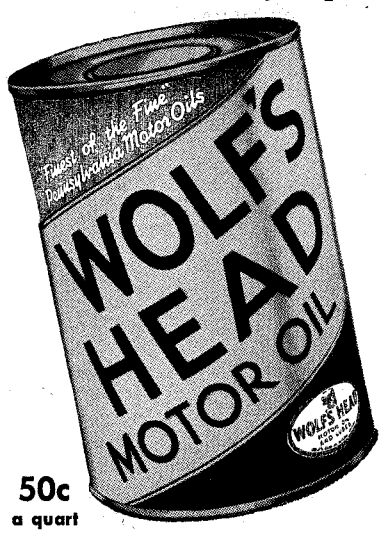

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Botts and the Mad Mountaineer

(Continued from Page 34)

good news. His father's old friend, Alexander Botts, has arrived and will take charge of the entire situation. If you will tell me how to get there, I'll drive up right away. And you tell Jim to hold everything until I reach the scene."

Miss June Wetherby telephoned this news to Jim. She gave me a road map with full directions. And about an hour later I arrived at the farmhouse up in the mountains where Jim was waiting for me.

Jim is a very attractive and highly competent young man. But at the moment he was a bit overwrought emotionally.

"This is outrageous," he said. "Here I am all ready to start work, but everything is held up by that ancient yokel with the shotgun."

"Calm yourself, Jim," I said. "From now on, your worries are over. I am taking charge. And when Alexander Botts takes charge of any project success is automatically assured."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to have you drive me up to this cabin. I'm going to talk with Mr. Jeb Hopkins. And I will persuade him to act in a reasonable manner."

"But I tried that, Mr. Botts. And it didn't work."

"Jim," I said, "you are young. You have the natural impetuosity of youth. From what your own bookkeeper told me, it is clear that you lost your temper. You yelled. You hollered. You argued. You threatened."

"And you think that was wrong?"

"I know it was wrong—even though, at your age, it was perfectly natural. Fortunately, I am more mature. I have had more experience in judging human nature and in dealing with difficult personalities. I am also one of the world's best salesmen."

"Yes, Mr. Botts, my father used to say nobody could sell tractors like Alexander Botts."

"That is correct," I said. "But my talents are not limited to selling tractors. I can also sell ideas. And I therefore have every confidence that I can sell Mr. Hopkins the idea of giving up his unfortunate attempt to occupy a house to which he no longer has any moral or legal claim. Let's go."

Leaving my car at the farmhouse, I climbed into Jim's car. We drove for a mile or so and parked beside the highway next to a rolling mountain meadow about a quarter of a mile square. All around it were deep cool forests of spruce and hardwood extending up into the surrounding mountains. Jim's machinery—a shovel, a tractor, a grader and several trucks—were parked among the trees.

On the right-hand side of the highway at the edge of this meadow, about four hundred feet ahead of us, was a small cabin. "That's it," said Jim.

"And Mr. Hopkins is inside?"

"He was early this morning. And, as far as I know, he still is. Do you really think you can get him out?"

"Certainly," I said, "but first I want a little more information. Are you sure this man Hopkins really sold his place to Ben Bradley?"

"Yes, Mr. Botts. He sold the cabin and the whole meadow. I checked with the town clerk. The deed was duly recorded. And Mr. Hopkins promised to be out by this morning."

"Why do you have to build this road right through the place where the cabin is standing? Couldn't you lead it around?"

"No. The contract definitely calls for a road going right through the cabin site to a circle which will be laid out a couple of hundred yards farther back from the road. The houses are to be built around this circle."

"Why would anybody want a housing development way up here in the mountains?"

"The Columbia Asbestos Company has recently bought a big tract of land with a newly discovered asbestos deposit right across the highway from the cabin here. They plan to start opening it up next spring. They will bring in a lot of workmen and equipment, and also a few high-paid executives and engineers. If Ben Bradley can build a dozen nice little houses up here, he thinks he can sell them to these high-paid people. He wants to have the houses ready by next spring. That's why he's in a hurry, and why he put that penalty clause in the contract."

"Just what is the penalty clause?"

"I am required to move that cabin out of the way and grade up about a thousand feet of road by next Saturday night. With my equipment I ought to be able to do it in one or two days. All I have to do is scoop out a couple of ditches and smooth out the ground in between. The gravel will go on later."

"And how about the cellar holes?"

"Starting next week, I have to complete one cellar hole every two days until I have dug all twelve of them. When the whole job is finished I get fifteen thousand dollars."

"That's very good pay," I said. "Unless you run into rock."

"Or an old gentleman with a shotgun."

"Right you are," I said. "And just what is this penalty if you are late?"

"If I fall behind the schedule at any point, Bradley has the right to cancel the contract and collect a penalty of five thousand dollars."

"But that's absurd," I said. "I never heard of such a thing. I could understand it if you were charged fifty dollars for every day you were late. But five thousand and the loss of the whole contract on a mere fifteen-thousand-dollar job is plain robbery. Why did you ever sign anything so idiotic?"

"I know it sounds idiotic, Mr. Botts. But Bradley was very insistent that he had to have the houses all finished by the time the asbestos people arrive next spring. That meant he had to have them all roofed over before the cold weather sets in. And that, in turn, meant he couldn't afford any delay in building the road and digging the cellar holes. The way he told it, it sounded reasonable."

"I think I can understand," I said. "You're young. You're enthusiastic. You're just starting in business for yourself. And you were so anxious to get this job that you rushed in without thinking about the details."

"I guess that's right, Mr. Botts. I certainly wish you had been here to advise me ahead of time. Now it's too late."

"It is never too late," I said. "But before I approach this man Hopkins, I would like to know a little more about his habits. Has he been a troublemaker in the past?"

"No, Mr. Botts. The farmer down the road, who has known him a long time, says he has always been considered sort of shiftless and no-account, but completely harmless. He's the type of mountaineer you read about in books—the kind that is rapidly dying out. He has a white beard and long white hair. He must be over ninety years old. And he has been scratching out a bare existence on various mountain farms for longer than anybody can remember. He has lived in this cabin for the past five years—ever since his wife died. He has a little garden. He keeps some chickens and a hog in that little shack behind the cabin there. And once in a while he will work for a few days helping build a barn or spading up somebody's garden or almost anything that doesn't require too much brains or muscle. I can't understand why he should all of a sudden start acting so violent."

"I think I understand it, Jim. This is the only home the poor old man has. Ben Bradley persuaded him to sell out. But right away he regretted it. He has no other place to go. And suddenly you arrive with a lot of big machinery, and start yelling and hollering at him. No wonder he went into a panic."

"But there's no sense to it, Mr. Botts. This man really does have a place to go. The farmer down the road says old Jeb told him he was delighted to sell out. He was planning to go up to Canada and live with his son and daughter-in-law."

"In that case," I said, "it ought to be even easier than I had expected to talk to him quietly and reasonably. Instead of yelling and stirring him up, I will tell him, gently and persuasively, that I am a friend of his son. I will claim that the son has sent me to drive him up to his beautiful new home in Canada."

"But that wouldn't be true, Mr. Botts."

"No," I said, "but if I actually were a friend of this son, it would be very natural for him to send me to get his elderly father. So, I will be almost speaking the truth. And I will also be performing a good deed by enticing the old man out of his cabin and thus clearing up an awkward situation. I think, Jim, that you had better remain here in the car. Apparently your personality seems to irritate the old gentleman."

I started walking toward the cabin. And as I walked I whistled a merry little tune. This was a carefully thought-out maneuver designed to give Mr. Hopkins an early warning of my approach. I wanted to avoid startling him by suddenly popping up close to the cabin—which might have unfortunate results in case the old gentleman was feeling a bit trigger-happy.

When I had reached a point about a hundred feet from the cabin, there was a sudden yell, "Halt, or I'll shoot!" Mr. Hopkins' head, with its white beard and white hair, appeared inside the window. And the barrel of a shotgun was pushed out across the window sill.

I stood still and began reciting my persuasive harangue. I spoke in quiet and reassuring tones, but the old man was so excited that he refused to listen. He kept shouting louder and louder. And his remarks became more and more threatening. Finally he yelled, "If you don't get out of here by the time I count three, I'll start shooting! This is a pump gun! And I've got plenty of ammunition! All right! One! Two! Three!"

At the word "three," the gun went off. The shot must have fallen short. At least, nothing hit me. But the noise, for some reason, seemed to stimulate my mind. I did some unusually fast thinking. In the space of less than one second, I decided that (a) Jim's undiplomatic handling of the situation earlier in the day had stirred up Mr. Hopkins much more than I had previously suspected, (b) the old gentleman was still in such an overwrought condition that it would be useless, for the present, to expect him to listen to any appeals, no matter how reasonable, and (c) it would be advisable for me to get out of there as fast as I could.

Being a man of action, I put the latter decision into effect at once. As we drove away, Jim inquired anxiously if I was hurt. As soon as I could get my breath, I assured him that I was all right.

"That's good," said Jim. "It's too bad, though, that you didn't accomplish anything."

"On the contrary," I said, "I accomplished a great deal. I have conducted a thorough reconnaissance of the terrain. I have tested out (*Continued on Page 133*)

"All I hear is a small voice saying '40 dollars a day. . . .'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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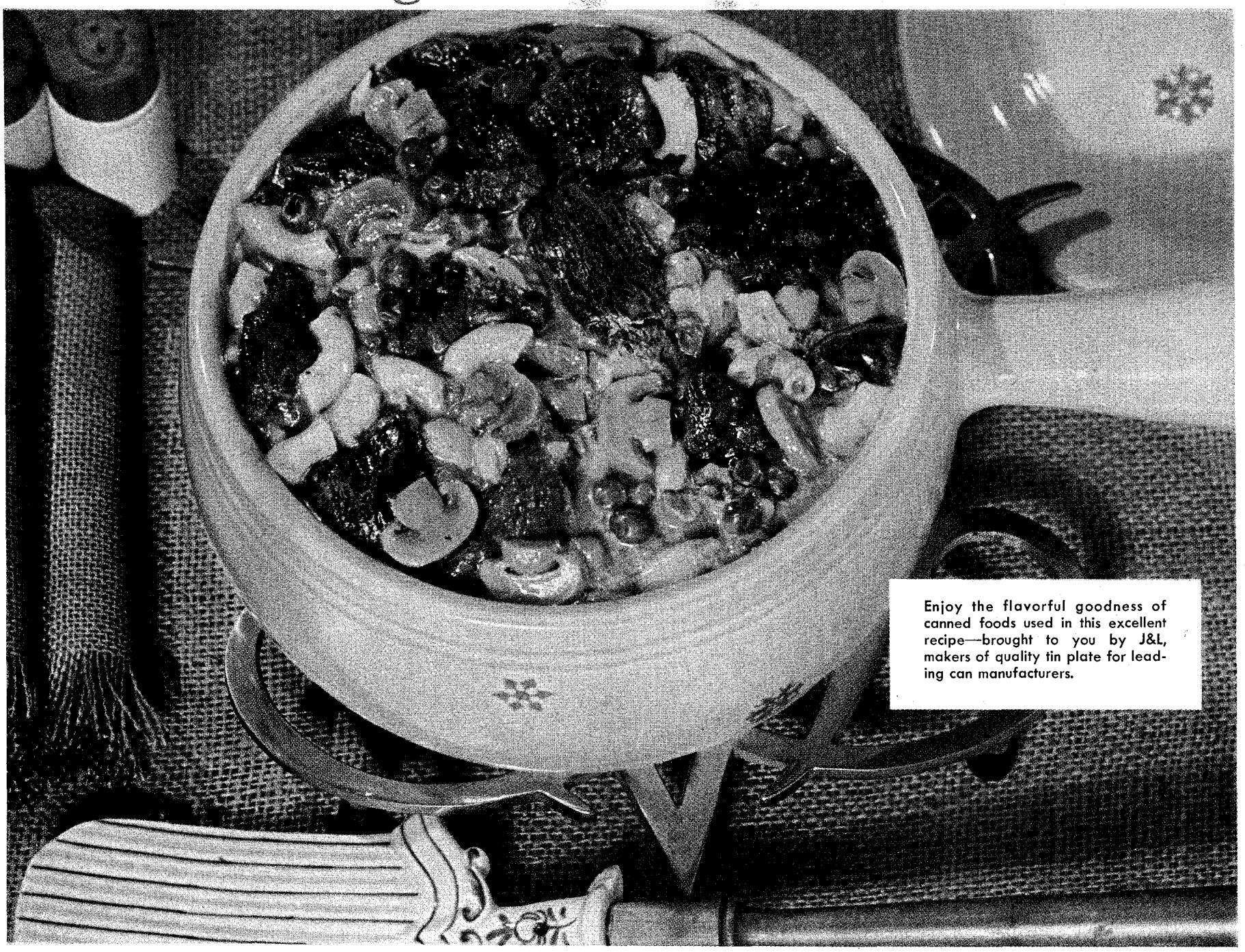
Canned foods give FREE TIME at mealtime



Enjoy the flavorful goodness of canned foods used in this excellent recipe—brought to you by J&L, makers of quality tin plate for leading can manufacturers.

tomacaroni stew

...make it during the day, refrigerate, and reheat at leisure later!

Here's a hearty dish that goes over big with your family—and makes a dandy casserole when company's coming!

Tomacaroni Stew's a big help to busy mothers who make it ahead of time when there's *plenty* of time. You just mix the ingredients, cook, and place in the refrigerator until mealtime, when you reheat it in a matter of minutes and serve.

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Jones & Laughlin
STEEL CORPORATION · PITTSBURGH

J&L STEEL

TOMACARONI STEW

3 tablespoons fat or salad oil
1½ pounds chuck or round steak, cut into 1-inch cubes
1½ cups onions, finely chopped
1 clove garlic, finely minced (optional)
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon Angostura Bitters
2 No. 303 cans tomatoes (4 cups)
1 8-ounce can peas and liquid (1 cup)
1 4-ounce can sliced mushrooms and liquid (½ cup)
1 cup elbow macaroni, uncooked
1 6-ounce can undiluted evaporated milk (about ⅔ cup)

Melt the fat in a skillet or Dutch oven. Brown the meat. Then remove meat and add onions and garlic which are sauteed for 5 minutes until soft and golden brown. Return meat to skillet. Add salt, pepper and tomatoes. Cover and simmer 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Add peas, mushrooms and bitters. Stir in macaroni. Cover and cook 10 minutes or until macaroni is tender. Drain off some of the tomato liquid; stir into milk in bowl. Return mixture to stew and heat through. Yield: 6-8 servings.

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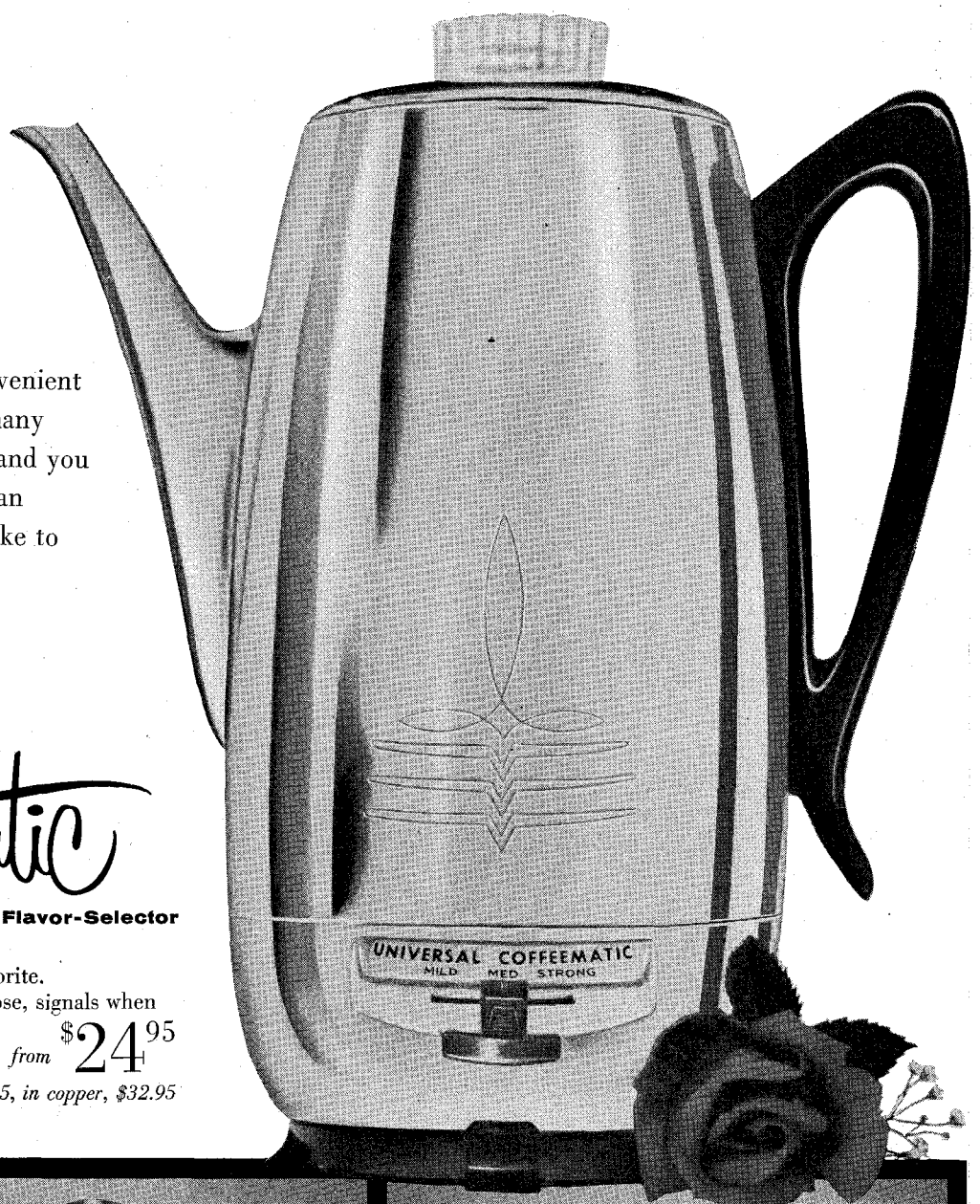

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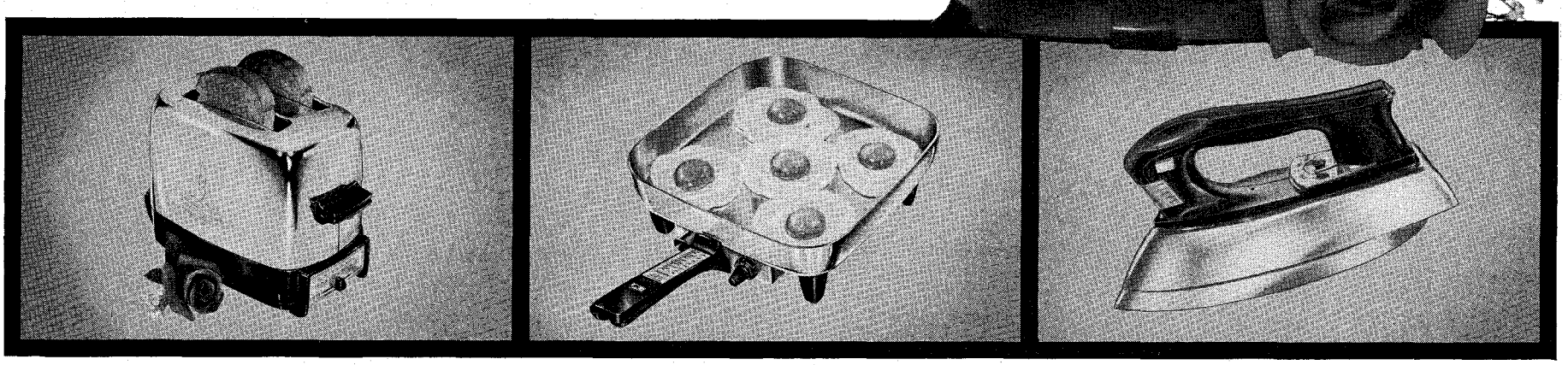

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(Continued from Page 130) the enemy's intentions. I have proved to my own satisfaction that something more than mere verbal persuasion will be necessary. And I have even begun to formulate a plan for applying more effective measures."

"What is this plan, Mr. Botts?"

"I want you to get a piece of heavy sheet steel about five or six feet square. I want you to bolt it onto your tractor at the left-hand side of the driver's seat. Then I want you to get about a thousand feet of half-inch wire rope and bring it up to the woods where your tractor is parked. Can you do that?"

"Certainly, Mr. Botts. But what's the idea?"

"It's very simple," I said. "We fasten one end of the wire rope to one of those big trees about five hundred feet away from the cabin. We fasten the other end of the wire rope to the tractor. We drive the tractor completely around the cabin, proceeding in a counter-clockwise direction. This keeps the left-hand side of the tractor toward the cabin, and the heavy sheet metal between us and Mr. Jeb Hopkins' shotgun. After completing the circle, we drive back toward the tree. The loop around the cabin tightens. We drag the whole cabin off its foundation. And we pull it off the right of way for the new road."

"Suppose Mr. Hopkins won't come out? Suppose the cabin collapses on him?"

"In that case," I said, "it would be his own fault if he gets hurt."

"I don't like the idea, Mr. Botts. I doubt if it's even legal to treat a man that rough."

"Of course it's legal," I said. "Old Jeb sold the house. He has no right to be in here."

"I still don't like the idea."

By this time Jim had stopped in front of the farmhouse where I had parked my car, but I kept right on talking. And I finally succeeded in persuading him to go ahead with my scheme. It was then about six o'clock in the evening, and we decided it was a little late to start our project. Jim said he would get hold of the wire rope tomorrow morning. And we plan to go into action in a big way tomorrow afternoon—Tuesday.

After reaching this agreement, we drove back to Middlebury separately. I had a good supper, following which I have been spending the evening working fast and furiously on this report.

I have every confidence, Henderson, that my plans will work out successfully. However, if there should be unforeseen delays, I can assure you that I will stay right here on the job until all of Jim's problems have been solved.

As ever,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

TELEGRAM

EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
AUGUST 29, 1956

ALEXANDER BOTTS
MIDDLEBURY INN
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

YOUR LETTER RECEIVED THIS MORNING. I STRONGLY DISAPPROVE OF YOUR WILD HOUSE MOVING PLAN. I FEAR IT MAY GET BOTH YOU AND THE EARTHWORM COMPANY IN TROUBLE. FURTHERMORE, YOU SHOULD NOT BE WASTING YOUR TIME ON A MERE FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLAR DEAL IN VERMONT WHEN YOUR HELP IS NEEDED IN MASSENA, NEW YORK, IN MATTERS INVOLVING SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. IF YOU HAVE NOT ALREADY LEFT FOR MASSENA, YOU WILL DO SO AT ONCE. THIS IS AN ORDER.

GILBERT HENDERSON

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,
Wednesday evening, August 29, 1956.

Dear Henderson: Your telegram arrived this afternoon, but it no longer means anything—as you will realize when I explain how the situation here has completely changed.

After posting my previous letter on Monday night I had a good night's sleep. The following morning—yesterday—I was eating my breakfast in the Inn Coffee Shop when Jim West arrived and handed me a copy of a Boston newspaper dated that same morning. On the front page was a picture of an old man with whiskers thrusting the muzzle of a gun out a window. Under the picture was a headline:

AGED MOUNTAINEER DEFENDS HOME

Under the headline was a news story which started out: "An embattled farmer, over ninety years of age, is standing guard today in a heroic effort to protect himself from being forcibly evicted from his beloved home far up in the Green Mountains of Vermont." The story went on to describe the farmer, Mr. Jeb Hopkins, as "a bearded mountaineer" . . . "grim-faced" . . . "heroically defiant." It was stated that the eviction proceedings were part of a real-estate scheme which was being promoted by "a greedy and ruthless contractor." Mr. Hopkins was quoted as hurling forth such oratorical phrases as: "A man's house is his castle," and "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." He admitted his mountain cabin was not luxurious, "but," he said, "it has been my home for over fifty years, and I will defend it to the last drop of my blood. Give me liberty or give me death." He was also quoted as saying, "Thus be it ever when free men shall stand between their loved homes and the war's desolation."

The story went on for two columns, but I have quoted enough to give you the general idea.

"Jim," I said, "this is a lot of applesauce and broccoli. The guy that wrote it doesn't know what he is talking about. Old Man Hopkins is not defending his home. He sold the place a month ago and agreed to get out by yesterday morning. He has lived there only five years, not fifty. That bit about 'war's desolation' is just plain silly. There is no war going on around here. And when this reporter refers to you as a greedy and ruthless contractor, he is about as far wrong as he could get. You are the one that deserves sympathy, not that old fool with the shotgun."

"Maybe so," said Jim, "but this write-up has got me worried. I don't know what to do about it."

"You don't have to do anything," I said. "This paper is obviously one of the more sensational yellow journals."

"The story," said Jim, "is written up in several other Boston papers, and in some of the Vermont papers. These other accounts are not so sensational, but they all take the point of view that old Jeb Hopkins is a hero. Everybody that I have met this morning takes his side. If we go ahead with your scheme of running a cable around that cabin and dragging it away, everybody will think we are a couple of skunks."

"What do we care what other people think?"

"I care a lot what some people think. There is my bookkeeper, for instance. Yesterday she was all for throwing the old man out. But she has been reading the papers, and now all her sympathies are with Mr. Hopkins. She says she is thrilled by the brave way he is standing up for his rights. And she says if I run him out of his beloved home, she will never speak to me again as long as she lives."

"Who is running your business—you or your bookkeeper?"

"Well, I run the business—in general, that is. But this girl is more than just my bookkeeper. She and I are engaged to be married."

"That does make a difference, doesn't it?" I said. "All right, I will agree to abandon Operation Wire Rope. And I will try to think up a new plan of action."

"Such as what?"

"At the moment," I said, "I haven't the slightest idea. I will therefore explore the situation further and as soon as I come to any conclusion, I will let you know."

Wishing Jim a cheery good morning, I returned to my room, where I spent most of the day in deep thought—without evolving a single idea of any importance. Early in the evening, as I could think of nothing better, I walked a short distance down the street and called on Mrs. Bradley. I asked her if her husband had returned from his fishing trip. She said he had not. He was still somewhere in the wilds of Northern Maine, completely out of touch with civilization. There would be no way to reach him until he got home, which would be in a week or ten days. As there seemed to be no reason for prolonging the conversation, I thanked Mrs. Bradley and said goodby.

As I walked down the porch steps of her house, I met another man on the way up. He looked at me uncertainly and asked, "Are you Mr. Ben Bradley?"

To this rather ordinary question, most men would have answered, "No," and passed on. But not Alexander Botts. When I am working on a problem, I always try to gather every last bit of information that I can find. In this case, I did not know who the man was, and I did not know whether he had any information of value. But I decided to find out.

"I am not Mr. Bradley," I said. "My name is Alexander Botts. Mr. Ben Bradley is in Maine on a fishing trip. He will not be back for a week or ten days. However, I am representing Mr. Bradley's interests around here. If you want to see him about any business matters, I shall be delighted to talk things over with you."

Note: This statement was much nearer the truth than might be supposed. Although Mr. Bradley knew nothing about it, I had, at that very moment, appointed myself as his representative.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Botts," said the man. "My name is Johnson. I represent the Columbia Asbestos Company."

We shook hands, and Mr. Johnson offered to take me back to the inn in his car. As we drove off, I tried to feel out the situation.

"I suppose," I said, "you want to talk about Mr. Bradley's plan for a real-estate development up near your asbestos property?"

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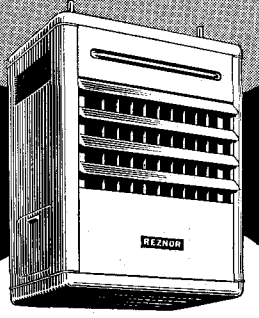

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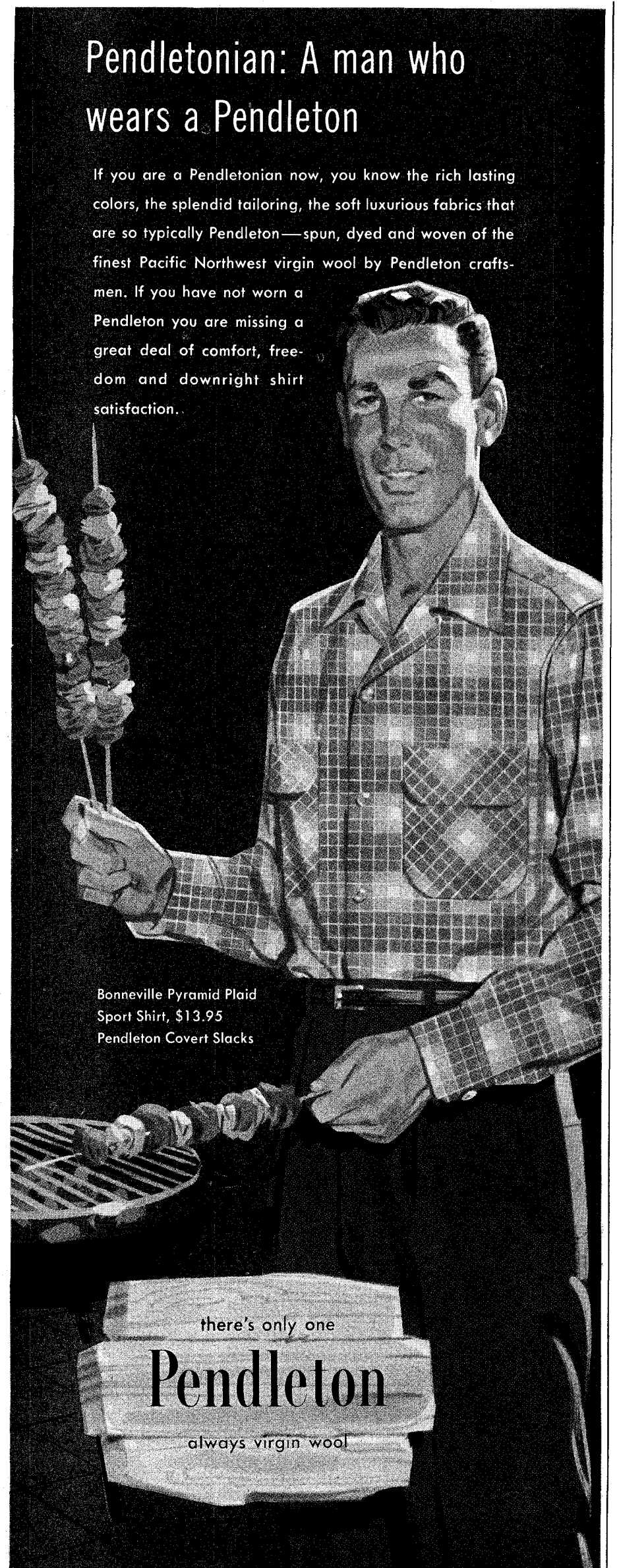

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"Stanley, there's a Mr. Bookie here to see you."

"Exactly, Mr. Botts. As you probably know, Mr. Bradley wrote our New York office about six weeks ago, asking our reaction to his plans."

"And you wrote him that you approved?"

"Yes. But last week somebody in our office who was not completely informed on the subject wrote Mr. Bradley that we had changed our plans and that the company would provide all of the housing needed. Mr. Bradley probably received this letter on Saturday. Did he mention it to you?"

"No," I said. "I haven't seen him since the middle of last week."

"Could you reach him wherever he is up there in Maine and give him a message?"

"I will do my best," I said.

"All right, Mr. Botts. You tell him that I will be here, looking over our properties, for the next two weeks. And I want to see him. I am afraid that letter of last week may have given him a wrong impression. It is true that the company is going to take on the responsibility for providing adequate housing for our employees. But we want to let out a contract for the actual construction work. If Mr. Bradley would be interested, I think we might work out an arrangement that would be very advantageous to him."

"I am sure he would be interested," I said. "I will let him know as soon as I can."

"One more thing, Mr. Botts. We are going to need these houses for the first of next May. I see by the papers that Mr. Bradley's project has been delayed by an old gentleman with a shotgun. You don't suppose this man will hold things up so long that it will be impossible to finish the houses on time?"

"Mr. Johnson," I said, "I can assure you that you have no cause for worry. Up until a few moments ago, this old gentleman with the shotgun presented a very serious problem. But the information you have just given me has changed all that. I now have a very definite hunch that our difficulties will soon be over. I wish you a very cordial good evening. And I trust I shall be seeing you again very soon."

By this time we had reached the inn. I climbed out of Mr. Johnson's car, walked around the corner to my own car, climbed in and started for Jeb Hopkins' cabin in the mountains. As I drove along I re-examined the entire situation.

I had just learned a new and highly important fact. Last Saturday Ben Bradley received a letter which must have convinced him he would have no chance of selling his houses. This meant that the fifteen thousand dollars he had agreed to pay Jim West would be a total loss. However, if something prevented Jim from carrying out the contract, Jim would owe him money, rather than the other way around.

If Ben had been a reasonable businessman, he would have discussed the situation frankly with Jim West, offered to pay the minor expenses which he had incurred, and asked for a cancellation of the contract—which Jim would undoubtedly have agreed to. However, the tricky Ben Bradley would naturally prefer a more devious solution—especially if he saw a chance to extort some money on that penalty clause.

The conclusion was plain. Ben Bradley must have bribed Jeb Hopkins to put on this shotgun act. Ben had undoubtedly notified the newspapers so as to stir up public sympathy and thus discourage drastic action against the old man. And then Ben had gone on a fishing trip so nobody could reasonably expect him to take any legal action himself.

The way to handle the situation was obvious. Jeb Hopkins had no real interest in defending his home. He was acting tough merely because Ben Bradley had paid him. All I had to do was persuade Jeb that I had been sent by Ben to tell him there was no longer any need to carry on the act. I had no doubt of my ability to persuade the old man, if only I could make him listen to me. But how could I make him listen? If I approached him directly, the way I had the day before, he would merely yell and shoot at me. I would have to use a more subtle method.

By this time it was dark enough so that I felt sure I could creep undetected to the very door of the cabin. Then, if I could get through the door and grab the old man before he could pick up his gun, I was sure I could hold him while I talked to him. After all, a man ninety years old ought not to be hard to handle.

For a while the problem of getting through the door baffled me. Then I recalled that one of my outstanding accomplishments is an uncanny ability to imitate the sounds of various domestic animals. I decided that a feline sound effect would best suit my purposes. If old Jeb thought he heard a cat outside, he would quite naturally open the door to investigate. And he would feel no need of a gun to protect himself.

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This, then, was the plan that I followed. And it worked very well—up to a point. I parked the car down the road. I crept forward in the darkness. I reached the cabin door. I put my face down near the ground. And I uttered a series of "meows" so lifelike, so natural and so appealing that they accomplished their purpose at once.

The door swung open. A voice began to call, "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" A shadowy figure appeared in the doorway. I made a lunge at it—and found myself seized, swung through the air and slammed onto the floor of the cabin.

Somebody sat down on me, and a voice said, "What do you think you are doing, wise guy?"

Instead of answering, I did some fast thinking. And, as my mind always operates at its highest efficiency in time of crisis, I soon reached a number of important conclusions. In less time than it takes to tell it, I decided that the man sitting on me could not possibly be Jeb Hopkins. A Vermont mountaineer is supposed to be tough, but nobody, at the age of ninety, could possibly be that tough. Obviously, I had been wrong when I reasoned that Ben Bradley had hired old Jeb to stay in the cabin. What, then, had happened?

I tried to imagine what I would have done if I had been a low-down scheming crook like Ben Bradley. For most people who are as honest and straightforward as I am, this would be difficult. However, in addition to a high moral character, I also possess an unusually vivid imagination. Thus, it was no trouble at all for me to think this thing out on a very low moral plane.

I soon decided that if I had been Mr. Ben Bradley I would never have trusted the mild and harmless Mr. Hopkins to hold the house against all comers. I would have secretly shipped him off to his son's home in Canada, and I would have defended the house myself. This conclusion was reinforced by my sudden discovery that I was holding in my right hand a complete set of whiskers—presumably false—which I had instinctively grabbed and torn from the face of my assailant.

At once I started to talk. And, considering I was flat on my back with a powerful ruffian sitting on top of me, I am proud to report that I talked very well and very effectively.

"I know who you are," I said. "You are Ben Bradley. And I am here to give you some definite orders. You will let me up. You will abandon this cabin. Tomorrow morning in Middlebury you will sign a new contract with Jim West without any penalty clause."

"You can't order me around," said the man. "I've got you right where I want you. I can keep you here as long as I please."

It occurred to me that he was probably right. I did a little bluffing. I said, "The State Police know exactly where I am. If I do not return to Middlebury by midnight, they will come here to find me. You will be arrested. You will be thrown in the county jail. You will be charged with attempting to swindle Jim West on that penalty clause. You will be charged by me with assault, battery, mayhem, and anything else I can think up."

At these brave words, the man's confidence collapsed and he showed that he is a coward at heart. He let me up. He apologized. He admitted that he was Ben Bradley. And he begged me not to have him put in jail.

"That," I said, "will depend on how you act from now on."

This morning in Middlebury Ben meekly signed the new contract with Jim West. I explained to Jim that Ben had returned to town unexpectedly and that I had used my remarkable powers of persuasion with such sensational effect that the cabin was now abandoned, and old Jeb had willingly and happily gone to his son's home in Canada.

Jim promptly departed for the mountains to move the cabin and start building the road. Then, as I am not vindictive, and have no desire to kick a man when he is down, I introduced Ben to Mr. Johnson of the asbestos company. And I am happy to report that they have already reached an agreement by which the asbestos company will buy Ben's houses.

In closing, Henderson, I am forced to tell you that I must once more disregard your instructions about going to Massena. The dealer over there has wired me—just as I expected—that he has closed the deal on very advantageous terms. I have decided, therefore, to stay here a while longer. I am helping negotiate the details of a very fine contract by which Jim West will do a big excavation job next year for the asbestos company. As this job will make it necessary for Jim to buy a lot of additional Earthworm equipment, it is well worth my while to put a little time on it. Besides, I want to stay here long enough to attend the wedding of Jim West and June Wetherby, a week from next Saturday.

With all best wishes,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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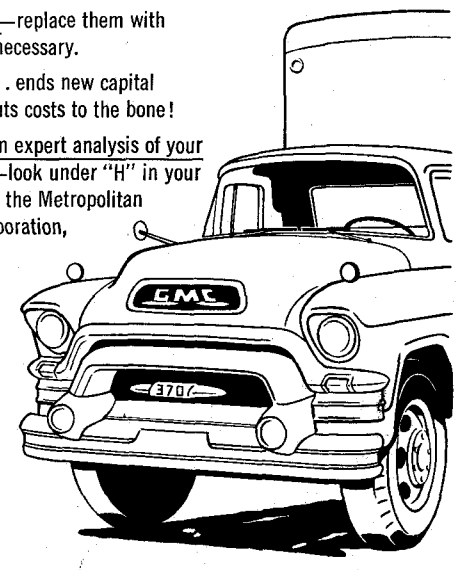

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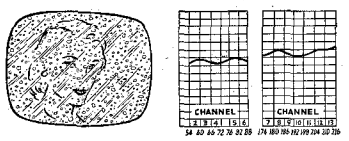
FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT TV ANTENNAS AND PICTURE QUALITY

by Harold Harris, V. P., *Engineering and Research, Channel Master Corporation*

Engineers have known for years that the most elaborate TV set with a poor antenna will not perform as well as an inexpensive set with a good antenna. Here are ways a modern, scientifically designed antenna improves picture performance:

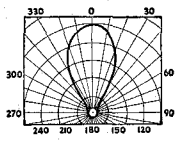
"SNOW" and antenna power



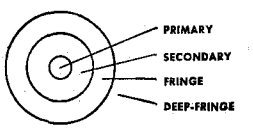
"Snow" is caused by the electronic "noise" in every TV set, and appears only when the signal is received weakly. The more powerful the antenna, the more effectively it will reduce snow, simply because it strengthens the signal. For best reception, it is important that the antenna be powerful on *every* channel, not just on one or two.

"GHOSTS" and antenna directivity

Your antenna picks up one signal directly from the transmitter. A split second later, it may pick up the same signal reflected off buildings or hills, causing "ghosts." A highly "directive" antenna reduces these reflections by rejecting unwanted signals coming from side or back.



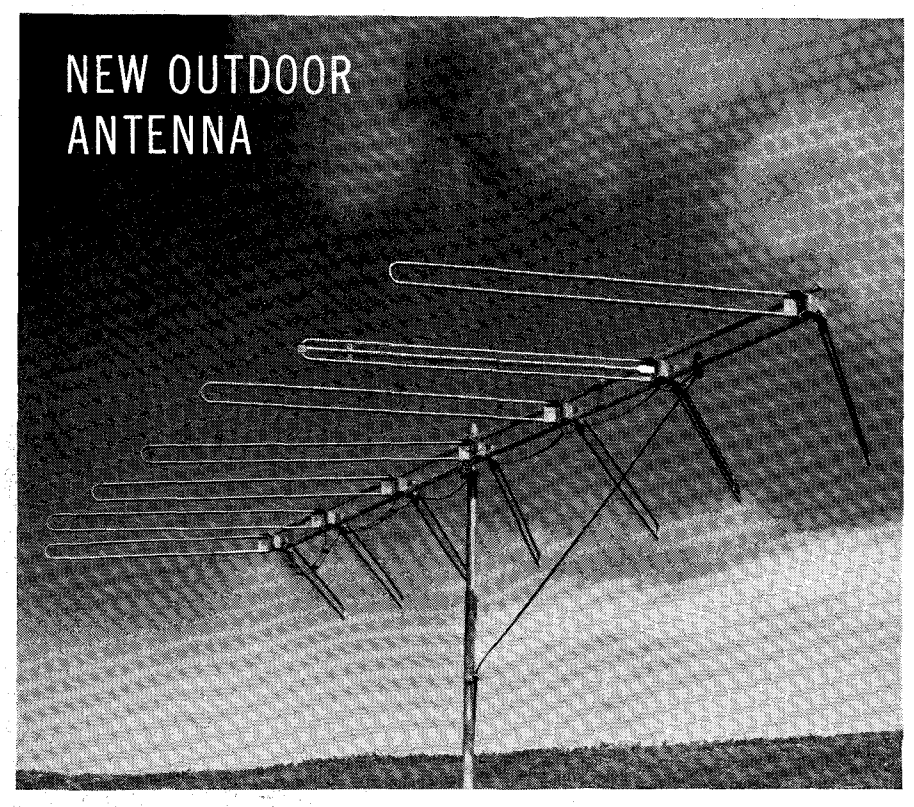
What's your reception area?



The proper antenna for you depends on where you are with respect to the TV transmitter. Your service man will tell you how powerful an antenna you need for best pictures in your area. If you'd like to find out more about antenna design and how it relates to the quality of your pictures, write for free, informative booklet, "Better Pictures on Your TV Set." Address: Channel Master Corp., Ellenville 6, New York.

BETTER TV PICTURES FOR ALMOST EVERYONE

Two completely new antennas developed by Channel Master electronic research for color or black & white reception



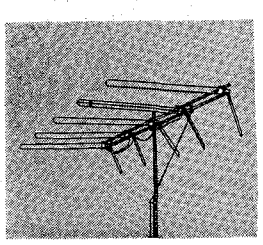
Powerful ***CHANNEL MASTER*** *T-W with "Traveling Wave" design improves reception on all channels in all areas*

If you're not getting clear, sharp pictures on *every* channel (2 to 13), there's a completely new kind of antenna scientifically designed to solve your problems. The Channel Master T-W is the first antenna to make practical use of the "Traveling Wave" principle, which electronically reinforces the signal on *all* channels — not just on one or two. No other antenna works so powerfully to eliminate "snow" on the entire TV band. It reaches out to bring in stations beyond the range of present antennas.

This new design also *rejects unwanted signals*, like reflections or interference from other TV stations. It cuts down on "ghosts" and "venetian blinds"... pulls in at full power the channel you're tuned to. Perfect for color reception.

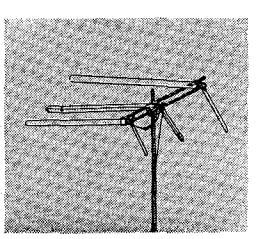
The Channel Master T-W offers exceptional resistance to wind and ice loading. It's all aluminum . . . can never rust. Double-strength "truss" construction throughout makes it the strongest, sturdiest antenna ever designed ...means long years of trouble-free reception.

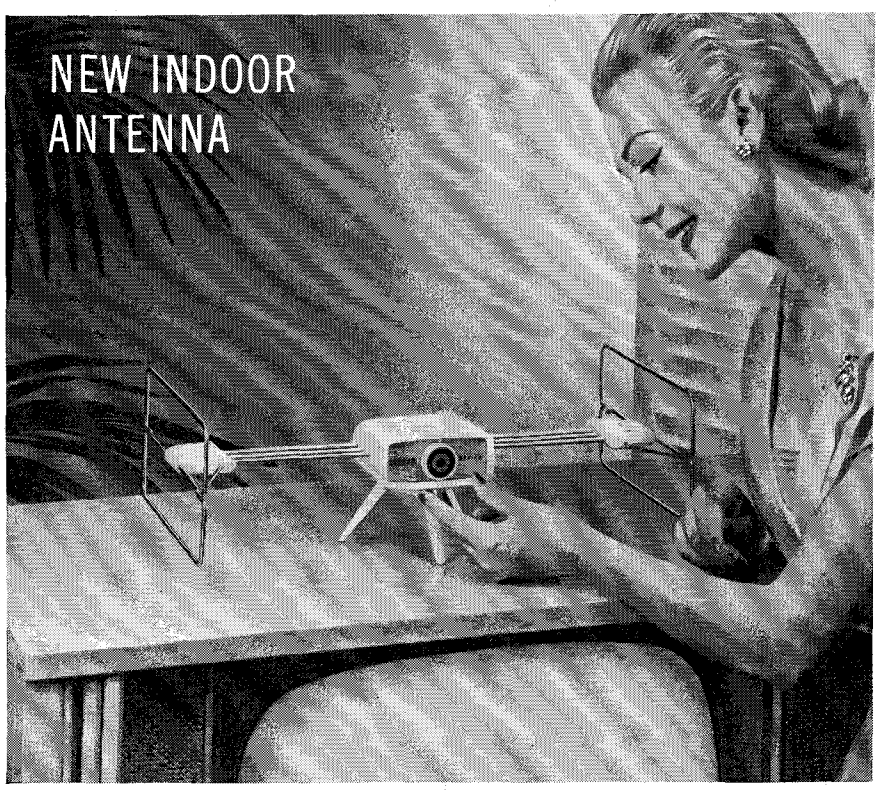
The 7-element T-W provides maximum power for deepest fringe areas. Other models are engineered for near-fringe and suburban areas.



5-ELEMENT T-W is ideal when maximum power is not required. Element for element, any T-W antenna outpulls other antenna designs.

3-ELEMENT T-W provides same high directivity and durable construction for suburban-area use.





Beautiful ***CHANNEL MASTER*** *Showman with "Metro-Dyne" tuning eliminates unsightly, awkward "rabbit ears"*

Now, an indoor antenna that *belongs* in your home—gracefully styled, in colors to blend with any décor. The new Channel Master *Showman* puts an end to ugly and dangerous rods that catch in drapes or stick out into the room. There's no frantic jiggling and guesswork when you switch channels. The new "Metro-Dyne" tuning control works like the channel selector on your TV set—instantly switches the antenna for maximum signal power on any channel . . . brings in clearer, brighter pictures than any old-fashioned indoor antenna. Engineered for color-TV reception, too.

Don't confuse the "Metro-Dyne" control with the switches found on some "rabbit ears," which merely connect up different parts of the antenna. The "Metro-Dyne" control electronically tunes the antenna to the selected channel. It sharply reduces the "ghosts" and interference.

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The Guns of Navarone

(Continued from Page 51)

then began to swear. "It's my own fault, boss, my own silly fault!"

"What do you mean, your own fault? Heavens above, man, I was there when ——" Mallory broke off, rose quickly to his feet and stared through the darkness at the south side of the square. A single shot had rung out there, the whiplash crack of a carbine.

Mallory stood quite still, hands clenched by his sides. Over ten minutes had passed since he and Miller had left Panayis to guide Andrea and Brown to the Castle Vygos—they should have been well away from the square by this time. And almost certainly Louki wouldn't be down there.

Mallory's instructions to him had been explicit—to hide the remainder of the T.N.T. blocks in the roof and then wait there to lead himself and Miller to the keep. But something could have gone wrong.

The sudden, offbeat stammering of a heavy machine gun stilled his thoughts; then another and lighter machine gun cut in, just for a few seconds; as abruptly as they had started, both guns died away together. Mallory waited no longer.

"Get the stuff together again," he whispered urgently. "We're taking it with us. Something's gone wrong." Within thirty seconds they had the ropes and explosives back in their knapsacks, had strapped them on their backs and were on their way.

Bent almost double, they ran across the roof tops toward the old house where they had hidden earlier in the evening, where they were now to rendezvous with Louki. Still running, they were only feet away from the house when they saw a shadowy figure rise up, far too tall for Louki, so without breaking step Mallory catapulted the horizontal driving weight of his hundred and eighty pounds straight at the unknown figure in a homicidal tackle. A second later both of Miller's sinewy hands were clamped round the man's neck, slowly choking him to death.

And he would have choked to death had not Mallory stooped low over the contorted face, the staring, protruding eyes, and choked back a cry of sudden horror.

"Dusty," he whispered hoarsely. "For heaven's sake, stop. Let him go. It's Panayis."

Miller didn't hear him.

"It's Panayis, you fool—Panayis."

Miller finally understood, relaxed heavily, straightened up, still kneeling, hands hanging limply by his sides.

"What's the matter with you?" Mallory demanded.

"Just one of these things, I guess." Miller rubbed the back of a hand across his forehead, his face empty of expression. "Sorry, boss; sorry."

The Greek was sitting up now, hand massaging his bruised throat.

"Ask him what's happened to Louki," Miller said.

He listened to Panayis' halting answer.

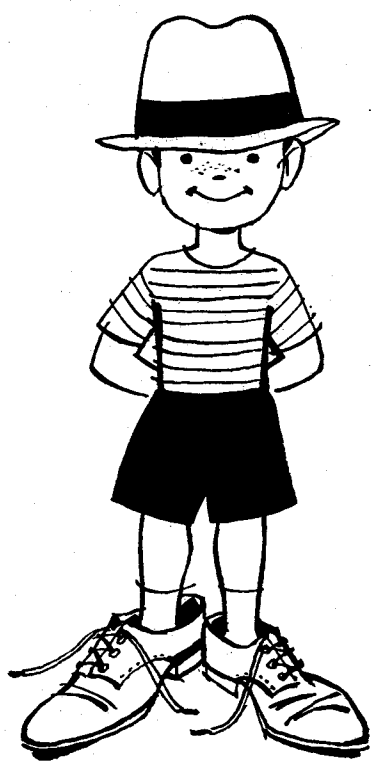
"Well, what is it, boss? Somethin's happened to Louki, is that it?" Miller asked.

"Yes," Mallory said tonelessly. "They'd only got as far as the lane at the back when they found a small German patrol blocking their way. Louki tried to draw them off and the machine gunner got him through the chest. Andrea got the machine gunner and took Louki away. Panayis says he'll die for sure."

The three men cleared the town without any difficulty, striking out directly across country for the Castle Vygos and avoiding the main road. It was beginning to rain now, heavily. As they passed by an abandoned earthen house, Miller spoke for the first time since they had left the town square of Navarone.

"I'm bushed, boss. Couldn't we squat inside here for a couple of minutes, boss, and have a smoke?"

Mallory looked at him in surprise, thought how desperately weary his own legs felt.



"O.K., Dusty. I don't suppose a minute or two will harm." He translated quickly into Greek and led the way inside.

Once inside, Mallory felt his way across to the inevitable wooden bunk, sat down gratefully, lit a cigarette, then looked up in puzzlement. Miller was still on his feet, walking slowly round the hut, tapping the walls as he went.

"Why don't you sit down?" Mallory asked irritably.

"Bear with me, Captain Mallory," Miller requested formally. "It won't take long. There'll be a lamp or candles in here—you said the islanders never leave an abandoned house without 'em?"

"And a very useful superstition it's been to us too." Mallory reached under the bunk with his torch and straightened his back. "Two or three candles here."

"I want a light, boss. No windows—I checked. O.K.?"

"Light one and I'll go outside to see if there's anything showing." He was back in less than a minute. "Not a chink to be seen from the outside," he reported.

"Fair enough. Thanks, boss."

He dug into his rucksack and brought out a little black box hardly bigger than a matchbox. "Exhibit A, boss."

Mallory looked at it curiously. "What's that?"

"Clockwork fuse." Miller began to unscrew the back panel. "But this one isn't, not any more," he added softly. "Clock's O.K., but the contact arm's been bent right back."

"But how on earth ——"

"Exhibit B." Miller didn't seem to hear him. He opened the detonator box, gingerly lifted a fuse from its felt-and-cotton-wool bed and examined it closely under his torch. Then he looked at Mallory again. "Fulminate of mercury, boss. Only seventy-seven grains, but enough to blow your fingers off." He let it fall to the ground, and Mallory winced and drew back involuntarily as the American smashed a heavy heel down on it. But there was no explosion, nothing at all.

"Ain't workin' so good either, is it, boss? A hundred gets one the rest are all empty too."

"Anything else?" Mallory asked quietly.

"Yeah, I am goin' to show you somethin' else." The voice was very gentle, and Mallory felt suddenly cold. "I am goin' to show you the lowest, crawlin' snake ever made. I am goin' to show you a spy, a traitor, the most vicious, twistin', murderin', double-crossin' rat I've ever known." The American had his hand out of his pocket now, the silenced automatic sitting snugly against his palm, the muzzle trained over Panayis' heart. He went on, more gently than ever. "Judas Iscariot had nothin' on the boy friend here, boss. . . . Take your coat off, Panayis."

"What the devil are you doing? Are you crazy?" Mallory started forward, half angry, half amazed, but brought up sharply against Miller's extended arm, rigid as a bar of iron. "What nonsense is this? He doesn't understand English!"

"Don't he, though? Then why was he out of the cave like a flash when Casey reported hearin' sounds outside, and why was he the first to leave the carob grove this afternoon, if he didn't understand your order? . . . Take your coat and shirt off, Judas, or I'll shoot you through the arm. I'll give you two seconds."

Mallory caught the look on Panayis' face—teeth bared, murder glaring out from the coal-black eyes. Never before had he seen such malignity in a human face—a malignity that yielded abruptly to shocked pain and disbelief as the .32 bullet smashed into his upper arm, just below the shoulder.

People are Like That

Many a fond father lives for the day when his son will follow in his footsteps. How much chance is there, actually, that a son will take up the same vocation as his father?

Not much, apparently, if son is a collegian. A survey of 5000 college men, made by the Gilbert Youth Research Organization, indicated that only 8 to 53 per cent in various occupational categories were out to emulate dear old dad. The percentages were lowest in the fields of banking and government (8 per cent), dentistry (9 per cent), journalism and sales (14 per cent), and medicine and insurance (15 per cent). Advertising, law, clergy and armed forces fared only slightly better. Among sons of engineers and teachers, 28 per cent were ready to follow dad. And 53 per cent of all college-trained farmers' sons were ready to go back to the farm.

Arthur Larsen

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"Two seconds and then the other arm," Miller said woodenly, but Panayis was already tearing off his jacket.

"Turn round!" The automatic never wavered.

Slowly Panayis turned round.

"Whoever would 'a' thought it?" Miller drawled. "Surprise, surprise, surprise! Remember, boss, this was the character that was publicly flogged by the Germans in Crete—flogged until the white of his ribs showed through. His back's in a helluva state, isn't it?"

Mallory looked, but said nothing. Not a scar, not a single blemish, marked the dark smoothness of that skin.

"Just a natural quick healer," Miller murmured. "Only a nasty, twisted mind like mine would think that he had been a German agent in Crete, became known to the Allies as a fifth columnist, lost his usefulness to the Germans and was shipped back to Navarone by fast motor launch under cover of night."

"Are you sure you're right?" Mallory asked.

"Not convinced yet, huh?" Miller waved his automatic negligently at Panayis. "Roll up the left trousers leg, Iscariot. Two seconds again."

Panayis did as he was told.

"Now take that bandage off—right off." A few seconds passed; then Miller shook his head sadly. "A ghastly wound, boss—a ghastly wound!"

"I'm beginning to see your point," Mallory said thoughtfully. The dark, sinewy leg wasn't even scratched. "But why on earth ——"

"Simple. Four reasons at least. Junior, here, is a treacherous, slimy swine, but he's a clever swine. He faked his leg so he could stay in the cave in the Devil's Playground when the four of us went back to stop the Alpine Corps troops from comin' up the slope below the carob grove."

"Why? Frightened he'd stop something?"

Miller shook his head impatiently. "Junior here's scared o' nothin'. He stayed behind to write a note. Later on, he used his leg to drop behind us someplace, and leave the note where it could be seen. Note probably said that we would come out at such-and-such a place, and would they kindly send a welcomin' committee to meet us there. They sent it, remember; it was their auto we swiped to get to town. That was the first time I got real suspicious of the boy friend: after he'd dropped behind he made up on us again real quick—too quick for a man with a game leg. But it wasn't till I opened that rucksack in the square this evenin' that I really knew."

"You only mentioned two reasons," Mallory prompted.

"Comin' to the others. Number Three; he could fall behind when the welcomin' committee opened up in front. Iscariot here wasn't goin' to get himself knocked off before he collected his salary. And Number Four; remember that real touchin' scene when he begged you to let him stay at the far end of the cave that led into the valley we came out? Goin' to do his Horatius-at-the-bridge act?"

"Going to show them the right cave to pick, you mean."

"Check. After that he was gettin' pretty desperate. I still wasn't sure, but I was awful suspicious, boss. Didn't know what he might try next. So I clouted him good and hard when that last patrol came up the valley."

"How did you happen on all this, in the first place, Dusty?"

"Juniper," Miller said succinctly. "Remember that's how Turzig said he came to find us? He smelled the juniper."

"That's right. We were burning juniper."

"Sure we were. But he said he smelled it on Kostos—and the wind was blowin' off Kostos all day long."

"My heaven," Mallory whispered. "Of course, of course. And I missed it completely."

"But Jerry knew we were there. How? Well, he ain't got the second sight no more than I have. So he was tipped off—he was tipped off by the boy friend here. Remember I said he'd talked to some of his pals in Margaritha when we went down there for the supplies?" Miller spat in disgust. "Fooled me all along the line. Pals? I didn't know how right I was. Sure they were his pals—his German pals! Almost certainly goes in and asks for the stuff—and old Skoda hands him his grip, personal, to stow it in."

"But the German he killed on the way back to the village?"

"Panayis killed him." There was a tired certainty in Miller's voice. "Probably stumbled on the poor devil in the dark and had to kill him. Louki was there, remember, and he couldn't have Louki gettin' suspicious. And remember when he was flung into Skoda's room in Margaritha along with Louki, blood pourin' from a wound in his head?"

Mallory nodded.

"High-grade ketchup. Probably also from the commandant's kitchen," Miller said bitterly. "Why he never asked Louki where the explosives were, I don't know."

"Obviously he didn't know Louki knew."

"Mebbe. But one thing the rat did know—how to use a mirror. Must 'a' heliographed the garrison from the carob grove and given our position. No other way, boss. Then sometime this morning he must have got hold of my rucksack, whipped out all the slow fuse and fixed the clock fuse and detonators. Iscariot here was a very smart baby indeed."

"He was. Except tonight. He should have been smart enough to know that at least one of us would be suspicious."

"He probably was," Miller interrupted. "But he was misinformed. I think Louki's unhurt. I think Junior, here, talked Louki into letting him stay in his place—Louki was always a bit scared of him—then he strolled across to his pals at the gate, told 'em to send a strong-arm squad out to Vygos to pick up the others, asked them to fire a few shots—he was very strong on local color, was our loyal little pal—then strolls back across the square, hoists himself up on the roof and waits to tip off his pals as soon as we came in the back door. But Louki forgot to tell him just one thing—that we were goin' to rendezvous on the roof of the house, not inside. So the boy friend here lurks for all he's worth up top, waiting to signal his friends. Ten gets one that he's got a torch in his pocket."

Mallory picked up Panayis' coat and examined it briefly. "He has!"

"That's it, then." Miller looked up at Panayis. "How does it feel to know that you're goin' to die, Panayis, to feel like all the men in Crete, all the blokes in the sea-borne and air landings on Navarone who died because they thought you were on their side? How does it feel, Panayis?"

Panayis remained silent, the dark, evil face masked in hate.

"The prisoner has nothin' to say." Miller sounded very tired. Carefully, accurately, he shot Panayis through the heart, twice, blew out the candles, turned his back and was halfway toward the door before the dead man had crashed to the ground.

"I am afraid I cannot do it, Andrea." Louki sat back wearily and shook his head in despair. "I am very sorry, Andrea. The knots are too tight."

"No matter." Andrea rolled over from his side to a sitting position, tried to ease his tightly bound legs and wrists. "They are cunning, these Germans, and wet cords can only be cut." Characteristically, he made no mention of the fact that only a couple of minutes previously he had twisted round to reach the cords on Louki's wrists and undone them with half a dozen tugs of his steel-trap fingers. "We will think of something else."

He looked away from Louki, glanced across the room in the faint light of the smoking oil lamp that stood by the grille door, a light so yellow, so dim that Casey Brown, trussed like a barnyard fowl, was no more than a shapeless blur in the opposite corner of the stone-flagged room.

"Think you could squeeze in one more?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Andrea smiled to himself, without mirth. Taken prisoner again, and for the second time that day, and with the same ease and surprise that gave no chance at all of resistance—completely unsuspecting, they had been captured in an upper room, seconds after Casey had finished talking to Cairo. The patrol had known exactly where to find them—and with their leader's assurance that it was all over, with his gloating explanation of the part Panayis had played, the unexpectedness, the success of the coup was all too easy to understand. And it was difficult not to believe his assurance that neither Mallory nor Miller had a chance. But the thought of ultimate defeat never occurred to Andrea. He twisted round and looked at the smoking oil lamp, his eyes narrowing.

"Louki!" he called softly. The little Greek turned round to look at him.

"Can you reach the lamp?"

"I think so. . . . Yes, I can."

"Take the glass off," Andrea whispered. "Use a cloth—it will be hot. Then wrap it in the cloth, hit it on the floor—gently. The glass is thick; you can cut me loose in a minute or two."

Louki stared at him for an uncomprehending moment, then nodded in understanding. He shuffled across the floor—his legs were still bound—reached out; then halted his hand abruptly, only inches from the glass. The peremptory, metallic clang had been only feet away, and he raised his head slowly to see what had caused it.

He could have stretched out his hand, touched the barrel of the Mauser that protruded threateningly through the bars of the grille door. Again the guard rattled the rifle angrily between the bars, then withdrew his rifle and raced up the passage.

"What's the matter with our little friend?" Casey Brown was as lugubrious, as weary as ever. "He seems upset."

"He is upset." Andrea smiled. "He's just realized that Louki's hands are untied."

"Well, why doesn't he tie them up again?"

"Slow in the head he may be, but he is no fool," Andrea explained. "This could be a trap and he's gone for his friends."

Almost at once they heard a thud, like the closing of a distant door, the sound of more than one pair of feet running down the passage, the tinny rattling of keys on a ring, the rasp of a key against the lock, a sharp click, the squeal of rusty hinges, and then two figures were in the room.

Then the man nearest the door spoke. "A terrible thing, boss; nothin' short of deplorable! Leave 'em alone for a couple of minutes and see what happens? The whole issue tied up like Houdini on an off night!"

There was a brief, incredulous silence; then all three were sitting upright, staring at them. Brown recovered first.

"High time, too," he complained. "Thought you were never going to get here."

"What he means is that he thought we were never going to see you again," Andrea said quietly. "Neither did I. But here you are, safe and sound."

"Yes," Mallory nodded. "Thanks to Dusty and his nasty, suspicious mind that cottoned on to Panayis while all the rest of us were asleep."

"Where is he?" Louki asked.

"Panayis?" Miller waved a negligent hand. "We left him behind—he met with a sorta accident."

He was across at the other side of the room now, carefully cutting the cords that pinioned (*Continued on Page 140*)

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(*Continued from Page 138*) Brown's injured leg, whistling tunelessly as he sawed away with his sheath knife. Mallory, too, was busy, slicing through Andrea's bonds, explaining rapidly what had happened, listening to the big Greek's equally concise account of what had befallen the others in the keep. And then Andrea was on his feet, massaging his numbed hands, looking across at Miller.

"That whistling, my captain. It sounds terrible and, what is worse, it is very loud. The guards ——"

"No worry there," Mallory said grimly. He turned round to look at Brown, now hobbling across the floor.

"How's the leg, Casey?"

"Fine, sir." Brown brushed it aside as of no importance. "I got through to Cairo tonight, sir. The report ——"

"It'll have to wait, Casey. We must get out as fast as we can. The soldiers in the town—they're bound to know by now that we've either missed Panayis or disposed of him. In either case they'll know that we're certain to come hot-footing out here. Work it out for yourself. They're probably halfway here already, and if they do come ——" He broke off, stared at the smashed generator and the ruins of Casey Brown's transmitter set lying in one corner of the entrance hall. "Done a pretty good job on these, haven't they?" he said bitterly.

"Sir!" Brown had caught Mallory's arm, an action so foreign to the usually punctilious petty officer that Mallory halted in surprise. "Sir, it's terribly important—the report, I mean! You must listen, sir!"

The action, the deadly earnestness, caught and held Mallory's full attention. He turned to face Brown with a smile.

"O.K., Casey, let's have it," he said quietly. "Things can't possibly be any worse than they are now."

"I'm afraid they can, sir. I got through tonight. First-class reception. Captain Jensen himself, and he was hopping mad. Been waiting all day for us to come on the air. Asked how things were, and I told him that you were outside the fortress just then, and hoped to be inside the magazine in an hour or so."

"Go on."

"He said that was the best news he'd ever had. He said his information had been wrong, he'd been fooled, that the invasion fleet didn't hole up overnight in the Cyclades, that they had come straight through under the heaviest air and E-boat escort ever seen in the Med, and are due to hit the beaches on Kheros sometime before dawn tomorrow. He said our destroyers had been waiting to the south all day, moved up at dusk and were waiting word from him to see whether they would attempt the passage of the Maidos Strait. I told him maybe something could go wrong, but he said not with Captain Mallory and Miller inside, and besides, he wasn't—he couldn't risk the lives of twelve hundred men on Kheros just on the off-chance that he might be wrong." Brown broke off.

"Go on," Mallory repeated in a whisper. His face was very pale.

"That's all, sir. That's all there is. The destroyers are coming through the strait at midnight."

"Oh, God! Midnight!" Mallory was stricken. "They're coming through at midnight! God help them! God help them all now!"

Eight-thirty, his watch said. Eight-thirty. Exactly half an hour to curfew. Mallory flattened himself on the roof, pressed himself as closely as possible against the low retaining wall that almost touched the great, sheering sides of the fortress, swore softly to himself. He and Dusty Miller were wide open to the view of anyone who happened to glance down that way. Perhaps they should have stayed with the others a couple of roofs away, with Casey and Louki—the one busy tying spaced knots in a rope, the other busy splicing a bent wire hook onto a long bamboo they had torn from a bamboo hedge just outside the town, where they had hurriedly taken shelter as a convoy of three trucks had roared past them, heading for the Castle Vygos.

Eight-thirty-two. What the devil was Andrea doing down there, Mallory wondered irritably, and at once regretted his irritation. Andrea wouldn't waste an unnecessary second. Speed was vital, haste fatal. It seemed unlikely there would be any officers inside, but if there were, and even one gave a cry, it would be the end.

Mallory stared down at the burn on the back of his hand, thought of the truck they had set on fire and grinned wryly to himself. Setting the truck on fire had been his only contribution to the night's performance so far. All the other credit went to either Andrea or Miller. It was Andrea who had been in this house on the west side of the square—one of several adjoining houses used as officers' billets—the only possible answer to their problem. It was Miller, now lacking all time fuses, clockwork, generator and every other source of electric power, who had suddenly stated that he must have a battery; and again it was Andrea, hearing the distant approach of a truck, who had blocked the entrance to the long driveway to the keep with heavy stones from the flanking pillars, forcing the soldiers to abandon their truck at the gates and run up the drive toward their house. To overcome the driver and his mate and bundle them, senseless, into a ditch had taken seconds only, scarcely more time than it had taken Miller to unscrew the terminals of the heavy battery, find the inevitable jerrican below the tailboard and pour the contents over engine, cab and body. The truck had gone up in a roar and whoosh of flames. A pity, in a way—it had attracted attention to their escape sooner than was necessary—but it had been vital to destroy the evidence, the fact that a battery was missing.

He felt Miller tug at his ankle, started and twisted round quickly. The American was pointing beyond him, and he turned again and saw Andrea signaling to him from the raised trap in the far corner. Mallory took the battery from Miller, whispered to him to get the others; then edged slowly across the roof, as noiselessly as possible. The sheer dead weight of the battery was astonishing, it felt as if it weighed a ton, but Andrea plucked it from his hands, lifted it over the trap coaming, tucked it under one arm and nimbly descended the stairs to the tiny hallway as if it weighed nothing at all.

Andrea moved out through the open doorway to the covered balcony that overlooked the darkened harbor, almost a hundred vertical feet beneath. Mallory, following close behind, touched him on the shoulder as he lowered the battery gently to the ground.

"Any trouble?" he asked softly.

"None at all, my Keith." Andrea straightened. "The house is empty. I was so surprised that I went over it all, twice, just to make sure."

"Fine! Wonderful! I suppose the whole bunch of them are out scouring the country for us. Interesting to know what they would say if they were told we were sitting in their front parlor."

Mallory moved across to the latticed railing that enclosed the balcony, gazed down into the blackness beneath his feet and shivered. A long, long drop and it was very cold; that sluicing, vertical rain chilled one to the bone. He leaned far out over the railing, twisted his head to the right and upward. In the rain-filled gloom of the night he could just faintly make out the still darker gloom of the mouth of the cave housing the two great guns, perhaps forty feet away from where he stood, at least thirty feet higher, and all vertical cliff face between. As far as accessibility went, the cave mouth could have been on the moon.

He drew back, turned round as he heard Brown limping onto the balcony.

"Go to the front of the house and stay there, Casey, will you? Stay by the window. Leave the front door unlocked. If we have any visitors, let them in."

"Club 'em, knife 'em, no guns," Brown murmured. "Is that it, sir?"

"That's it, Casey."

"Just leave this little thing to me," Brown said grimly. He hobbled away through the doorway.

Mallory turned to Andrea. "I make it twenty-three minutes."

"I too. Twenty-three minutes to nine."

"Good luck," Mallory murmured. He grinned at Miller. "Come on, Dusty. Opening time."

Five minutes later, Mallory and Miller were seated in a tavern just off the south side of the town square. It was a gloomy place, ill lit by two smoking oil lamps placed on the counter.

The gloom suited Mallory. Their dark clothes, braided jackets, sashes and jackboots looked genuine enough, Mallory knew, and the black-fringed turbans Louki had mysteriously obtained for them looked as they ought to look in a tavern where every islander there—about eight of them—wore nothing else on their heads. Their clothes had been good enough to pass muster with the innkeeper, and a patriotic Greek, as Louki had declared this man to be, wasn't going to lift even a faintly suspicious eyebrow as long as there were German soldiers present. And there were Germans present—four of them, sitting round a table near the counter.

Miller lit one of the pungent, evil-smelling local cigarettes, wrinkling his nose in distaste. "Funny smell in this joint, boss."

"Hashish," Mallory said briefly. "The curse of these island ports." He nodded over toward a dark corner. "The lads of the village over there will be at it every night. It's all they live for."

"Do they have to make that awful racket when they're at it?" Miller asked peevishly.

Mallory looked at the small group in the corner, clustered round the young man playing a long-necked mandolin and singing the haunting, nostalgic songs of the hashish smokers of the Piraeus.

"I suppose it is a bit grim," he admitted, "but at least it lets us talk together, which we couldn't do if they all packed up and went home."

"I wish they would," Miller said morosely. "I'd gladly keep my mouth shut." He picked distastefully at the *meze*—a mixture of chopped olives, liver, cheese and apples—on the plate before him. Suddenly he looked up and crushed his cigarette against the table top. "For heaven's sake, boss, how much longer?"

Mallory knew exactly how Dusty Miller felt, for he felt that way himself—tense, keyed up, every nerve strung to the tautest pitch of efficiency. So much depended on the next few minutes; whether all their labor and their suffering had been necessary, whether the men on Kheros would live or die, whether Andy Stevens had lived and died in vain. Mallory looked at his watch.

"Curfew in fifteen minutes," he said quietly. "The balloon goes up in twelve minutes. For us, four minutes to go."

Miller nodded, but said nothing. Mallory wondered how the crippled Casey Brown was getting on in the house they had just left. In many ways he had the most responsible job of all—and at the critical moment he would have to leave the door unguarded, move back to the balcony. One slip up there ——

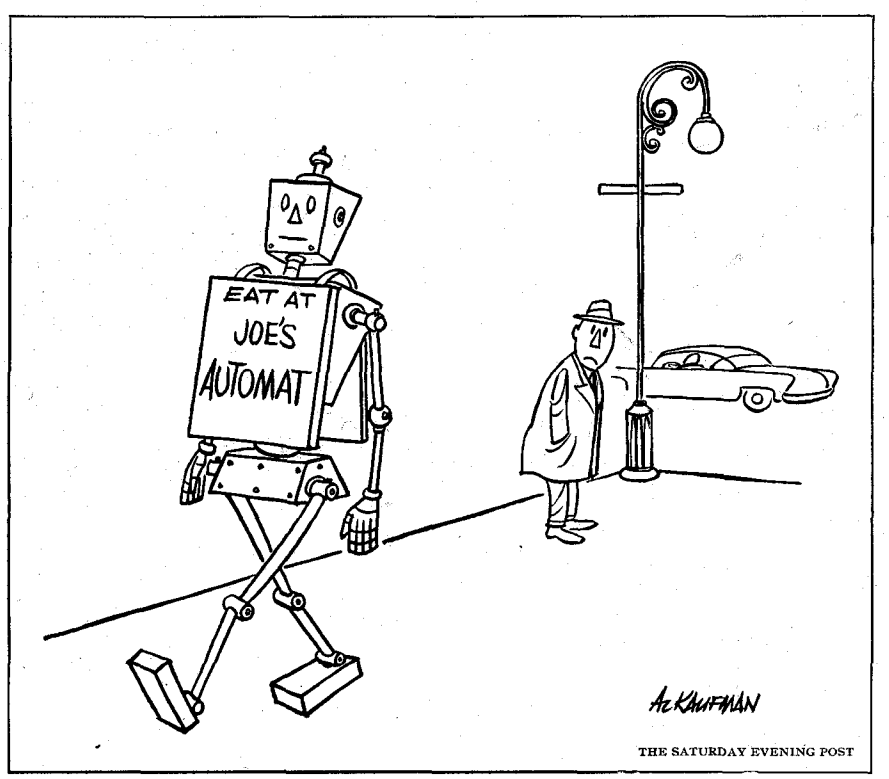
Mallory looked at his watch again.

"Time bringeth all things," he murmured. "Here we go."

He sauntered easily toward the door, calling good night to the tavern keeper. Just at the doorway he paused; it was raining, he saw, and the street itself was deserted as far as he could see in either direction. Satisfied, Mallory swung, right hand delving into the capacious inner pocket of his jacket. He saw, without seeming to, that Dusty Miller was pushing his chair back, rising to his feet. And then Mallory had halted exactly three feet from the table where the four Germans were sitting.

"Keep quite still." He spoke in German, his voice low, but as steady, as menacing, as the Colt balanced in his right hand. "We are desperate men. If you move, we will kill you."

For a full three seconds the soldiers sat immobile, (*Continued on Page 142*)



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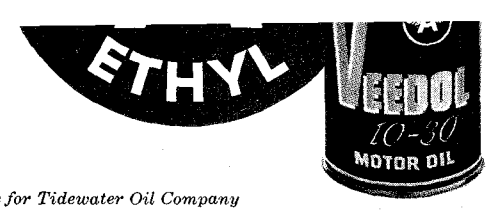

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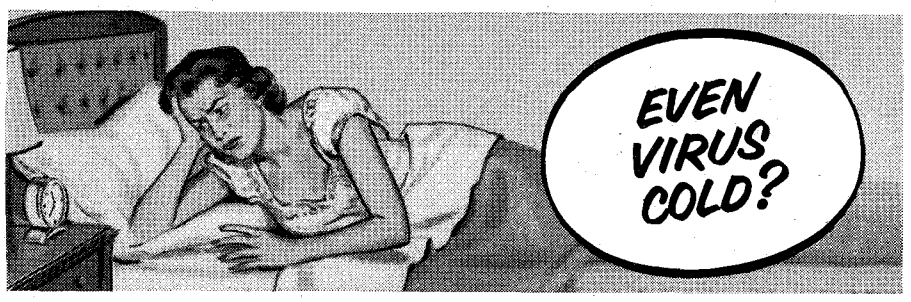

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(*Continued from Page 140*) expressionless, except for the shocked widening of their eyes. And then there was a quick flicker of the eyelids from the man sitting nearest the counter, a twitching of the shoulder, and then a grunt of agony as the .32 bullet smashed into his upper arm. The soft thud of Miller's silenced automatic couldn't have been heard beyond the doorway.

"Sorry, boss," Miller apologized. "Mebbe he's only sufferin' from St. Vitus' dance. But he looks kinda cured to me."

"He is cured," Mallory said grimly. He turned to the innkeeper, a tall, melancholy man with a thin face, and spoke to him in the quick, colloquial speech of the islands. "Do these men speak Greek?"

"Not them!" he said contemptuously.

"Good. I am a British Intelligence officer. Have you a place where I can hide these men?"

"You shouldn't have done this," the innkeeper protested mildly. "I will surely die for this."

"Oh, no, you won't." Mallory's hand slid across the counter, his pistol boring into the man's midriff. No one could doubt that the man was being threatened—and violently threatened—no one, that is, who couldn't see the broad wink that Mallory had given the innkeeper. "I'm going to tie you up with them. All right?"

"All right. There is a trap door at the end of the counter here. Steps lead down to the cellar."

"Good enough. I'll find it by accident." Mallory gave him a vicious and all-too-convincing shove that sent the man staggering, and walked over to the singers at the far corner of the room.

"Go home," he said quickly. "It is almost curfew time anyway. Go out the back way, and remember, you have seen nothing, no one."

A minute later, in the dim cellar, Miller prodded the soldier nearest him—the one most like himself in height and build. "Take your clothes off!" he ordered.

In less than five minutes, Mallory, clad, like Miller, in a German uniform, unlocked the front door of the tavern and peered cautiously out. He beckoned Miller to follow and locked the door behind him. Together they walked up the middle of the street, making no attempt to seek either shelter or shadows.

Fifty yards took them into the town square, where they turned right along the south side of the square, then left along the east side, not breaking step as they passed the old house where they had hidden earlier in the evening, not even as Louki's hand appeared mysteriously behind the partly opened door, a hand weighted down with two German Army rucksacks—rucksacks packed with rope, fuses, wire and high explosives. A few yards farther on they stopped suddenly, crouched down behind a couple of huge wine barrels outside a barbershop, gazed at the two armed guards in the arched gateway, less than a hundred feet away, as they shrugged into their packs and waited for their cue.

They had only moments to wait—the timing had been split-second throughout. Mallory was just tightening the waist belt of his rucksack when a series of explosions shook the center of the town not three hundred yards away; explosions followed by the vicious rattle of a machine gun, then by further explosions. Andrea was doing his stuff magnificently with his grenades and homemade bombs.

Both men suddenly shrank back as a broad, white beam of light stabbed out from a platform high above the gateway, a beam that paralleled the top of the wall to the east, showed up every hooked spike and strand of barbed wire as clearly as sunlight. Mallory and Miller looked at each other for a fleeting moment, their faces grim. Panayis hadn't missed a thing; they would have been pinned on these strands like flies on flypaper and cut to ribbons by machine guns.

Mallory waited another half minute, touched Miller's arm, rose to his feet and started running madly across the square, the long, hooked bamboo pressed close to his side, the American pounding behind him. In a few seconds they had reached the gates of the fortress, the startled guards running the last few feet to meet them.

... ...

Skin Divers

By Richard F. Armknecht

The liquid jewel of the sea
Received us, aliens though
we were.
Wave facets parted
soundlessly
And silence was our
welcomer—
Silence and blue-green light.
The reef
Rose up, supported us. A
strange
New world was ours. To our
relief
Our bold arrival made no
change
In what was happening. The
play
Went on; the jewel-
costumed fish
Performed their intricate
ballet,
All grace and color; made
us wish
That we could shed our
masks a while,
Be flashing-finned and
fugitive,
And find, perchance, a
secret isle
With caverns where the
mermaids live.

... ...

"Every man to the Street of Steps!" Mallory shouted. "Those damned English saboteurs are trapped in a house down there! We've got to have some mortars! Hurry, man, hurry!"

"But the gate!" one of the guards protested. "We cannot leave the gate!" The man had no suspicions; in the circumstances—the near darkness, the pouring rain, the German-clad soldier speaking perfect German, the obvious truth that there was a gun battle being fought near at hand—it would have been remarkable had he shown any signs of doubt.

"Idiot!" Mallory screamed at him. "Numskull! What is there to guard against here? The English swine are in the Street of Steps! They must be destroyed! For heaven's sake, hurry!" he shouted desperately. "If they escape again, it'll be the Russian front for all of us!"

The two men ran pell-mell across the square, vanishing into the rain and the darkness. Seconds later, Mallory and Miller were deep inside the fortress of Navarone.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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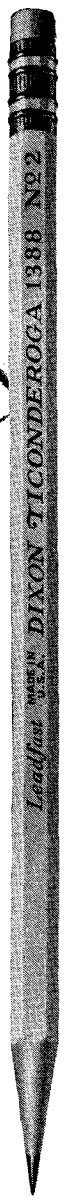

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Inside the Asylum (Continued from Page 36)

personality was not the typical schizoid personality—shy, shut-in, seclusive. Rather, she was jovial, made friends easily, "liked to be on the go." In her whole social history there is only one ominous note—she showed no interest in boys until she was eighteen or nineteen years old.

Dr. Benjamin Kovitz, the clinical director at Columbus State, has said, "In about a third of schizophrenics the prepsychotic personality shows no overt withdrawal or shyness. The withdrawnness is there, but it is hidden beautifully. Sooner or later, however, she runs into a situation where she can't hide her feelings. Sometimes it can be simply the challenge of developing a relationship with men. Circumstances arise that she doesn't know how to deal with, the tension mounts and she becomes mentally ill, as we say, in order to make the tension tolerable."

What arose that Barbara Little couldn't deal with we do not know. The records show only that she suddenly quit working because she "suffered from nervous exhaustion." She wept for days at a time. She thought people were talking about her. Her parents took her to the family doctor, telling him that she had become depressed after a boy friend jilted her. The doctor gave her a mild sedative.

A year later, when her parents asked a private psychiatrist to call on her at home, he found her weeping, talking to herself, hearing voices and believing that "the others" were persecuting her. He ordered her to a private hospital, gave her fourteen electroshock (EST) treatments, and reported that she "made a very dramatic recovery." But it didn't last, and he sent her to a private sanitarium. More EST made little change. She was violent and had to be kept in restraint. In the end, after her parents had spent all their money, she was taken to Columbus State.

To a doctor there she said thoughtfully, "Why am I here? Well, because I was rather confused, for one thing. General confusement, I'd say. Very seriously so and also I was told by the gentleman that came to the sanitarium that I could make a sort of contact here—a phone call. I felt I needed some sort of legal advice. . . ."

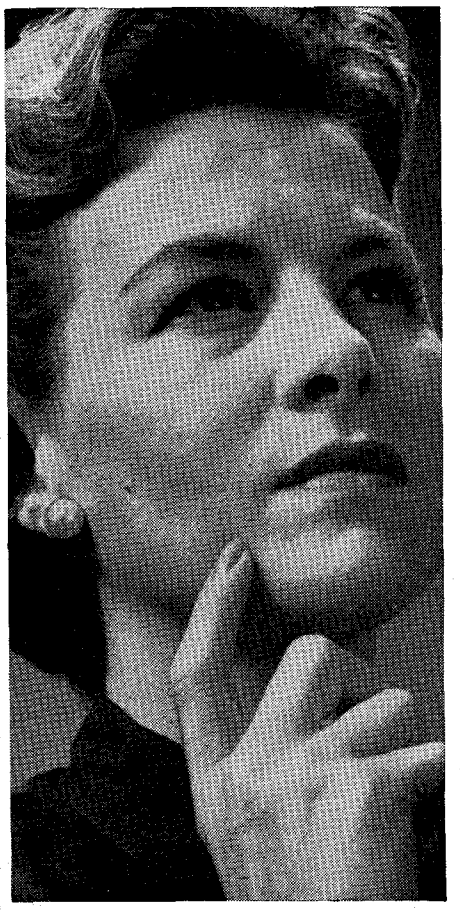
The staff diagnosed her trouble as schizophrenia, mixed type—paranoid and catatonic. She was started on Insulin shock. She gained weight, was more cooperative and was allowed to go home with her mother for a day. Returned, she was confused and frightened. She became badly disturbed—noisy, combative, couldn't eat. Then abruptly, she was "much improved, clean, very neat, good mixer, is good ward worker." Finished with Insulin, she just sat; she was slipping. The doctor started her on electroshock, hoping it would "hold." It didn't. She paced the hall constantly. The attendant wrote, "Condition very poor, crying, falling around over beds in dormitory." Unexpectedly she improved and was sent to a chronic ward. But soon she had to return to a disturbed ward for EST, and the whole weary round started over.

This went on for three years. By then she had had more than 200 EST's. Dr. Paul Kirch ordered EST stopped. But she could not be left untreated—she threw herself to the floor, wrecked furniture, spat at other patients, hit attendants. On June 23, 1952, she blew up, and it took three attendants to drag her to the disturbed ward. Next day she was staring into space, seemingly mindless. Something had to be done. What? The staff doctors decided to perform a brain operation, and her father gave permission the same day she was operated on.

Now, brain surgery as a treatment for psychosis is only twenty years old. It is thought that the fibers connecting the brain's frontal lobes and the thalamus are concerned with the relationship between the intellectual and emotional aspects of mental activity. It is thought that cutting these fibers prevents pathological ideas

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Three months ago this was sold to me as a goldfish."



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from generating emotion. The technique probably most widely used is prefrontal lobotomy. The surgeon bores two small holes in the patient's skull, one at each temple; he inserts a delicate blade and severs the white fibers connecting the frontal lobes and the thalamus. He must work "blind," by touch alone, aided only by his knowledge of the anatomical landmarks; he sometimes cuts more and sometimes less than he intends. (Some doctors make a larger opening and work visually.)

In another technique, topectomy, the surgeon removes a section of skull above the forehead and cuts away a portion of the gray matter of the frontal cortex itself. He can see what he is doing. And in transorbital lobotomy, the patient is given two electroshocks, and while he is in a coma the surgeon pushes an instrument shaped like an ice pick through the sac behind the eyeball and drives it through the skull, cutting the fibers by moving the instrument up, down and sideways; then, after another electroshock, he works through the other eye socket. Some doctors use a conventional anesthetic, not EST.

At first, brain surgery was hailed as the long-sought method of treating psychosis. Probably 30,000 people have been operated on in the United States. Some were helped. They lost their anxiety, became cheerful and friendly, even were able to work. But as time passed, doctors began to have second thoughts. Patients' feelings were coarsened and made shallow. They were irresponsible, tactless, lazy, childish and lacking in sympathy. Some were nothing but vegetables. Some died. Doctors questioned the wisdom and even the morality of psychosurgery. They argued that it is irreversible and that nothing so radical should be done when so little is known.

Today most hospitals are using psychosurgery less and less; the new drugs make most difficult patients manageable. Columbus State has operated on about 100 patients. About half have left the hospital, improved in varying degrees; the rest are still here. Today the hospital has abandoned surgery in favor of drugs. Moreover, neurosurgeons now refuse to operate here because they consider postoperative psychological retraining inadequate. Such retraining may be needed for years; many patients must be taught how to use the toilet, even how to use a spoon.

Barbara Little's operation, a topectomy, was performed in 1952. In a short time she was mentally worse than before. One night she had a convulsive seizure. Next morning she was confused, silent, resistive. She fought attendants putting her in a seclusion room. They kept her there nearly three weeks, tied down in bed, locked alone in a bare little room with a barred window, receiving no medicine or treatment. Every time they untied her she banged her head on the floor. She had convulsions frequently. She had never had them before the operation. (A textbook written about the time Barbara was operated on said that topectomy had been virtually abandoned because it was so frequently followed by convulsions.)

Six months after Barbara's first operation, the doctors performed a second, a lobotomy. Since then Barbara has been kept most of the time on disturbed wards. "There's not much more we can do for Barbara," her ward doctor, John W. Roper, says. "Lobotomy is pretty much of an end point."

Doctor Kovitz said recently, "I can think of one patient—well, the nurse told me if we didn't do a lobotomy on her she was going to kill someone. We didn't operate, yet she's home today and doing fine." Lillian Hill—we will call her that—always had been odd. She would go uptown only with her mother. She read love stories avidly. She had few dates. She was a fat girl with meaty features. At twenty-five she married. This apparently was for her the crisis she could not meet. She went home to her mother, nervous and weeping. The family doctor advised her to see a psychiatrist. Her mother and husband quarreled over her. They put her in a sanitarium, took her out, put her in another, all amid stormy scenes. Finally she entered Columbus State.

She arrived mute. Her face was blank. She stared straight into space. If the examining doctor ordered her to walk toward him, she would, but that was all. If he lifted her arm and released it, she left it where he put it. All this is catatonic schizophrenia.

Two electroshocks improved her markedly—she made beds on the ward. Then she blew up, choked a sleeping patient and was taken to the disturbed ward. She was started on Insulin shock; it did no good. Her husband asked the doctor not to let her mother in the hospital; the doctor agreed. Her mother protested. The superintendent let her visit, and more rows ensued. Lillian went to visit her mother several times. Then she turned to her husband again. Between times she received EST and kept other patients awake nights. Dr. Esther Handcock suggested topectomy.

Her husband gave permission. Lacking her parents' consent, the doctors hesitated. Matters drifted, and she got worse. She tore an attendant's uniform off. She had received more than 150 EST's and had been here nearly six years. An attendant wrote, "This patient is very dangerous when disturbed."

Then, suddenly, on July 29, 1954, the attendant made this note: "Rx C—8 A.M. Very co-operative." "Prescription C" was the hospital's code for Thorazine, one of the new tranquilizing drugs.

Now, there are many new drugs, but those most used so far are Thorazine and Serpasil. Thorazine is a trade name for chlorpromazine, a drug synthesized in the 1940's during a search for antihistamines. It was neglected till 1950, when French chemists discovered its unique sedative action. Serpasil is a trade name for reserpine, a substance extracted from a snakeroot remedy prescribed for convulsions and other disorders in ancient India.

Three years ago, when the new drugs first were used on American mental patients, they were said to herald the dawn of a new day. Columbus State, like other hospitals, found that patients treated with the drugs became less excited and impulsive, more co-operative and interested in their surroundings. Some did better on Thorazine, some on Serpasil. Since then, like most state hospitals, Columbus State has relied increasingly on the new drugs. About a third of its drug-treated patients have gone home, most continuing to take the drugs. They seem to work best on acute patients with intense hostility or anxiety. Why they work no one knows.

Some early enthusiasm has evaporated. It was claimed that the drugs make patients more accessible to psychotherapy. This is true in some cases. In other cases, as one psychoanalyst has said, "The patients will talk to you all right, they will talk your arm off, but they never say anything helpful." In state hospitals accessibility is largely meaningless anyway, since psychotherapy is rarely available. Moreover the new drugs sometimes produce undesirable side effects.

Doctor Kovitz has said, "The new drugs are not a cure-all. Some patients don't respond to them. They're no good for depressions. They don't cure any psychosis. I'm not even convinced they cure symptoms—patients on drugs don't lose their psychotic symptoms, they just learn to live with them."

Nonetheless, the drugs have made the disturbed wards quieter, have reduced the use of electroshock and have made many violent patients manageable. Dr. Paul Kirch said recently, "These drugs are not going to empty the hospital—this is not an antibiotic of the mind—but they sure do help us."

"Ah, my dear—in your usual high good humor, I see."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Columbus State would like to have about 900 of its 2700 patients on the new drugs. But it has only 213 patients on them, because the drugs cost from ten to fifteen dollars per month per patient. The hospital is supplying drugs free to fewer than half of the patients receiving them. The relatives of the rest buy theirs. At present, the quiet chronic patients—the great mass of patients—get left out.

Lillian Hill received Thorazine twice daily, and for two weeks the ward nurse wrote nothing on her chart except "co-operative." Then Lillian hit another patient. For three days, in seclusion, she was given Thorazine by injection. Then she took it as usual, like aspirin. She was co-operative and quiet. She kept to herself, but worked on the ward and ate and slept well. For the first time in years she was moved to a quiet ward.

She blew up once more—but that was all. She started reading and going to occupational therapy. She played the piano and sang and worked in the commissary. Her husband had divorced her; that war was ended. Her parents came for her. She still is out of the hospital, getting along fine. Doctor Kovitz has said, "The drug doesn't do the same thing for everybody, but it did it for her, and that's something."

At any state hospital one always hears of the lobotomies and miracle drugs, of murders and escapes. One never hears of the great mass of patients, those human hulks whom the textbooks call "old asylum material." One such sits on Ward 18, a quiet chronic ward. He is a tall thin man with a face that once was sensitive and intelligent, but now is coarse and stupid-looking. Sometimes he stands up and makes peculiar rhythmic movements with his hands. He was a drum major in the college band. But that was long ago. He has been here since 1933.

His name, we shall say, is Donald Stone. Before he came here at the age of twenty-three, he was considered a "brilliant, impractical boy." He demanded that his parents send him to college. They could ill afford it, but did their best. To save money he went without meals. He did not drink or smoke. He avoided girls. He took too many courses, studied too late at night. He thought his parents did not do enough for him. He would not use the towels they used. Aloof, he stayed in his room. He had a revolver and threatened to kill his father. Committed to Columbus State, he was diagnosed schizophrenic, paranoid type.

Stone once wrote of himself, "In Donald's candid opinion, upon arriving at the hospital he was neither insane in his vision of objects, behavior or speech. However, he was overworked mentally, with perhaps 3/8 inch of the fore part of his brain clogged. . . . The only remedy being applied at the moment is regular rest, meals and sleep in the hospital."

And this was, really, about all that was ever applied—food and shelter. On admission he was bathed, put to bed and given calomel. That was October 1, 1933. He was bounced around several chronic wards. In 1939 he was sent to an acute ward—"We feel that they might wish to try the shock treatment on him." Electroshock was new then, the shining hope that drugs are now. But there is no record that Stone ever got it.

There is, indeed, no evidence that he ever received any treatment whatsoever in all his twenty-three years at Columbus State. On down the years the attendants made their useless semiliterate notes on him: "Is very nervis," . . . "There is no change teeth inspected by Dentes," . . . "Took shots for flew," . . . "Weight 130." During the seven years between 1942 and 1949 no (*Continued on Page 146*)

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Why the killer came to Powder Springs

The skinny little Texan who drifted into Butch Cassidy's layout at Powder Springs one day in '97 had dead-level eyes, a droopy mustache, and two six-guns tied down for the fast draw. Called himself Carter. Said he was a killer on the run.

That's why Cassidy and the outlaws in his notorious Wild Bunch told him all about the big future plans for their train robbers' syndicate. They took him in.

And he took them in. He was a range detective whose real name was a legend in the West—Charlie Siringo. And the information he got before he quietly slipped away stopped the Wild Bunch for a long, long time.

Of course, Siringo knew all along that if Cassidy or the others had discovered the truth, they'd have killed him sure. But it just never worried him any.

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(*Continued from Page 144*) doctor wrote a line on his records. Then one wrote that he was cheerful, co-operative and nervous. Two years later another doctor wrote another "progress note":

"During the past 14 months he has not been overtly psychotic, and if he hallucinates or delusionizes, he keeps it well hidden. He is a very good worker; his daily assignment is cleaning the stairs from the fourth floor to the basement. He takes care of my car and does an excellent job. He has full privilege. His main recreation is listening to opera on the radio. . . ."

And that is all—no doctor has given him attention since 1951. Few people around the hospital know anything about him. Doctor Kovitz said, "He'd be a good prospect for Thorazine if we had unlimited supplies. But the type that gets first call for drugs are the fighters."

Peter Bell, as we'll call him, is a boy of thirteen. He is a good-sized lad, with big hands and clear beautiful skin and a nice smile. He frequently says he is "tired" or "bored"; he covers a yawn with an elaborate gesture; one feels he is trying hard to appear sure of himself.

Columbus State is not intended for children—it frightens them, and they are a problem, running around, playing tricks on the older patients. But Columbus State must accept what the courts send, and at any given time it is likely to contain a half dozen kids under sixteen. It tries to get rid of them—to send them back home or into a foster home or a private institution or, if they are feebleminded, to the State School. But if the child is truly psychotic, he must stay, for Ohio has no institution for the prolonged care of psychotic children.

It was hard to know what to do with Peter Bell. At birth he had been given to an orphanage for adoption. Foster parents took him home when he was four months old. Mr. Bell, the foster father, was then in his forties, an office manager. His wife worked. When Peter was eight or nine, his foster parents sought help from the probate court because Peter lied, didn't get along with the neighborhood children, wouldn't obey at home or at school. He used another boy's bicycle without permission. Once he tried to run away. A social worker reported that his parents threatened to "take him back where they got him" if he didn't behave.

When Peter was nine or ten he began to have seizures. A doctor diagnosed them as epileptic. At eleven, Peter became involved in petty thievery. The probate court sent him to a children's diagnostic clinic. Its experts said the Bells were good parents by community standards, but had "dominated, pushed, punished and rejected" Peter much more than they had loved him. They were not sure his seizures were epileptic—an electroencephalogram did show abnormalities often associated with epilepsy, but the experts also thought that Peter used his seizures to gain consideration from his parents. They concluded, "Peter is in great need of help of an intensive variety." But where was he to get it? They thought his parents needed help too.

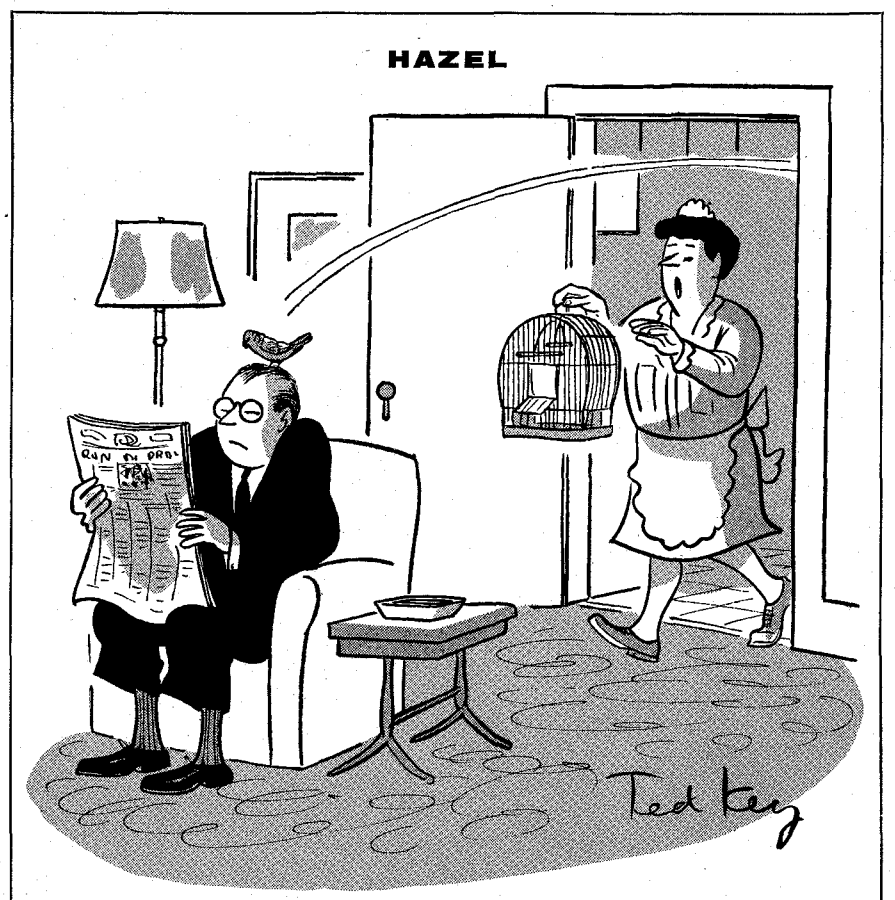
Peter went home. A few months later he took a little girl into the family garage and partly undressed her out of curiosity. He did not harm her. His parents tried to find a place to put him, but couldn't. An examination at another hospital produced no new ideas. On his parents' complaint, he was committed by the court to Columbus State.

Peter was interviewed by Dr. Robert Dane, an easygoing man of twenty-nine who came here for psychiatric residency training straight from medical school and internship. He led Peter to a small examining room, where Peter climbed up on the examining table and stretched out, yawning, "Let's make it comfortable."

Dane asked him his name, age, birth date, his interests. He answered readily. How did he feel about his parents? "I think they're very nice to me. You see, I'm adopted. If they hadn't come along and picked me out of a couple of hundred kids, I'd still be right where I started, at the orphanage," and he went on, picturing the horrid life of an orphan. He denied his parents ever threatened to take him back to the orphanage.

Dane asked what his parents did for recreation.

"Well, they hardly get to do anything. Dad, all he does is working. By the time he gets to the paper in the evening he's dead tired. Mom, she's dead tired from work too."



"Don't move."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He himself rarely went anywhere except to church. Mostly he watched mystery dramas on television. Saturdays he wasn't allowed out of his yard—"I'd tippy-toe up the little tree and eat all the pears," he said, his voice curiously childish. He denied he was treated unfairly—"Everybody has to stay in his yard"—but he wouldn't look at Doctor Dane while he said this. He thought he "deserved" to be here.

On Monday morning the staff met, six doctors seated around an oak table in a bare sunny room. After they had discussed four other patients, Dr. Wilson Shortridge recited Peter's history. Others drifted in—four or five social workers, another doctor, the Catholic chaplain—for the hospital worries about kids. Shortridge went to get Peter. This was one of the most important days in Peter's life, and perhaps he sensed this, for he was quieter than usual. He sat at the head of the table and, while the others gazed at him, he answered Doctor Shortridge's questions.

When did he come here? Why? How did he feel about his parents, his younger sister, school? All his answers were courteous, friendly and brief. Shortridge paused. It was dead quiet in the room. Peter looked scared.

Shortridge looked around the table at the other doctors, and two or three of them asked questions.

Why had he changed schools? How did the teachers treat him? Now, about his seizures—did he ever get one while watching television? No. Get them in school? Never. At home? Yes. Always at home? Yes. The doctors, interested, looked at one another. At what hour? Oh, different hours, sometimes two P.M. But wouldn't he be in school at two P.M.? "Yes, but take on Saturday—this usually happens on Saturday and Sunday." No seizures during the week? No.

A social worker asked, "If you had three wishes, what would they be?"

"All the money in the world," he said. "Then, to be the best sports player. Then, to get to read the comics every day. I miss the comics here." It was his first attempt at bravado. Grinning, he left. He had been there fifteen minutes.

The doctors discussed his case. Finally, Doctor Kovitz said, "Let's get the line-up of our opinions. I think, Doctor Shortridge, you originally said chronic brain syndrome with psychosis."

Shortridge said, "I think I may have been wrong. I think his behavior pattern is eccentric."

"Behavioral reaction, then?"

"Behavioral reaction superimposed on chronic brain syndrome with convulsive disorder."

Doctor Kovitz next called on Doctor Roper. "Rather than call it chronic brain syndrome, I'd prefer to call it transient personality-trait disturbance."

Kovitz looked skeptical. Dr. Elizabeth Lande, a handsome gray-haired woman, said, "Whether the epileptic seizures are the direct cause of the difficulty I doubt. I can't see psychotic; I see behavior disorder." She turned to the chaplain and said, "I would like to see him in a Catholic school, Father Grady."

Father John Grady said, "I don't know of one around here, offhand. His home is in another diocese, anyway. I doubt if I can find a place for him, but I'll try."

Doctor Kovitz called on Dr. Saul Bookspan. "I don't think it really is C.B.S. with convulsive disorder. He doesn't have his seizures at school or at play, when he's really in an excited state. He has them when he's home on weekends. As to the behavior disorder, I'd like to know what behavior it is that everyone complains of?"

Doctor Shortridge looked at the records. "There is a complaint of frequent lying. Unreliable. His mother mentioned that he broke the lock on a hundred-year-old chest because he thought she had hidden his knife inside. He brought his sister's bicycle home with one tire shot full of holes. He threw rocks."

Doctor Bookspan shook his head. "This behavior doesn't seem the result of a brain syndrome. I'd rather split the diagnosis—one, personality-trait disorder; two, epilepsy. Or," smiling, "just put down adolescence."

Dr. Maria Madi suggested he was "a sociopath in the making"—one who, though not psychotic, is unable to get along in society because his emotions and judgment are faulty. Dr. Mary Lou Hippert thought he behaved badly because he was rejected. She doubted that he had epilepsy, and wanted a new electroencephalogram. (A new electroencephalogram subsequently did show abnormalities commonly associated with epilepsy.)

All had spoken. Doctor Kovitz cleared his throat. "I agree with Doctor Roper that we're not justified in calling it C.B.S. The psychological tests don't support it. I can offer two diagnoses. First, let's assume that there is a fair probability of a diagnosis of epilepsy. Epilepsy can influence behavior, we know that. But we speak of chronic brain syndrome when there are signs of impaired intelligence or loss of emotional control due to brain damage.

"Second, there's this personality disorder which has a lot of interpersonal roots in the family life. This boy has never had proper treatment. At the children's clinic, what was done for him? Sending him back to his family doesn't seem to be the answer. I think we ought to try to help work out the arrangement suggested by the clinic two years ago—get him into a good residential treatment center somewhere and get the parents into treatment at a community clinic. If we can," he added, smiling—he knew the state had no such public institution, and the parents probably couldn't afford a private one.

A social worker said, "The parents don't feel they need help themselves."

Kovitz nodded. "Well, try to talk to them. If we meet a stone wall, we'll have to concentrate on the boy—getting him placed somewhere. He doesn't belong here."

Doctor Shortridge said, "Do you want to repeat psychological testing?"

"If it hasn't been done since two years ago at the clinic."

"It hasn't. You want it for mental deficiency?"

"No, for personality problems. Try the T.A.T." (the Thematic Apperception Test).

As the doctors arose to go to lunch, Doctor Lande said, "And somebody give him the funnies every day."

Subsequently, the doctors diagnosed Peter officially as not psychotic—"adjustment reaction of childhood and adolescence, with epilepsy." About a month later, Peter's parents, with the help of the hospital's Social Service Department, Father Grady and their own parish priest, found a Catholic boarding school for "problem children" which would accept Peter, and they sent him to it.

Editors' Note—This is the fifth article in a series. The concluding article will appear next week.

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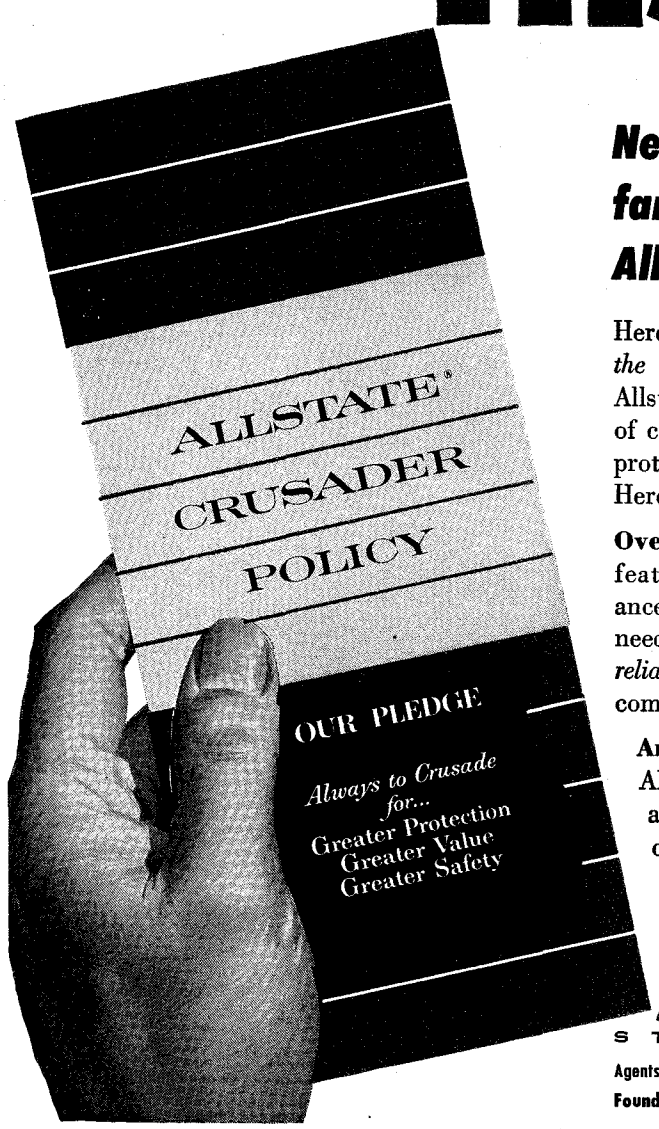

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Keeping Posted

He Can't Vote for Both of Them

Norman Rockwell stands between his portraits of Adlai Stevenson and President Eisenhower which so pleased everyone when they appeared on recent Post covers; and Rockwell seems to be in a thoughtful mood. "So," he was asked, "which one are you going to vote for?" He replied, "I'm going to vote, period. And I certainly hope that every eligible American does likewise."

Away We Go to an Unfamiliar Land

Let's take a brief magic-carpet trip with Olaf Ruhen deep into the bush country of Central Australia. This able author, who tends to talk in Australian phraseology, as he lives in Australia, says, "To brush up my knowledge of cattle mustering for the story (page 30), I camped for three weeks on a 2400-square-mile run handled by a white overseer and five musterers who were aborigines." Aborigines can be translated into dark-skinned natives (Kaididj tribe); you might call a musterer a cowpoke; and that run is a ranch—considering its mileage, some ranch.

Ruhen reports, "The aborigines, shy but charming and considerate, would ride ahead of me and finger-talk." They finger-talked by making motions and positions with their right hands, thus indicating the tracks of dingoes, kangaroos, emus, wild horses and such, and describing wordlessly the number of each of these that had been there, what they had been doing, and where they were going. Sometimes the silent talkers would burst into gales of laughter about some wacky thing that had happened to a beast one or two days before. And sometimes for Ruhen this comedy would lay an egg—he didn't get the joke on their fingers.

Ruhen says this track-reading talent enabled a few men to be pretty wonderful at mustering cattle spread out all over the map. No wasted time on cold trails. "And they were utterly fearless horsemen, as was impressed on me one night when there was a rush past the camp." Rush?—a stampede. The aborigines grabbed their bridles, caught the first horses they came to, galloped over rough country in moonless, almost pitch-black darkness, and in two hours the whole obstreperous herd was all tucked back in bed. Ruhen doesn't mention partaking of any night mustering himself. However, he once handled cattle in his native New Zealand, "and I found that you can stay off a horse for twenty years, then ride all day and sleep comfortably at night."

Ruhen rode with the aborigines.

Ruhen and his pals slept on the ground, a new camp nearly every night. "We ate beef and damper." The damper was self-raising flour and water baked on campfire coals, and a new beef, handily available, was killed about every four days. For variety, they ate kangaroo, goanna (a sizable lizard), porcupine (th Australian echidna), and witchett grubs (sizable wood grubs) cooked on th fire by Ruhen's aboriginal friends Quart-pot, Nelson, Chubbidy and Dick And for dessert: wild honey. For Ruhe it was an all-right three weeks, but h also found it all right to get back to hi wife, Claire, in Sydney and to desis from sleeping every night on a run. H typewriter worked all right too.

Football Coach Solves Parking-Ticket Problem

It helps a writer to have a youthfi son named Mike Dewlen. For severa years Mike has been a football railbird gazing enraptured at the practice se sions of Oklahoma U.'s fearsome Soor ers, then at dinnertime bombarding h father, Al, with florid reports on sam "Gradually," says father Al, "a notio for an article seeped through to me an I said, 'Mike, tell me about that lir coach, Gomer Jones.'" Mike, aft choking on his food, did so as follow "Oh, that Gomer! Boy! Ole Gome! Sa man!" The father was convinced, an his convictions are on page 31.

The almost worshipful regard in whic Jones is held by Oklahomans wa promptly impressed on Dewlen whe they started having daily steak-talks in restaurant. (Gomer always ordered the meals for both men, and always ordere steaks. "Anyway," reflects Dewlen, "th weight I put on must be all beef.") Th first day that they left the restaurant policeman dashed up and emotionall apologized for putting an overparkir tag on Jones' car the day before. Th officer said he didn't realize whose ca it was, and he was all cut up about th matter. It seems that the custom is for th police, when necessary, to put their ow nickels in Jones' meter. This would see to be the epitome of human success.

To shift the subject, in 1954 the Po ran the first short story that newspape man Dewlen had sold anywhere, an later he submitted a short serial—but was rejected. Gwen Lysaught, of ou reading staff, told Dewlen that his seri material was a type that would best len itself to book treatment; whereupo Dewlen sat down (for a long time) an made a book. McGraw-Hill recentl published Night of the Tiger; it was th October selection of Doubleday Boo Club; and it has been sold to Universa International for a movie. The autho hosannas, "Bless you Posters!"

WANT A POST PICTURE TO FRAME?

Due to reader requests for reprints of The Face of America photos, this week's beautiful scene will be issued on heavy paper, 15″ x 19″, on mounting 20″ x 24″ for framing, printed in new dye transfer process for rich color and delicate shading. Price: $5.00 each (add 3% in Pennsylvania), postage prepaid in U.S.A. only. Address: Curtis Circulation Co., Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5. Other reprints will be made, but only when reported on this page.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Lady is Not Defenseless"

Want to know about an easy system of self-defense, by which a dainty young lady or the meekest gentleman can give a thug what's coming to him?

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